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EDMOND WARRE

D.D., C.B., C.V.O.

*Edited by the Very Rev.
EDMOND WARRE, D.D.*

ETON IN 1829-1830

A diary of boating and other events. Written in Greek by T. K. SELWYN. Edited with Translations and Notes by the VERY REV. EDMOND WARRE, D.D.

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA, 1808-1812

By Lt.-Gen. Sir WILLIAM WARRE, C.B., K.T.S.
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*The Rev. Edmond Warre, C.B., C.V.O., D.D.
from the painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.
in the School Hall, Eton*

EDMOND WARRE

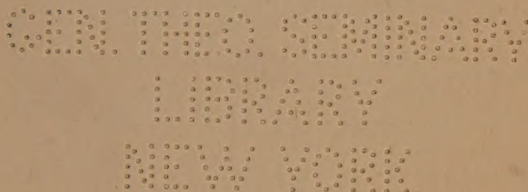
D.D., C.B., C.V.O.

SOMETIME HEADMASTER AND PROVOST
OF ETON COLLEGE

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER

FORMERLY FELLOW OF ALL SOULS AND MAGDALEN COLLEGES, OXFORD
ASSOCIÉ ÉTRANGER DE L'ÉCOLE PALATINE D'AVIGNON

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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"Biography is always a work of the imagination, for a great man impresses others in many different ways, and no two persons will record quite the same experience of him."—T. R. GLOVER.

PREFACE

IN bringing to a close this short Life of Edmond Warre, which has occupied me for a year, I have only two things to do. First, I must be allowed to say that, however poor a return it may seem for all the kindness which for over fifty years he showed to his biographer, the task has been throughout a labour of love. And secondly, I have to return my warm thanks to a very long list of helpers. If I have here omitted the name of any of these it has been wholly by inadvertence, and I hereby ask his or her pardon.

It is needless to say that without the assistance of Dr. Warre's own family (the members of which do not desire their names to be specified here) and that of many past and present Masters at Eton, I could have done nothing at all ; and for the generous way in which every one of the above has put herself or himself wholly in my hands, and given me leave to vary, to curtail, or to suppress their several contributions, it is difficult to express sufficient gratitude. Next to their help I must reckon that which has been given by many old friends and old pupils of Dr. Warre, and among these, most of all I am grateful to those who so kindly undertook the labour of reading and correcting my proofs.

If I may begin with the last of these categories, the sheets have been read, and emendations on them have

been made, by the Provost of Eton and the President of Magdalen, by Lord Kilbracken, Lord Francis Hervey, the Earl of Middleton, Mr. John Murray, and by many members of the Warre family. Among friends of Dr. Warre's own generation help has been given by Canon Shephard, Mr. G. G. T. Treherne, the Rev. J. Arkell, the Rev. H. G. Alington, Sir T. G. Jackson, Mr. W. R. Malcolm, Sir William Church, the Provost of Queen's; among his oldest surviving pupils, and the men who knew him as a young Assistant-Master, by Mr. H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, Mr. Philip Norman, Lord Rathdonnell, Sir John Edwards-Moss, the Rev. W. Farrer, Major Godsall; among those of later and late generations of the same, by the Master of Balliol, Mr. W. F. Farrer, Mr. Hollway-Calthrop, Mr. J. B. Chevallier, Professor Bourne, Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, Sir Theodore Cook, the late Mr. J. R. Moreton-Macdonald, Mr. L. E. Jones. Of the contributions of past and present Eton masters those of Mr. Luxmoore must be mentioned in the place of honour; but hardly less valuable have been those of the Provost of King's, of the Vice-Provost of Eton, of the Lower Master, of Mr. de Havilland, Mr. Churchill, and Archdeacon Sydney James; while those of the Headmaster, of Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Lowry, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Marten, Mr. M. D. Hill, Mr. Crace, Major Wright, and the late Mr. Arthur James, though less in quantity, have been quite indispensable. Mr. F. Madan, late Bodley's Librarian, and Mr. T. R. Gambier-Parry of the Library have helped me with books and old newspapers. Miss F. M. Stawell, Mr. A. D. Godley, Professor C. C. J. Webb, have tried to guide my tottering footsteps in the more than half-forgotten paths of the Classics; Sir William Thiselton-Dyer and Sir Arthur Hort have

partially covered up my ignorance of Botany; Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hutton has stood in the breach to conceal my far deeper ignorance of *Res Militaris*.

Finally, I must return my thanks to Countess Roberts, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ripon and Oxford, Bishop Kennion, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Lambourne, and Lord Chesham for leave to publish letters written to or by Dr. Warre.

For the Illustrations I have to thank members of the Warre family; also Mr. Cyril Butterwick for his art and technical skill in achieving the photograph of the bust; and Mrs. Vereker Hamilton for her sketch of the group at Baron's Down taken from an old photograph.

Since the book was begun Death has been busy among the ranks of my helpers. Mr. Arthur James died in August; Mr. Moreton-Macdonald (on whose literary judgment I was accustomed to place the greatest reliance) in September; and, even after this Preface was in type, one of the most widely known of all O.E.'s, endeared to me by a thousand ties of affection, new and old, Mr. Reginald Saumarez de Havilland, died on December 3. The later pages of this book will be found full of his name.

OXFORD,

Feb., 1922.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE CHIEF EVENTS IN DR. WARRE'S LIFE

Born, 1837.

At Eagle House, Hammersmith (private school), 1845-9.

Boy at Eton, 1849-54.

Scholar of Balliol, 1855-9.

Fellow of All Souls, 1859-62.

Married, 1861.

Assistant Master at Eton, 1860-1884.

Rented Baron's Down, near Dulverton, 1882-1904.

Headmaster of Eton, 1884-1905.

Honorary Fellow of Balliol, 1896.

Prebendary of Wells, 1899.

Rented Finchampstead, 1904-10.

Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, 1907.

Provost of Eton, 1909-18.

Died, 1920.

LIFE OF EDMOND WARRE

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD

“THE Great School with which my own life has been bound up.” Any biography of Edmond Warre must be largely concerned with Eton; the school of his boyhood; the school into which he tumbled again, as it were by accident, a young man of twenty-three, full of Oxford honours, destined for the Bar, and very much in love with a lady three years younger than himself; the school which he then began to guide, for some eight years perhaps a sort of “leader of the opposition,” then for seventeen years as first lieutenant of a very scholarly Headmaster; which he governed for twenty-one years as Headmaster; to which he returned as Provost, already much broken in health, in his seventy-third year. *Altria da terra sepulchrum.*

“The Great School with which my own life has been bound up.” Warre used the words, I think, in his sermon of the morning, on one of the few All Souls’ Days when he revisited as a “*Quondam*” the College which had elected him a Fellow in 1859. He certainly repeated them at the College “Gaudy” in the evening, when he was called upon to return thanks for the toast of “The *Quondams*.”¹ His massive figure seemed to dominate

¹ I cannot identify the year. He was present on several occasions in the twentieth century. Perhaps it was 1909; in his

the dark-panelled, candle-lighted room. He was nervous, as he always was at the beginning of a speech (and it would be idle to claim him, even at his best, as a good speaker), and stumbled a good deal in his opening words, but the kindly blue eyes beamed through the gold-rimmed spectacles ; and as he went on, for five minutes or more, he got into his stride (or, as he would perhaps have expressed it, settled down to a steady stroke), and told his audience of the men he remembered at bygone gaudies in that room, how he had loved them, how he had loved All Souls, Balliol, and, above all, Eton. There were many Eton men present, and perhaps almost a majority of Balliol men ; an exacting rather than a critical audience, accustomed to hear very good speaking, yet easily pleased if the speaker hit and kept to the right note. And Warre never failed to charm that audience by his tenderness and his simplicity.

Edmond Warre was born in Beaumont Street, Cavendish Square, London, on February 12, 1837, at a house close to that then occupied by his grandmother, Frances Calvert. His father, Henry Warre, of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, London, was sprung from a very old Somerset family. His mother was Mary Caroline Felicia, younger daughter of Nicholson Calvert, of Hunsdon House, Herts ; Hunsdon is five miles south-east of Ware, close to the river Stort and the Essex border. The Calverts came originally from Lancashire,¹ but had been in Hertfordshire since 1650 ; they had intermarried with

diary for that year the entry occurs : " Dean of Ripon responded for Quondams, but Mallard's table would not let me off, so had to respond too." The table referred to is frequented by the younger members of the Society and is presided over by the " Lord Mallard," a high official of the College.

¹ Of the same stock was Mr. Secretary Calvert, of Jac. I. and Car. I.'s time, afterwards first Lord Baltimore, projector of the colony of Maryland, which his son founded ; and of the same stock was Wordsworth's friend and benefactor, Raisley Calvert.

Ulster families, and there was a strong dash of Irish blood in them. Hunsdon House had been built by Henry VIII. as a nursery for his children, and Elizabeth's first act as Queen had been to give it to her first cousin, Henry Carey (son of Mary Boleyn), who had loyally stood by her during her sister's terrible reign.¹ In his family it remained till 1653, and ninety years later was bought by Josiah Nicholson, whose daughter married Felix Calvert; ² and the grandson of this Felix was Nicholson Calvert, grandfather of Edmond Warre. He sat for many years in Parliament for the borough of Hertford, and married in 1784 Frances, daughter of Edmond Sexten Pery, created Viscount Pery when he resigned the Speakership of the Irish House of Commons. She was a lady of great beauty, and bequeathed her good looks to her Warre descendants. She died in Cavendish Square at the age of ninety-one.³ Other members of the family were the Rev. William Calvert, who held the family living of Hunsdon; General Felix Calvert, of Bonnington's in the same village, a bachelor and Waterloo hero, devoted to his grand-nephews and nieces, and liking them to be constantly playing in his beautiful garden; and Edmond Calvert, who lived hard by and had married a daughter of Sir John Campbell (a Peninsular veteran who had married a Portuguese lady); he was not such a favourite with the children as Uncle Felix.

¹ In Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* (i. 284) is a picture of the house, and of the Queen's visit to it in 1571, after Marc Gheraerts.

² The Calverts gradually modernised Hunsdon House, but it long retained its Tudor look, and its moat, crossed by an arched brick bridge.

³ She and her daughters spent the winter of 1829-30 in Brussels, and she remembered seeing some of the exiled regicides walking about there, "harmless-looking old gentlemen muffled in *douillettes*," and Mme. Tallien, still a handsome woman. They were in Paris in July, 1830, and were among the last people to attend a *levée* of Charles X. and to kiss the hand of Louis XVI.'s daughter, "a harsh gloomy-looking woman with a voice like a man's." A week later Louis-Philippe was "King of the French." See *An Irish Beauty of the Regency*, by E. Richardson.

The Calvert family were owners of a famous brewery in Thames Street, London (afterwards, 1860, re-organised, largely by the exertions of Henry Warre, as the City of London Brewery Co.); and William Calvert of Chiswell Street, London, wine merchant, brings us to the first connection with the Warres; for he and James Calvert of Little Aldermanbury, London, appear as witnesses to a codicil to the will of William Warre "the third" (*vide infra*, p. 9) on February 10, 1777—or rather they appear as giving in London evidence that a codicil, dated at Oporto, April 4, 1776, is in William Warre's handwriting.¹ I conclude, therefore, though I cannot prove, that this William Calvert was the "Calvert" who was admitted as a partner to William Warre's firm in 1759.² He does not appear to have resided in Portugal, and probably acted for the Warres in London. Another scion of the same family was General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., who became Adjutant-General in 1799, and died as Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital in 1826; his son succeeded to the Verney estates and took the name of Verney.

The Calvert history, honourable as it is, pales before the splendid pedigree of Warre of Hestercombe. There is no proof of the tradition that affiliates this family to Roger la Warr or de la Warr, who "fought at Poitiers, and was among the knights who claimed the credit of taking King John prisoner at that battle." The story—it would be rude to say the myth—goes that the Black Prince, distributing among the said knights the personal effects of the royal captive, handed to Roger the sword, and that Roger thereupon remarked *Je trouve bien*. These words were, however, adopted, at what date is uncertain, as the Warre motto; and a "crampet" or "chape," supposed to represent the sword, is still found in the mouth of the heraldic beast

¹ P. C. C., Warburton, 327.

² See *Oporto Old and New*, by C. Sellers, 1899, p. 227.

who figures as the Warre crest.¹ Nay, an actual sword, long believed to be the identical weapon, was for some centuries hung in the church of Kingston near Taunton, and afterwards in the hall at Hestercombe; it has since been discovered to be of a sixteenth-century pattern. Much more authentic is the Warre tomb, a great altar-tomb in the same church with late fifteenth-century heraldic paintings on it.²

What is clear and authentic is the descent of Hestercombe in the heirs of John Warre, who married its heiress, Elizabeth Meriet, and died in 1350. He was a freeholder in Hinton St. George, where the younger of his two great-grandsons, Robert, held "Croft-Warre" from Sir William Powlett in 1465.³ The only known Warre who could have fought at Poitiers was the son of John, and his name was Richard not Roger; he died 1403. His son Richard was twice sheriff of Dorset and Somerset (2 Henry V. and 8 Henry VI.), and six generations from this Richard bring us to a Roger who married Eleanor Popham, daughter of Elizabeth's Lord Chief Justice. Here, it will be seen, the pedigree branches: Hestercombe goes to Roger's elder son Richard; and three generations from him bring us to Sir Francis Warre, Baronet, M.P. for Taunton and Bridgwater, who refused to hand over the "Maids of Taunton" to the vengeance of James II. and his courtiers.⁴ He is the last male Warre of Hestercombe; his only child

¹ Neither the motto nor the whole of the crest is used by the de la Warr family, and their arms are quite different: the pedigrees also are mutually irreconcilable. In the middle of the fourteenth century heraldry was passing from its reasonable infancy into its sentimental youth; and, by the sixteenth, a herald was, like the prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*.

² The traditional date of these paintings is 1380. The great genealogist, Mr. Benjamin Greenfield, believed it to be the tomb erected in his lifetime for himself by Sir Richard Warre, K.B., *temp.* Henry VII.: "it is impossible to tell what were the original tinctures and charges as they have been botched and painted several times." [Letter, probably written to Rev. F. Warre, March 6, 1880.]

³ See Leland's *Itinerary*, ed. Toulmin-Smith, i. 160.

⁴ See Macaulay, *History of England*, ii. 235; iii. 247.

and heiress took it to the Bampfylde, and her daughter again took it to the Tyndales ; ¹ John Tyndale died in 1819, having taken the name of Warre, and left an only daughter, familiar to many persons still living as "old Miss Warre of Hestercombe," born 1790, died 1872.²

Meanwhile our Headmaster was descended from Thomas (Recorder of Bridgwater, died 1617) the younger son of Roger Warre and Eleanor Popham ; and, two generations later, from yet another younger son, William Warre, of "Bradford, Somerset, and Madras, East Indies." Two more Williams, "of Bradford and Madras," died respectively in 1716 and 1779, and the last of them is also "William of Oporto," father of "James of Oporto," who was grandfather of Edmond Warre.

It is probable that the two elder William Warres ³ of Bradford and Madras were shippers of Somerset woollen goods to the East Indies, and that the third William settled into some Portuguese business also

¹ Mr. George Warre possesses a Heralds' College Pedigree, which I have checked by comparison with the privately (1842) printed Tyndale pedigree, compiled by Mr. Greenfield : a MS. book on which this was based belongs to the Headmaster's family, and additions to this were made by Mr. Greenfield at much later dates. It would be impossible to give an idea of the number of English families collaterally connected with Tyndale and Warre : I have counted thirty-two, whose names are well known in English history. The Tyndales alone are descended by four separate lines from Edward III.

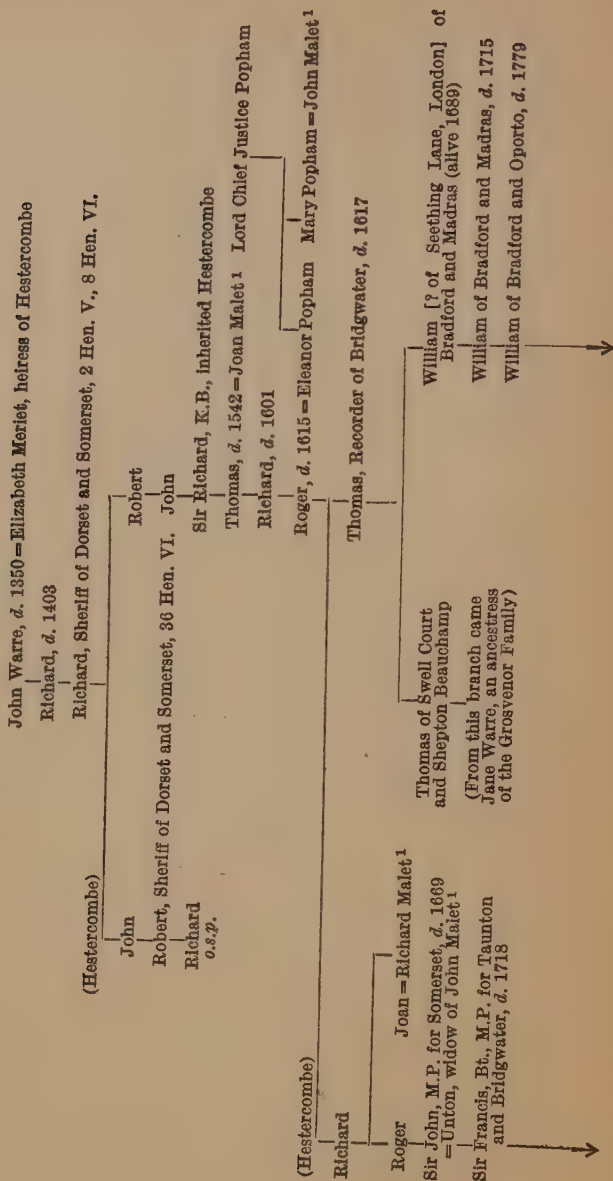
² She was for many years one of the "characters" of the West Country. She had been a great beauty and retained her grace and complexion far into old age. Miss Margaret Warre, sister of the Headmaster, remembers her in her eighth decade, and gives one the impression of a figure something between Lady Belair in *Henrietta Temple* and Miss Matty in *Cranford*. The property was heavily mortgaged, and after Miss Warre's death was sold to Lord Portman who completely altered the old house. A print of it, from a drawing made in 1791, belongs to Miss Tyndale of Canford Cliffs.

³ "William the Second," who died in 1716, was a Member of Council in the Madras Presidency. No doubt the Methuen treaty, 1704, opened a lucrative career to any young Englishman taking up the wine trade in Oporto, and this may have been the reason of "William the Third" settling there. It is possible, but cannot be proved, that "William the First" was identical with "William Warre, merchant of Seething Lane," *circa* 1677 ; the family tradition is that the firm of Warre and Company existed as early as 1670.

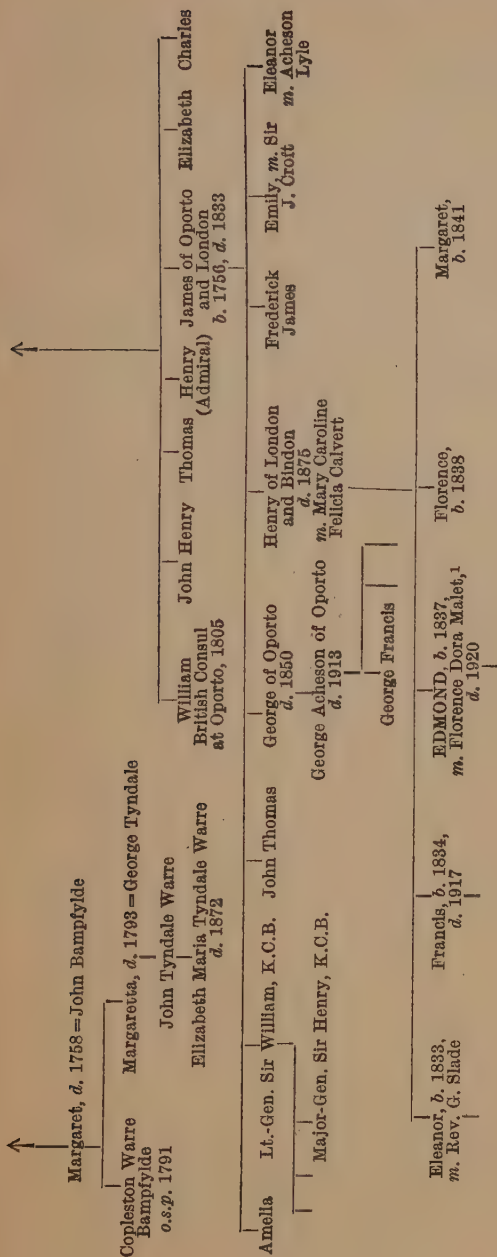
early in the eighteenth century; Lisbon and Oporto were halfway houses to the East. Anyhow, in 1729 he was admitted a partner into a firm of port wine shippers at Oporto, founded by John Clark in 1718; and in 1745, being already (1743) senior partner in this firm, he married a daughter of a great Anglo-Portuguese merchant John Whitehead (British Consul at Oporto 1756). Into this firm a Calvert (*vide supra*, p. 4) was admitted in 1759, and from 1762 till 1777 the firm was styled Warre and Calvert; in the latter year it became Warre and Sons. We do not know the date at which they acquired their extensive vineyards. Their place of business was in the Rua Nova dos Inglezes, now Rua do Infante Dom Henrique, where stands the great British "Factory House" completed in 1790, and now called "the British Association." The third William had a very large family and his eldest son, "William the Fourth," was Consul in 1805. James of Oporto was his fifth child; he, too, had eight children (six sons), and became head of the firm in London. He lived at Hendon Place till he retired from business, and then at Buckland Court near Reigate, dying there in 1833. His wife was a Greg of Belfast, and lived till 1847. His eldest son, Lieut.-General Sir William Warre, K.C.B.,¹ died in 1853; his third son, George "of Oporto," became head of the firm and his interest in it passed to his son and grandson. His fourth son Henry (1795-1875), the Headmaster's father, was born at Oporto and died at Bindon, Somerset. Of his youth almost nothing is known; it is not even known where he was at school, but in 1817 he was elected an underwriting member of Lloyd's, and in 1841 he took up the task of organising and developing the Marine Insurance Department of

¹ His history is given in the preface to his *Letters from the Peninsula*, edited by the Headmaster after his own retirement. He was in command at Chatham on the occasion of the famous Review immortalised in *Pickwick* by Charles Dickens. His son, Major-General Sir Henry Warre, K.C.B., was a much loved "Cousin Henry" to Dr. Warre.

PEDIGREE



THE WARRE PEDIGREE



¹ It will be noticed that the Headmaster's marriage was the fourth between a Warre and a Malet; also that he was almost the youngest male of the youngest male line of his ancestors. In the Malet pedigree "Unton" is printed "Untia." [*Notices of an English Branch of the Malet Family*, by Arthur Malet, London, 1885.]

the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. He had certainly begun his business career at Oporto, and Miss Margaret Warre, to whose help the early pages of this biography owe everything, never understood why he left it. He was an early friend of the family of his future wife, and spent much of his spare time at Hunsdon. He seems to have made it a set purpose of his life to live so economically that he could afford to give both his sons that classical education that he himself had lacked. His other ambition was to save enough money to be able to buy a small place in Somerset, the nearer to Hestercombe the better. He was able to accomplish both these objects.

Husband and wife stood out in contrast to each other. Henry Warre was six feet two inches high, with large features, slow of speech and thought, somewhat stern and averse to controversial argument, especially on religious subjects; Mary Warre was short, with a large head, bright grey eyes, and a most mobile mouth. Argument and controversy were the breath of her nostrils. She was well read in history and literature; she began Greek in her sixtieth year, in order to be able to read the Gospels in that language; she even embarked upon Hebrew. Her husband was an old-fashioned English Churchman; she threw herself with fervour into the Tractarian movement; and, but for his wise calmness and the good advice of a London clergyman, she might easily have been led to follow Mr. Newman to Rome. She had another passion which descended to her younger son; she loved a talk with a doctor, and would always send for one on the most trivial occasions. Yet, says Mr. Luxmoore, "she was a Roman matron; when she heard that Edmond had got the Newcastle, her first words were, 'I hope it will do him no harm.'"

Dr. Warre once told one of his sons that his mother had a theory that one's brain would shrink unless it were constantly employed on new problems. Mrs. Foljambe

remembers her, when crippled with rheumatism and ordinarily unable to move, yet springing from her chair and running across the room if any new emotion came to her.

Edmond was the third child of these parents ; his elder brother Francis, " Warre ma." in the Eton Register of 1850, preceded him to Eton and Balliol, and was subsequently, in succession, vicar of Bere Regis, Dorset, Melksham, Wilts, and Bemerton near Salisbury (George Herbert's Church), and Hon. Canon of Salisbury. A devoted affection united the two brothers, who were constantly visiting each other till the death of Francis in September, 1917.

Edmond was a puny baby—" like a skinned rabbit," said his father—and nearly died at birth. He was christened at Hunsdon by his uncle William Calvert ; but, as this clergyman was of the old school and frequently performed the rite of baptism, as he was making his parish rounds on horseback, without dismounting, Mrs. Warre had him rechristened in London when he was nearly thirteen. Yet it is to be feared that he never became an ecclesiastical person after his mother's heart.¹

Miss Margaret Warre's earliest recollection begins with their home at Haling Grove, Croydon, then a country village with a single shop and a vast expanse of juniper-studded downs. It was a comfortable dwelling, with a large garden, shrubberies, fine trees and a pond :

" Our elder sister's governess vainly endeavoured to coerce the lively rebellious Edmond into schoolroom routine, and at length some acrobatic feat of his occasioned

¹ " I am not an ecclesiastical person," was one of his occasional growls, when he was confronted by some one seeking, or by some problem involving, an appeal to " authority " in Church matters. In 1901, when the problem of filling Lower Chapel windows with representative Saints came up, and Mr. Kempe (a very " ecclesiastical person ") begged the Headmaster to read up the Life of St. Wenceslaus in the *Acta Sanctorum*, he made a very queer *moue*, and put the question by.

a physical struggle with this lady, and Edmond, then aged seven, with his two-year-older brother, was sent to school"—nobody knows where!

From this school he soon returned after a violent attack of scarlet fever, which left dropsy behind it. In 1845, the year before Francis went to Eton, Edmond was sent to Mr. Wickham's at Eagle House, Brook Green, Hammersmith, where began his life-long friendship with Henry Montagu Butler of Harrow and Trinity.¹

"Great was always the joy of us, 'the little girls,' when our brothers returned from school, usually with some prize to show, for it meant more freedom for us, hide-and-seek, tree-climbing, cricket, toy-boat sailing. Edmond, though never a skilful carpenter, graduated as a naval constructor on the pond at Haling Grove. He would be up soon after daylight, and was generally to be found high up in some big tree—climbing was his earliest passion. He was always in high spirits, either singing, or talking such humorous nonsense that his grave father was occasionally perturbed at the riot of his tongue. Yet, boisterous as the boy was, he was never rough, always considerate for anyone or anything that was helpless or suffering. Indeed, his readiness to help old and infirm people was a marked characteristic of his whole life. That exuberance of spirits lasted for nearly half a century.²

"In 1848 we left Haling Grove for that long unlovely street, Wimpole Street, and for some time our only experience of holidays was at uncle Felix's at

¹ The Rev. Edward Wickham "had the grave responsibility" of training six Headmasters: Ridding of Winchester, H. M. Butler of Harrow, A. G. Butler of Haileybury, Wickham of Wellington, Blore of Canterbury, and Warre of Eton. [See *Butler's Harrow Life*, p. 26.] In 1848 he was succeeded by Rev. E. Huntingford, afterwards Hon. Canon of Winchester.

² "Even now," says Lord Francis Hervey, "it is difficult to think of Warre as a grave man." But those who knew him best in later life would, I think, acquiesce in the adjective "grave." Time and responsibility weighed down that once buoyant spirit in a way in which they never affected that of his old friend Butler. And yet it is only fair to say that, even in old age, Warre could often cast his cares to the winds and be merry, especially in his own family circle or with an old friend.

Bonningtons, a red-brick house of Queen Anne's time, with solid oak furniture, old pictures, old ornaments, and old servants. . . . We all fell under the spell of that unforgettable place. There were large ponds in the grounds on which we could boat and fish, and coppices full of rabbits and game close by. Old Hunsdon House, which my grandmother left when her husband died, remained empty and was to our childish eyes an inspiring spectacle of decayed grandeur.

"While living in London my main recollection is of my mother's anxious lamentations over Edmond's unwillingness to begin his holiday tasks¹: she used to lock him into a room to induce him to do these; this went on after he went to Eton, and nobody can say that he was studious by nature. But he had such a gift of concentration that he could put through in a very few hours that on which most boys would have wasted days; and he generally succeeded in obtaining a high place in every examination. From Eton he invariably brought back excellent reports, and was sent up for good or for play nineteen times."²

Here we must intrude upon Miss Warre, who naturally can tell us little about her brother's Eton career. Alas, there are few who can tell us much. We wander from Mr. Coleridge's *Eton in the Forties* to Mr. Ainger's *Eton Sixty Years Ago*, and we wish that Miss Margaret had been a boy, and had written an "Eton in the Fifties." The Masters in Upper School in Warre's first Half run thus: Hawtrey, Coleridge, Cookesley, Pickering, H. Dupuis, Goodford, Abraham, Carter, Durnford, Balston, Yonge, Johnson, Joynes; Okes is Lower Master. Bradshaw is Captain of the School; and *Warre mi.* is near the bottom of what is evidently Upper Remove. Francis³ Warre (whose Eton years were 1846-52) and Edmond (1849-54),

¹ "Holiday tasks in the 'Fifties were almost always copies of Latin verse, generally on a Biblical subject" (Ainger, *Eton Sixty Years Ago*, p. 112).

² But the School List of his last Half (Election 1854) gives him only (15) after his name: he is lag of Oppidan sixth form.

³ Francis began his Eton life as a pupil of Rev. C. J. Abraham.

both boarded first at Miss Vavasour's,¹ both removed to Mr. Vidal's, both were pupils of Edward Coleridge till he became Lower Master in 1850, and were then both transferred to Rev. W. B. Marriott. In his last year Edmond boarded at Marriott's at the "Hop Garden." Tradition says, and I believe that he never denied it, that Edmond left Mr. Vidal's house because, in his youthful exuberance, he performed the somewhat singular feat of "kicking down a wall."²

At Marriott's, Edmond had as fag a boy called Buller, afterwards General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., his lifelong friend. It was probably this friendship which gave him such an affection for the regiment of The King's Royal Rifles. Algernon Swinburne was in Warre's division and actually next above him in school at election 1853; he left at the end of that year. Warre used to tell how the poet was invariably late for early school, "and when he appeared with a shock of red unbrushed hair, trailing shoelaces, and an avalanche of books slipping from his arm, old 'Cookoon' (or ? Cocoon) (W. G. Cookeley) would say 'Here comes the Rising Sun.'"

While Francis, who also was no mean scholar (he was in the Newcastle Select in his last year) was a member both of the Field Eleven and of Oppidan Wall, Edmond's whole athletic energies were, from the first moment he had passed,³ devoted to the River. Old Harry Goodman, who in the sixties and early seventies owned one of the rafts, used to tell the story of his rushing down to the Brocas, with his "change" under his arm, and hunting eagerly for a locker in which to

¹ Miss Vavasour's House was at the corner immediately opposite the "Old Christopher," the site of which was then occupied by Mr. Vidal's.

² Mr. Luxmoore confirms this story, saying that Mrs. Vidal being delicate was unable to bear much noise.

³ "Passing" in swimming dates from 1840; it was made a compulsory test for boating boys, owing to the efforts of William Evans and G. A. Selwyn.

put it. "Ah," he would say, "Mr. Warre, he'd have got on, even if he'd been quite a *pore* man." Edmond was indeed one of those happy persons to whom water in all its forms appealed more than land. If he would have repudiated any text in Scripture it would have been the sentence in Revelation (surely a profane gloss) which says that "there shall be no more sea." He was, in fact, like Mr. Philpot ¹ in *Crotchet Castle*; and in this respect, as in so many others, a close parallel, both as regards character and tastes, might well be drawn between him and his hero, George Augustus Selwyn.²

"I was two or three divisions below Edmond in school," says Canon Shephard (1851-6), afterwards Vicar of Eton Parish, "and did not know him intimately till our Balliol days, but I do not think he was a great hero to the school at large; it must be remembered that he left at seventeen and a half. His greatest friend was perhaps Harvey Gem,³ who had been at Vidal's with him. I remember that his Newcastle at seventeen was a great surprise; Joe Warner⁴ was favourite, but Edmond's power of concentration on a single object for a serious stretch of time gave him a great pull over his competitors in this as in all other fields."

This is a very sound judgment, and the characteristic was so marked that Warre has often been called "a man of one idea"; if the critic would add "at one time," it would not be an unfair criticism. The correlative power

¹ *I.e.* φιλοπόταμος. Shelley, though he did not use the river at Eton, was of the same fraternity.

² For Selwyn's character see Benson's *Fasti Etonenses*, pp. 322, *sqq.*

³ The Rev. S. H. Gem, afterwards of University College, Oxford, Rector of Aspley-Guise, Bedfordshire, now resident at Goderich House, Ross-on-Wye. He says: "I regarded Warre as a hero . . . as the ideal of Christian manhood"; and he tells how some undergraduate complained of him as being "so aggressively moral."

⁴ Medallist in Warre's year (1854), Scholar in 1855, afterwards Sir Joseph Warner. He had a distinguished career at Balliol and the Bar, and remained a dear friend of Warre's till his death in 1897. He was Steward of the College Manors.

of abstracting himself into the task before him was also very highly developed. I have seen him cover sheet after sheet with rapid penmanship, in perfectly clear and simple diction, in a room where a lot of people were talking on general subjects. This power is seldom combined with an exceedingly high-strung nervous system ; but when it is so combined, as it was in Warre, you get, to say the least of it, a very remarkable human product, and one which is calculated to "go a very long way."

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD AT ETON

"In him revealed a scholar's genius shone,
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley."—*Excursion*, VII.

ETON, on the eve of the Crimean War, was perhaps about as unlike Eton on the eve of the Great War of our days as it was to the Eton of Keate. Edmond Warre's eyes never beheld the Old Christopher, nor the unrestored Chapel¹ (still in his time called "Church"). Even in his first half he travelled to Slough,² and in all other halves he might have travelled to Windsor, in a Great Western Railway carriage (broad-gauge). He even had occasionally (though no doubt not often) to write original Latin prose, in the shape of a "Theme." When he was in Division I. he would construe his Homer in the Headmaster's room with thirty-one other boys, not in the Upper School, with one hundred and eighty-nine others.³ He had, once in each of his first three years, to go in for Trials. He may even have been taught some

¹ The stalls alone remained to be finished, and were finished in 1852. William Cory (Johnson), *Letters and Journals*, p. 50, under date of May 26, 1849, speaks of "going to Church in the Tent" (in the field opposite Baldwin's Shore).

² The Windsor Branch was opened on November 8, 1849. "Railway-bridge" was completed during Warre's first week at school, but the hideous brick viaduct was substituted for the first (timber) viaduct only in the years 1861-63. Mr. Blake Humfrey (*Eton Boating Book*, p. 75) says, of 1849: "The Railway bridge was building this year, so the races had to be rowed above the Bridge."

³ The Headmaster's room, formerly called "The Library," and occasionally "Swishing Room," was Hawtrey's creation. Keate used to take nearly two hundred boys in one division from the desk at the north end of Upper School.

French by Tarver *père*, some mathematics by the Headmaster's cousin, Stephen Hawtrey. He did Collections every half (and six times out of fifteen he got his Collections' Prize).

School Yard, Brocas, Playing Fields, Weston's Yard, Keate's Lane, looked much as they look to-day, nor has the external aspect of Cloisters been much altered. Barnes-Pool Bridge was, indeed, of comely red brick, but Windsor Bridge was as iron and as hideous as to-day ; the southern end and the middle of Eton High Street were only a little more mean (there were some very loathsome butcheries) than now ; the little row of shops from Barnes-Pool to the site of the Old Christopher has not changed, nor has Baldwin's Shore (then called Barnes-Pool Terrace) till you come to its eastern end. The Bucks bank of the river, save for the disappearance of Hester's Shed and of the bathing rails at Upper Hope, is much the same. The first four fives courts on Dorney Road were built in 1847, and no addition was made to them till 1858.

But that is about all. The houses facing College have been rebuilt "out of all knowledge": in 1849 both there and on the Slough road opposite the back of Weston's Yard, were rows of small shops. The name of "Common Lane" was unknown, and its present aspect would be unrecognisable to anyone who was a boy in the 'Fifties. Dorney Road, and the extension of Keate's Lane, are equally changed, for there were no Racquet Courts, no Music School, no Lower Chapel. The whole seven hundred boys of Hawtrey's late years and of Goodford's time were taught within the four walls of School Yard.¹ In Warre's first year there were sixteen classical, three mathematical, masters ; there was an "extra master" for French, who was on the same footing

¹ Except in mathematics: the funny old Mathematical Schools, with a large *rotunda*, on the site of Queen's Schools, were opened in 1847.

as the Drawing, Dancing, Fencing, German-and-Hebrew, Italian, instructors. Pop was still a serious debating society; Francis and Edmond were both members of it, Edmond's election being dated January, 1854. Games were far less organised, and Masters took no part in them at all. There was no Rifle Corps, there were no Beagles, no regular Athletic Sports; there was a Steeplechase, a Hundred Yards, and a Hurdle race, but no Mile.¹ There were no House colours, nor House matches; no boatraces except the Sculling and Pulling, a few Sweepstakes, and an occasional "Dames *versus* Tutors," or "North *versus* South of College" (divided at Keate's Lane). The Field Eleven was two years old,² but its colours date from 1860. Collegers *versus* Oppidans goes back at least to 1840, but Warre, as a schoolboy, never heard of Mixed Wall. The two cricket matches, with Harrow and Winchester, were still played at Lords in the first week of the summer holidays. There was an Eight, and it wore light blue (or, perhaps, light blue and white), and rowed occasional races against scratch crews from the Universities;³ but Edmond Warre, *mirabile dictu*, was not in it, nor was Jack Hall,⁴ with whom he won the Pulling in 1854. R. Lewis-Lloyd⁵ was in the Eight 1853-5, and fifty-seven years later the Provost, being then at Bath, notes in his Diary (February 15, 1910) "Old Lewis-Lloyd called and showed me letters written by me as President of O.U.B.C. to him as

¹ Occasionally there was a 350 yards race, which seems to have done duty as a "Quarter." When the Sports began they were called "The Running."

² It is first mentioned in 1847: Francis Warre played in 1851.

³ There had been no Westminster race since 1847, and there was none again till 1860. It was in 1838 that the race was "frustrated by the Headmaster of Westminster locking up the crew, of which the Eton crew were not aware till they were in their boat." [*Eton Aquatic Register*, J. H. Mossop, 1865.]

⁴ Afterwards stroke of the Cambridge Eight, and a banker at Beverley; died 1868.

⁵ Captain of the Boats, 1855, a Welsh country gentleman; died 1915.

President C.U.B.C. in 1858 " (it would have been good to be in the room and hear the talk of these old rivals). Another very dear friend of Warre's, A. P. Lonsdale (afterwards Heywood-Lonsdale), was in the Eight in 1852, and yet another G. G. Thomas (now G. G. T. Treherne), afterwards of Balliol, who was also in the Oxford crew of 1859.

The boats in which these heroes rowed were not very unlike those of to-day: outriggers had begun to be used at the Universities as early as 1846, at first only at bow and stroke thwarts, and before 1850 they were in general use; the boats were canvas-covered fore and aft, but had much camber, and were carvel-built of cedar wood. Pair-oars had small boys to steer them; Warre and Hall were steered in the Pulling by W. R. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, afterwards Warre's brother "*Quondam*" at All Souls. Far more than the boats themselves, the whole aspect of the Berkshire bank of the river has been changed owing to the growth of Windsor town; and the abominations erected on that bank, including one of the least estimable racecourses in the King's Dominions, are now rapidly stretching out towards Boveney Lock. Warre would still have to "shirk" masters if he met them on his way to the river; and though he never was swished, he could still have been swished, so to speak, at sight, without his tutor hearing of it.¹ There were still occasionally formal "fights," like that described in *Tom Brown*; there was one as late as 1870.

Still, it was the Eton of Hawtrey, and that was a whole world away from the Eton of Keate. The Reign of Terror, under which Keate hid his own natural friendliness, had been changed for the Reign of Kindness; and it was perhaps from Hawtrey that Warre learned

¹ Any master could put you "in the Bill," and you went straight to execution after the next School, without any of the formalities of a "complaint" to be endorsed by your tutor.

that first and greatest lesson, so constantly forgotten by schoolmasters even to-day, to rule by love and not by fear. Hawtrey was not far from being a really great man. He had many ridiculous eccentricities; he was dressy, vain, and perhaps a bit of a toady; he was not among the greatest scholars in the Porsonian sense, and could never have done even "a little for the text of Euripides." But he was a man of broad mind, broad culture, and wide reading. He encouraged originality and original methods of teaching among his assistants; he "repressed" no one, not even the Puseyites, for whom, however, he had scant sympathy. If anything, he was a little too much "all things to all men." His unselfish generosity was carried beyond the bounds of ordinary prudence.

His successors, Goodford¹ and Balston, were more of the type of the old-fashioned Eton and Cambridge scholars, but each was receptive of new ideas, each, but especially Balston, was full of the milk of human kindness. Warre, who was up to Goodford in his last year, learned much from each. His own tutor, W. B. Marriott, had been Scholar of Trinity and Fellow of Exeter at Oxford; he had been called to the Bar before his ordination, and he became a learned "divine," as well as an antiquary of some note. He was ordained in September, 1849, succeeded Abraham as Master in College next year, and took Goodford's House, when the latter became Headmaster, in 1853. He was perpetually in delicate health, yet was one of the first masters to be interested in "local affairs"; he sat on the Board of Guardians, and held mission services on Sundays on a barge moored in the river.

¹ Cory, *Letters and Journals*, p. 59, gives rather a mixed character of Goodford: "honest, righteous, methodical, learned, brave, laconic, prudent, unmeddlesome," but also "sleepy, weak-in-health, uninfluential, obscure, unpolished; no one admires him, every one respects him." Cory had been seeking to secure the election of Edward Coleridge; but it now seems probable that, of these two, the better man was chosen.

CHAPTER III

SCHOLAR OF BALLIOL

“Sì come il baccellier s’ arma, e non parla,
Fin che il maestro la question propone,
Per approvarla, e non per terminarla.”

Paradiso, xxiv. 46.

WARRE left Eton at the end of the summer half of 1854, when all English minds were full of what was still being called “The Black Sea Expedition.” Lord Raglan was still at Varna, trying to convince his French colleague and (even more difficult task) himself, that an attack on Sebastopol was neither rash nor unnecessary. No letters remain to tell of Warre’s opinions on the Crimean War. His summer holidays were spent with his family in Tyrol, and Miss Warre remembers a famous walking tour from Innsbrück to Meran, “in which we were accompanied by a sturdy but very diminutive Swiss guide, who taught Edmond German so rapidly that the latter was able to translate English comic songs and sing them in German.” The early winter was no doubt spent in London (they were still in Wimpole Street) in hard reading for the Balliol Scholarship, which Edmond won in December.

“It was about this time, and it was certainly between his Eton and his Balliol days, that George Richmond made the two portraits of him in crayon, one for Marriott and one for the Headmaster.” She does not consider them to be “lifelike,” but “they suggest a personality which memory and imagination can invest with life. In person Edmond was then tall and spare, with rather large and loose, but well-formed, limbs, regular, well-cut features, fair hair, and such transparent



EDMOND WARRE.

When Newcastle Scholar, 1855.

From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A

whiteness of skin that our mother used to regret such a complexion being 'wasted on a boy.' Though his short sight rendered spectacles needful, the kindly, truthful blue eyes seemed, by their steadfast gaze, to elicit truth in response." ¹

Warre arrived at Balliol in January, 1855, in the first year of the Mastership of Robert Scott, collaborator with Henry Liddell in the famous Greek Lexicon. The thirty-five years of Dr. Jenkyns (1819-54) left behind them a trail of myth even more voluminous than that which grew round the name of Dr. Routh of Magdalen. Warre's amazing memory, his keen sense of humour, and his excellent powers as a *raconteur*, made him, in after days, a mine of old Balliol stories. Those about Jenkyns he would tell with the traditional nasal accent, and he had not a few of the time of Parsons (1798-1819). Nor was he surprised when, in his old age, he listened to the same stories being told about Scott, and even about Jowett. No doubt they had been told, by the contemporaries of his first Hestercombe ancestors, about Wyclif ² himself. The old front quadrangle was still standing, and Warre's rooms were on its eastern side; "on the same staircase were Edwin Palmer, a Fellow and a great friend of us both, Sir John Kennaway, and R. S. Wright; in 1856 I was on the top floor above them all." ³ Among Warre's fellow-scholars were Alfred Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of Colchester; W. W. Merry, Rector of Lincoln; Robinson Ellis, the editor of Catullus; Wright, afterwards Mr. Justice;

¹ One of these portraits is here reproduced, and most readers will probably consider that Miss Warre is too critical of the artist, and even fails to do justice to the very remarkable personal beauty of the subject. It is an understatement that the limbs were rather large: the human hand no doubt grows to a much later period of life, but any one who remembers Dr. Warre's magnificent hands will be surprised at the word "rather." Occasionally he wore a single eye-glass, and it was only when he became a Master that he took to his famous gold-rimmed spectacles.

² John Wyclif the Reformer, Master of Balliol, 1361.

³ *Recollections of Canon Shephard.*

D. B. Monro, Provost of Oriel ; Charles Bowen, Lord Justice, of the silver tongue ; Edward Herbert of Tetton. It was a goodly crop.

“The scholars’ table was always a merry one. . . . I remember that there was only one Communion each term in the Chapel, and, on the evening before it, each tutor gathered his pupils to his room for a sort of religious meeting, profanely called ‘Scrambles.’ ”¹

The tutors were James Riddell, Edwin Palmer, E. C. Woollcombe, Benjamin Jowett. Wyatt had begun to wreak his evil wrath on the beautiful old buildings more than half a century before, but it was reserved for Warre’s own time to witness the full-blown horrors of the Gothic Revival in the destruction of the old Chapel and its rebuilding by him whom Mr. Andrew Lang once so happily described as “a man called Butterhouse.” This was supposed to be a memorial to Dr. Jenkyns ; one may wish that it could have frightened Warre off the very name of “Memorial Buildings.” It is pleasant to record that Jowett protested against the vandalism. Warre remembered seeing the old stained-glass windows lying on the floor, and a careless workman putting his foot through one of them. Mr. Treherne records a vigorous and sustained attack, by way of protest, with the College bowls for missiles, on the hoardings surrounding the new building, by himself, Warre, and the late Walter Morrison, who a few years ago offered to rebuild the Chapel at his own expense. When Warre was consulted on the propriety of accepting this offer his advice was given against it ; for, said he, “two wrongs don’t make a right—it’s not a good way to treat a consecrated building.” The dreadful rebuilding of the eastern and southern sides of the Front Quadrangle also began in Scott’s mastership.

Four of Warre’s old Balliol notebooks have been preserved. The first, dated January, 1855, is what

¹ *Recollections of Canon Shephard.*

would be called a "Mods. Notebook," the new examination, commonly called Honour Moderations, a test of pure scholarship, having been introduced in 1852¹; but it also contains Essays on general subjects; and in the very first of these Essays, headed "On the Duty of Individuals and Nations to Posterity," there is a sentence so exactly illustrative of Warre's attitude to life that I have ventured to transcribe it, bad grammar, "fluff," and all:

"There are certain duties, the moral obligations of which coincide so exactly with the instinctive tendencies of human nature as to lose almost the form of duties, and to appear as matters which must come about in the ordinary course of human nature."

"Black is black and white is white," was, in after years, one of the Headmaster's favourite hortatory apophthegms, and it was no doubt a defect in his mental equipment that he made too little account of the intervening shades of grey. If for the majority of mankind "moral obligations" really coincided with "instinctive tendencies," the millennium would be a good deal nearer than it seems to be at present.

Wonderful as Warre's memory was, it is refreshing to find it not above the help of mechanical aids; floating loose in that same notebook are two dated tables, one of the Kings of Israel and Judah, the other of the Prophets, major and minor.² This was before the days when we were troubled with the notion that much of Isaiah was not written by Isaiah but by another man of the same name. The versions, exercises, and translations in this notebook are by no means above ordinary

¹ Francis Warre got a Second Class in this examination in 1854.

² This was in order to meet another small examination, in which, nevertheless, some great scholars have been ploughed, called "The Rudiments of Faith and Religion"—as held, *bien entendu*, by the Church of England.

“first-in-Mods.” standard, and contain some mistakes. The English is always more practical than elegant; there is much clumsy repetition, much parenthesis, some unscholarly misuse of conjunctions. The subjects of Essays were simpler, when Queen Victoria was young, than they are now, and the present generation is not often asked to “contrast and illustrate the character of the Greeks and Romans as regards the monuments of their power, arts, and literature,” within the space of four pages. But it apparently did not appal Warre, and he concludes with the appropriate quotation from *Æneid*, VI.

He took a first class in Moderations, together with Charles Bowen and David Monro, in Michaelmas Term, 1856; one of the great friends of his later life, Jackson of Wadham,¹ was in the second. It is interesting to see that Balliol was as far ahead of other colleges then as now; in that year were seventeen firsts; Balliol sent in eight candidates and got six firsts.

The other three notebooks contain work for the School of *Literæ Humaniores*, commonly called “Greats.” The first of them is dated April 20, 1857; much of it is devoted to an analysis of Livy, VIII.—X.; this shows meticulous care, and has been reworked in red ink over the original text in black.² The second is dated October, 1857, and we at once plunge into “The Meaning of *Δύναμις* and *Ἐνέργεια*”—“The Nature of our ideas of Cause and Effect”—“Necessity and Freewill.” It was a critical year in which to dissect “British Policy and Rule in India,” and Warre was fully aware of the crisis. A review of “The Science of Political Economy”

¹ Sir T. G. Jackson the famous architect; in 1857 Warre and Lonsdale beat Jackson and F. Halcombe, afterwards of Adelaide, South Australia, for the Goblets at Henley.

² The affection that existed between Dr. Warre and his biographer has often been severely tried by the passion of the former for various coloured inks, especially for a certain pale blue; but, as Horace would say, “omnibus hoc vitium est informatoribus.”

is successfully tackled in four pages and a half. The last of the notebooks bears date of October, 1858; we are still in the region of "The Will," and "The Soul as it appears to Plato," but we also discuss the "Political Philosophy of Thucydides," "The Influence of the Pythagoreans," "The use and abuse of the Argument from Analogy," "The Origin of Moral Ideas," "Aristotle on the theory of the Mean," and many like subjects. Warre must have covered his ground quite fairly before he faced the examiners in the Easter Term of 1859. The list was published in the first week in June, and Warre and T. H. Green were among the five Balliol firsts in a First Class of ten names. No doubt his success was obtained rather by hard "sapping" than by any natural or original interest in abstruse philosophical subjects for their own sake. Lord Francis Hervey recollects Bowen chuckling over Warre's hard study of metaphysics,¹ and his conscientious appropriation of whatever he could get from his lecturers; and there is a letter to his mother, undated but from internal evidence belonging to the spring of '59, in which he says he is reading ten hours a day:

"I do not," he explained, "seek philosophy for its own sake, as I consider that, beyond clearing away false ideas of things existing absolutely, it does not enable me to see into Life better, or to direct my practical energies to better purpose. The fact is that religion stands to us Christians in the place of philosophy. We learn the moral truths in our everyday education as children, and are convinced of them as such."²

He adds that he is going to dine at All Souls with Max Muller next Sunday; his brother-in-law, George

¹ Was it of Metaphysics, or of the mysteries of Equity, that Bowen once said that the student, when he first embarks on them, is "like a blind man in a dark room groping about for a black hat [v. l. cat] which isn't there"?

² This is one of the very few early letters that have survived. All Warre's letters to his mother are signed "Your affectionate and dutiful son."

Slade, was already a Fellow of that Society, and I have an idea that Warre may have employed Max Muller as a "coach" for his Greats School; this, however, I have been unable to verify.

His activity at Oxford was many-sided, but we should hardly have expected to find it extended to the stage; yet, says Mr. Mackinnon, in *The Oxford Amateurs*—

"On December 8, 1857, a really distinguished performance took place in Balliol. Two pieces were given, the theatre being the rooms of Mr. Edmond Warre, now Provost of Eton. Tom Taylor, afterwards editor of *Punch*, came to Oxford on purpose to attend."

A printed programme survives. All the actors had assumed names and Warre appeared as "Mr. Bellumy"; other performers were L. Whately, H. A. Hills, G. B. Estcourt, A. Dawson, R. Reece, afterwards a professional actor, Herman Merivale, a dramatic critic, and G. T. Thomas (Treherne), who wrote the "Original Melody" of *Billy Barlow* for the occasion. The pieces performed were Tom Taylor's "Comedietta *To Oblige Benson*, an Original Melody by *Quis?* and the Screaming Farce *Crinoline*." In the first and the last Warre took the part of the *jeune premier*.

"He was not," says Merivale, "a great actor, but still in my mind's eye I can see his stalwart figure, in a frock-coat and a violent perspiration, stammering out, somewhat inaudibly, his *jeune premier's* creed."

Nor should we have expected to find Warre an expert cook; but the Rev. H. G. Alington, father of the present Headmaster, remembers many pleasant evenings in his rooms—

"at times enlivened by a solid meal in which Edmond's guests profited by the culinary powers of their host; some of us learned to be proficient at poaching eggs, though never his equals. 'Mr. Bellumy,' as we used to call him, had his own ideas, not only on the best methods of cooking but upon 'improved principles' in all his

undertakings; and it was characteristic that he was always at great pains to inspire others with his own enthusiasm. I well remember how, during a week I spent with him at his father's home near Taunton, he taught me the use of the bow after a plan of his own. On the same visit he insisted on putting me through a course of physical exercises of his own selection before my bath; these I have continued through a long life and I have found them most beneficial."

The home near Taunton was Fyne Court, of which Henry Warre took a lease in 1856; it was on the slope of the Quantocks, where they fall towards the Bridgewater plain. Its late owner was a freak, known as "Creator Cross," because he held the opinion (which to-day seems so reasonable) that Creation was still going on. He also dug for gold on his estate, and dabbled so far in electricity as to endanger the life of his housemaid.¹

It was while spending a vacation at Fyne Court that Edmond met for the first time his future wife, Florence Dora Malet,

"dressed in a crinoline and a pork-pie hat, very shy, but with a complexion of cream and roses, and as lovely as could be.² She was staying at Netherclay near Taunton with her grandmother, Lady Malet, who had gone out to India in 1789,³ at the age of sixteen, to marry Sir Charles Warre Malet, Bart., F.R.S., then Resident at the Court of the Peishwah of the Mahrattas."

They had nine children, and their second son, Colonel Charles St. Lo Malet, had ten; he lived at Fontmell Parva, near Blandford, Dorset, and his second child, who was to become Edmond Warre's wife,⁴ was born in Guernsey in 1840. Sir Alexander Malet, K.C.B.,

¹ He had inscribed on a battery "Noli me Tangere," and she read it "No danger."

² Mrs. Foljambe's information, derived from Mrs. Carew of Crowcombe.

³ The *Dictionary of National Biography*, however, gives the date of the marriage as 1799, the year after the retirement of Sir Charles and his return to England.

⁴ They were married on August 6, 1861.

second Baronet, was a distinguished diplomatist, and became the father of Sir Edward, afterwards British Ambassador at Berlin. The Malets claim, with more reasonable probability than is common in such claims, kinship with the celebrated William of Granville, King William the Conqueror's most loyal friend; but it must always be remembered that hereditary surnames had no existence for at least a century after the Conquest, and Freeman's conjectures on the history of this first William "Malet" remain just conjectures. From the end of the twelfth century, at least, the Malets were certainly a great West-country family and there had been, as the Warre pedigree shows, already three marriages between the families, as well as the connection by the marriages of a Warre and a Malet to two daughters of Lord Chief Justice Popham—

"Of Edmond's friends from Eton and Oxford who came to stay at Fyne Court," Miss Warre remembers, "Sir Mountstuart Jackson, a very attractive boy who met a tragic fate; ¹ Edward Herbert of Tetton, a very delicate young man but with high mental gifts; he was a very near neighbour of ours, and was murdered by brigands in Greece in 1870; Edwin Palmer,² a Balliol Don, a dozen years older yet like a brother to both my brothers; another don, James Riddell,³ of whom Edmond once said, 'Jimmy Riddell could work a miracle.' Nearer his own age than these last were Joseph Warner, Ernald Lane,⁴ Charlton Lane, Charles Bowen, E. T. Foxcroft, Alfred Blomfield, Walter Merry, H. Hills. The four last-named were the chief movers in the fun and wit produced in verse and prose among us, and especially in theatrical performances at Christmas time. In the summer Edmond took up archery with his

¹ Bengal Civil Service; massacred at Lucknow, 1857.

² Afterwards Corpus Professor of Latin, 1870, and Archdeacon of Oxford, 1878; youngest brother of Lord Selborne.

³ Scholar and Saint; he left the collections he had made for his *Odyssey*, I-XII, to W. W. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, who finished and edited them.

⁴ Afterwards Dean of Rochester.



EDMOND WARRE.

Circa 1858.

usual thoroughness ; he made me use a 32-lb. bow and made me practise most strenuously ; our archery meetings usually ended with a dance.

“My father discouraged Edmond’s considerable taste for music, for he held the old-fashioned idea that it led to idleness and undesirable company. He also objected to the Army as a profession, not only expensive, but offering little occasion for distinction or development of character.¹ Nor did the City appeal to him as a career for his sons, and it was finally decided that Edmond should read for the Bar ; he had begun eating his dinners at Lincoln’s Inn when his destiny suddenly swept him back to Eton.”

Faint traces remain of two reading-parties in 1857 and 1859. The former was at Kiel in Appin, and the farmhouse in which they lodged looked over the Sound of Mull. Edwin Palmer was in charge, and Kennaway, Shephard, and Herbert were there. Food was scanty and they fished and shot for the larder. Warre went on from Kiel to stay with the Sellars at Ardtornish, and Mr. Craig-Sellar’s son remembers hearing, as an instance of his great strength, how he picked up two big boy cousins of theirs (one of whom was Andrew Lang !) and carried them over a burn, one under each arm. Half a century later the Diary records (August, 1908 : Warre was then on a yachting trip) : “Saw Kiel where I was with poor Edward Herbert fifty years ago.” The party of 1859 (spring) was at Tal-y-Llyn, and included Hills, Thomas (Treherne), and himself. Mr. Treherne remembers how they used to roll great rocks down the slope of Cader Idris into the lake. From Tal-y-Llyn Warre wrote to his mother and gave a detailed account of his extensive reading (ten hours a day, as usual), and asked for news of the outside world when a change of Ministry was impending : “for we get no newspapers, and the

¹ In after years the Headmaster, in spite of his reverence for the fifth commandment, may have groaned when he reflected on this paternal view. He had in his youth wished to be a soldier.

Greeks say a man cannot be a good citizen unless he knows by whom he is governed." He also inquired about some Fellowships at Exeter¹ which were advertised: "I think I had better try for one, though I don't like the place." The weather was fierce, all the hills covered with snow, so they got no fishing: "it is what Frank calls fine April weather."

Warre was elected a Fellow of All Souls, November 3, 1859; he was admitted a Probationer the next day and a full Fellow on November 2, 1860 (on which day his friend Ernald Lane was elected). As he was married in August, 1861, his enjoyment of the very small emolument then yielded by a Fellowship was short, but he had his "year of grace" and vacated only in August, 1862. His only intimate friend in the College at the date of his election was Alfred Blomfield, for George Slade (elected 1854) had taken a college living in 1857.² The new Statutes made by the first University Commissioners were already in force, and Warre was therefore, no doubt, examined in the subjects of Jurisprudence and Modern History, also (by a Resolution of the College in 1858) in translation from French and German, as well as from Greek and Latin. Just before his election the College Minute-Book records a vote of thanks to its new Honorary Fellow, Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, for "his handsome present entitled *Studies in Homer and the Homeric Age*."

The Homeric age of the College—

"When Doctor Sneyd was Warden,
When Inge was in his prime,"

was already passing away. Warden Leighton had

¹ Sir Thomas Erskine Holland was elected to a classical Fellowship at Exeter on June 30, 1859. He does not recollect who were his competitors, but would probably have remembered Warre if he had been one.

² Slade's successive livings were Alberbury 1857, Lewknor 1866, Buckland 1883. Warre constantly visited him at all three: "at Lewknor we enjoyed riding on the glorious downs that are crossed by the Icknield Way; Mr. Slade was one of the finest riders in England, and delighted to get me to break in young horses for him." [M. W.] The Headmaster himself was rather an ardent rider than a good horseman.

taken Sneyd's Chair in 1858. Into this band of brothers, probably the most cultivated and intellectual society in either University, the Commissioners, appointed with a mandate for "Reform" in 1852, had recently intruded two professors, suppressing ten fellowships to endow the same. The Senior Fellow at the date of Warre's election, and for eighteen years after it, was the Hon. W. L. Bathurst, afterwards Earl Bathurst, who had once been Charles Greville's colleague as Clerk of the Privy Council. He had been elected in 1811, and well remembered the great Gaudy held to celebrate the victory of Waterloo. Lord Robert Cecil, soon to be Marquis of Salisbury, had only recently resigned his Fellowship; Warre's friend, Max Muller, had been elected in 1857. All Souls remained officially Warre's College to the end of his life; he was ordained deacon and priest as a member of it, and he took his Master's and his Doctor's Degrees from it. In 1863 the Minute-Book records his gift of "two silver dishes for the College dinner table"; these are still in constant use. Balliol, however, remained the College of his heart, and during his Headmastership his visits to All Souls were infrequent; after it they became almost annual until 1914. But the Bishop of Durham will perhaps forgive me for reminding him how on one occasion, during the South African War, he was delighting his friends at All Souls, by holding forth, with his usual eloquence, on the disposition of the British Forces in the Transvaal; how Warre listened to him with a broadening smile till the whole theory of strategy and tactics had been expounded, and then suddenly dropped a gigantic hand on the speaker's knee and said: "Now, my dear fellow, that's all bosh."¹

¹ My friend, the Bishop, whose leave I asked to publish this story, says: "I have no recollection of it myself, but I have heard the present Headmaster of Eton tell it so often, and it gives so much pleasure to him and his *entourage*, that it must be true." So history grows.

CHAPTER IV

ROWING AND SOLDIERING

I

“ No dodges we own but strength, courage and science ;
Gold rules not the fate of our Isthmian games ;
On brutes—tho’ the noblest—we place no reliance ;
Our racers are men, and our turf is the Thames.”

G. HUGHES, 1868.

BEFORE quitting Oxford days it remains for me to say something of Warre’s two great spheres of activity in the open air. It has been stated that he was perhaps more proud of having been President of the O.U.B.C. than of his First Class and his Fellowship ; but, even were it possible to associate the notion of pride with him at all, I should consider this a misstatement. He came to Oxford to read and to win intellectual honours ; and he read with the strength of ten. Given his constant craving for strong physical exercise, his passion for water and for boats of all kinds, and also the fact that, during the past decade, boat-racing had become the most popular sport of the University without ceasing to be the sport, *par excellence*, of the reading men, Warre was pretty sure to take to the river.¹ The Pulling had been his only triumph at Eton ; at Oxford he at once shot to the front as one of those great oars who are born not made, and he carried everything before him.

¹ His eyesight was a handicap to him in all ball-games ; and for gymnastics he never cared—“ exercise should be taken in the open air.” Once in his old age, when Sir Herbert Warren and he were discussing the respective virtues of the cricketer and the rowing man, Warre gave his reason for believing that the latter was, on the whole, the “ more steadfast character : ” “ Why ? ” “ *Sudavit et alsit.* ”

In 1855 he won the Sculls and, with Lonsdale, the Pairs; he helped to take Balliol to the Head of the River and to win the Ladies' Plate at Henley. He refused, lest he should interrupt his reading for Moderations, to row at Putney in the spring of 1856, but he repeated his victories in Sculls and Pairs that summer.¹ In 1857 he rowed No. six in the Oxford boat which defeated Cambridge,² won the Pairs with John Arkell of Pembroke, and the Goblets at Henley with Lonsdale. The Oxford boat of this year had been built on a new model by Matthew Taylor of Tyneside;³ she was twelve feet shorter than the type then in vogue, and was keelless:⁴ 1857 was also the first year in which oars were used with round-edged looms.

In 1858 Warre was President of O.U.B.C., rowed No. seven at Putney and was defeated; the Oxford stroke caught a crab at the start and twisted his rowlock, so Warre had to set the stroke the whole way; Ernald Lane rowed No. five; J. Hall was stroke of Cambridge. In his last undergraduate year Warre helped Balliol to win the Fours, but refused to imperil his chances in the schools by rowing in any more races until the examination was over; but after it he rowed No. four in the Oxford boat which met Cambridge and London for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley; and

¹ Sir T. G. Jackson says: "My acquaintance with Warre began in the fifties when the boat in which *pars parva fui* (Wadham) deposed Balliol (1856) from the Headship of the River. But Warre had his revenge a few days later when he and Lonsdale defeated Halcombe and me for the Pairs by five seconds. So when we met again, forty years later, and I referred to the bump, Warre was ready with the retort: 'Yes, but I was *primus inter pares*.'"

² His subsequent colleague and friend at Eton, Herbert Snow (afterwards Kynaston) was the Cambridge stroke. Warre rowed 13 st. 3 lbs.; his 1857 oar is still in possession of his family.

³ Taylor was a constant theme of Warre's old stories of Oxford boating. One day he poked his head into the University barge and said: "What are ye doing, Mr. Warre?" "Washing, Matt." "Washing!" said Matt, "why ye'll kill yersel'!"

⁴ A four-oar without a keel had been built by Clasper and used at Henley in 1852.

London defeated them both. Warre again won the Goblets with Arkell, "perhaps the hardest worker for his weight (ten stone ten pounds) that ever got into a boat."¹ Mr. Arkell succeeded Warre as President in November, '58, and has kindly supplied the information that it was Warre who started the idea of a "new eight-oared race, as a nursery for the University eight." Accordingly, in that December, the first "Trial Eights" was rowed, upstream from the bend above Abingdon Lasher to the island at Nuneham.

It is not for me to attempt a description of Henley Regatta in those early days when it was quite easy for anyone to accompany the races the whole way by running along the bank, for it has recently been done in the most classical fashion by Sir Theodore Cook,² while the Oxford and Cambridge races have been admirably described by Mr. Treherne, and all the history of amateur rowing by the late W. B. Woodgate in the Badminton Library book on *Boating*, to which Warre contributed an Introduction in 1888. Least of all should I presume to speak of the dimensions of boats and the mathematical principles underlying their construction and flotation (see Appendix). It was probably the success of the Matt Taylor model which first opened Warre's eyes to these questions. He flung himself upon them with all the fire of his youthful enthusiasm, and they remained one of his three great hobbies to the end of his life. He soon became a brilliant amateur on these and all other kindred questions, and was consulted about them, not only by amateurs in all parts of the world but by many professional designers and boat-builders also. His unique position at Eton after 1860 was favourable for carrying out in practice many of the theories which he conceived, especially

¹ *Record of the University Boat Race, 1829-1883*, by G. T. Treherne (2nd edition 1884; re-edited by C. M. Pitman, 1909), p. 82.

² *Rowing at Henley* (1919).

upon the weight and shape of oars, the length and camber of racing boats, and on their lines and curves.¹ He was stimulated to this partly by his own love of mechanical experiment, partly by the desire that "the boys" should have the best type of boat; and he switched it all on to his own long and deep study of history of ships and boats in the Ancient World.²

His interest in Balliol rowing did not cease with his undergraduate days. It was he who convinced Jowett of the social, and even moral, as well as physical, value of rowing as part of college life; and Jowett used to quote phrases of his in a way that quite startled boat-club captains. "When he came up and coached our college crew occasionally," says the present Master of Balliol, "it was like the intervention of a *Deus ex machina*."

II

The other open-air sphere of activity was on land.

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas
And Volunteers on shore, sir!"³

A Volunteer Corps had been raised in the University in 1798 and had only been disbanded in 1813; at its greatest strength it had numbered five hundred men. That Napoleon III., sixty years later, had any intention of yielding to the cry of his "militarists" may now be doubted; but no one in England could forecast what he might be compelled to do in order to satisfy public opinion in France, and from the end of 1858 our common talk was of the "dangers of invasion." Lord Palmerston thoroughly believed that steamships had made the descent of a few thousand French on our undefended

¹ Leverage was a problem which he tackled much later than construction. See Appendix.

² *Vide infra*, Chap. XII.

³ Robert Burns, April, 1795.

south coast a matter of a few hours, and Sir Charles Napier had been stumping the country to awaken it to the complete inadequacy of its defences. Just one or two remnants of the old Volunteers, notably the "Victoria Rifles," a Middlesex corps, were still in existence, and now, early in '59, letters began to appear in the *Times* urging the formation of Rifle-Clubs and Volunteer Corps.¹ The earliest that I have found is dated January 26, and signed "Hearts of Oak."

On April 21, one of these letters was dated from the Oxford University Barge and signed "Oxoniensis," and no one who has read it doubts that Warre was the writer. It runs as follows :—

"I suppose that when next term begins there will be some thousands of us strapping young fellows up here, whose average height, weight, and activity might, I have no doubt, equal, if not excel, that of any regiment in H.M.'s service. In three years they will be scattered all over the Empire. What useful results might not ensue from their being instructed as well in the *ars militaris* as in the *ars logica*! And, as they stand, they would be a Corps behind none in pluck and vigour to tackle invaders, be they from Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. Why should not the Royal Oxford University Volunteers be embodied and drilled in Port Meadow? If I remember right the Royal Horse Guards are properly speaking 'the Oxford Blues' to this day and were raised among us in King Charles's time. What man has done man can do. Two hours' drill two or three times a week would set us up bravely, and a blue flannel tunic and white trowsers would ruin nobody. During the Crimean War an 'University Rifle Corps' was squashed [*sic*] by the Vice-Chancellor. Let us hope our present Chief will, in this matter, as in most others at present, give us a proof of his superior good sense and permit our saying with pride *Nous avons changé tout cela.*"

From another letter on April 23, signed "*Ex*

¹ Do not confuse the two things.

Æde Christi," it seems that the undergraduates really feared Vice-Cancellarian opposition, and that "Rifle-Clubs" were being suggested to turn its flank. By the 28th the hunt is up, and there are four letters that day in favour of an University Corps, one of them repeating the old parrot-cry that "a large standing army is repugnant to the tastes of this country."

Lord Derby's Government, though fully aware of the possibility of an invasion, would not have been a British Government if it had not poured cold water on such enthusiasm; it "welcomed the formation of such corps," but declared that it could supply neither arms nor money; "it desired to have a drilled not an armed population."¹ And though Derby was beaten, on some ridiculous question of a Reform Bill, in April, Palmerston only got into the saddle in June. With his advent came a change. May had been a busy month at both Universities, and it looked for a time as if Cambridge would be first in the field. A Rifle-Club was formed at Christ Church of some forty gentlemen, *i.e.* a purely voluntary association, without any compulsory drill or practice, but "when the Government regulations for Volunteer Corps are known, these gentlemen will be ready to join such Corps";² it looks as if men were a little shy until the War Office would agree to pay at least part of the expenses of equipment. There is a tradition—it is hardly more³—that the University authorities were at first adverse, and quoted the statute *De Armis non gestandis (exceptis qui, honestæ recreationis causa, arcus cum sagittis portaverint)*, but that Warre's energy got the better of them. Certainly this statute was repealed in Convocation on June 2nd.

Dr. Warre has entered in his diary for 1907 that the O.U.R.V.C. was "founded" at his lodgings, 16, Broad

¹ Walpole, *Twenty-five Years*, i. 318.

² *Oxford University Herald*, May 14, 1859. See also, for later developments, May 26, June 11, June 18.

³ See *Fifty Years of University Sport*, ii. 206.

Street,¹ but he has recorded neither the date of this meeting nor the names of those present. It probably preceded a larger meeting at the Union² which the present Provost of Queen's remembers; and both were certainly before June 11, for then a

“Committee has been appointed for the ‘formation of a Regiment [*sic*] of University Volunteers, and it hopes that actual drill and practice will begin on June 15. The uniform is not to cost more than £4. Arms are to be provided from a General Fund to be raised, but anyone wishing to purchase his own rifle may do so. Every member must attend one hour's drill every morning, and every afternoon the practice ground is to be opened for instruction in musketry.”³

By June 18 this Committee has chosen a rifle ground,⁴ evidently at Cowley opposite the old “Magdalen cricket ground,” where there was a four hundred yard range,⁵ but practice is not to begin this term. “The War Office has sent an officer to inspect this range and promises to provide two hundred and fifty muskets and several drill-sergeants.” This was in fact the first step taken by Palmerston towards recognising the new force.

Drill, then, was to precede shooting. Officers were elected for the four companies that were contemplated by the end of the summer term,⁶ and of these Edmond Warre was the first. Among the senior members of the University to lend a hand none was more forward than Dr. Thomson, Provost of Queen's, afterwards Arch-

¹ We do not know when he gave up his rooms in College and took these lodgings across the way; it is likely to have been in January, 1859.

² Not mentioned in the *Journals* of the Union Society.

³ *O. U. Herald*, June 11, abbreviated.

⁴ *Ibid.* June 18.

⁵ This was probably “George Webb's Rifle Ground, open for rifle and pistol practice daily.” [Advertisement in *O. U. Almanack and Register* for 1859.] There was also Venables's Rifle Ground at Iffley, used by the City Volunteers when these were enrolled. Both Venables and Webb were Oxford gunmakers.

⁶ The enrolment of the first 104 members took place on June 22, probably at the Armoury at the County Hall.

bishop of York. It was understood that the new officers would during the long vacation be attached to infantry regiments for instruction in drill and rifle practice; and accordingly, in July-August, Warre, Lane, Dodgson (Lewis Carroll!), and Warner, with some leading volunteers from other corps (five in all from Oxford), attended a course of musketry at the School at Hythe, now called "the School of Small Arms." This party broke up on August 9 not without giving a dinner to Major-General Hay and Staff; and among Warre's papers (transcribed in a feminine hand) is a song "intended to have been sung" at that dinner, August 8. It is to the tune of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" (which Warre was destined to hear in other surroundings) and begins :

"To-night we hold our last parade,
Dear comrades of the Volunteers."

Warre's first commission to be "Captain of First Company of the Oxfordshire [*sic*] Volunteer Corps, but not to take rank in the Army except during the time of the said Corps being called out into actual service," is dated at Blenheim, August 8, 1859, and signed by the Duke of Marlborough as Lord Lieutenant of the county. This shows us that the first Corps enrolled were, in some imaginary way, connected with the old local Militia: and in fact drill-sergeants from the Oxford Militia were the first instructors.

Sir William Church attributes the main success of the Oxford Corps to Warre's energy, and also to his tact. He was clever enough to get the Captain of the University Eleven on his side (Digby of Corpus Christi):

"The athletic prowess of these two prevented us from being laughed at; we used to drill in the summer term before breakfast in St. John's Gardens,¹ though we had

¹ Canon Shephard possesses a faded photograph which shows squad-drill being carried out in the quadrangle of the Bodleian.

neither uniform nor rifles. Warre was always present and quickly became an efficient officer. When we returned after the long vacation the movement had become general throughout the country, and we were soon fully equipped and firmly established." Mr. Arkell says that "a committee of twelve, six senior and six junior members of the University, were the mainstay of the Corps in the October term : Dr. Thomson was chairman, Warre, Arkell, and Risley (of Exeter) were three of the younger six."

Recruiting went up fast. The first parade attended by all in uniform ¹ was on October 25. The Government now served out fifty rifles for every hundred enrolled Volunteers.² Even Dr. Bulley gave leave for drill on the sacred grass at Magdalen. At the last parade (December 8), in All Souls quadrangle, they were 340 strong and marched to Cowley for practice ; the Prince of Wales was present on horseback, and the five companies saluted him with volleys (which disquieted his horse).

It is eminently characteristic of the military mind that, at a very recent date, all but one of the records of the early days of the O.U.R.V.C. were destroyed as useless lumber. Luckily there was spared (no doubt by inadvertence) a large folio volume bound in vellum, and this contains the names of the first enrolled members

There was also some drilling in the "Castle," *i.e.* at the back of the present Assize-Court.

¹ A yellowish grey (almost khaki) tunic and knickerbockers, yellow leather gaiters, blue *képi* with bronze bugle on it ; as the rifles were fired with percussion caps these were carried in a small pouch at the belt.

² Step by step the Government was led on to promise help to all Corps that would provide themselves with a safe range and submit to inspection by regular officers. Companies only were first permitted, soon these were allowed to be grouped into battalions ; adjutants and sergeant-instructors were to be paid by Government and at last a grant of thirty shillings *per annum* was paid for each efficient volunteer. Within two years there were 160,000 civilians in arms, and the National Rifle Association had come into existence to provide that at least the best of these men should shoot straight.

with their regimental numbers ; no dates of enrolment, only those of resignation, are attached. The change of handwriting at No. 353 or 355 (uncertain which ; as Sam Weller said, "there is a blot there") makes it clear that about 350 were the first year's strength ; and this is borne out by a privately-printed muster-roll, 1859-81, now in the possession of the Provost of Queen's. In the folio Warre is described as of All Souls (which dates the book as after November 3) and his regimental number is ONE. By no means all of his most intimate friends appear, but Alington, Arkell, Gem, Kennaway, the two Lanes, Malcolm, Monro (he is already a Fellow of Oriel), Morrison, two Norsworthys, G. G. Ramsay, Reece, Risley, Shephard, Thomas (Treherne), Warner, all appear. The Colleges most strongly represented are Christ Church, Exeter, and Balliol. The names of some of these truculent militarists sound strange to our ears,¹ especially those of Private John Morley, No. 35 (Lincoln), and Private John Addington Symonds, No. 286 (Balliol).

By February, 1860, the Corps had six companies, and its strength was above 500 ; on March 3 the officers gave a dinner at St. John's to Captain Matthews of the Oxfordshire Militia in recognition of his services to them, and the Lord Lieutenant appointed the Hon. R. C. H. Spencer (late Colonel R.A.) to be colonel of the whole battalion. Four days later the Queen held a special *levée* at St. James's for all Volunteer officers. It was a dreadful day of wind and sleet, but from the O.U.R.V.C. Captains Warre, Lane, Warner, Parker, Holding, were among those presented. The *levée* was followed by a banquet eaten by 1000 volunteer officers and a ball at the Floral Hall. A War Office order of March 31 allowed six companies to be grouped as a battalion, with an adjutant and a proper complement of officers.

¹ Accustomed as we are to consider the best beloved of the Fellows of All Souls (now Professor of Poetry) as being immortal both fore and aft, it is startling to read that No. 145 was Private W. P. Ker.

All these later events took place while Warre was absent from Oxford, learning a new trade. On June 23 the Oxford muster roll records that Lieut. Cecil Goney is appointed Captain *vice* Warre, resigned.

In the Orderly Room at Eton is preserved a long memorandum headed by the words, in Warre's hand, "First notice of the formation of the N.R.A." Major Godsall of Iscoyd, to whose help I owe very much, believes that the idea of this Association was mooted by Warre at Hythe in August, 1859; and this is confirmed by a Report, kindly sent to me by Major Etches, of the year 1860. This Report says that an actual committee to promote the Association was formed at Hythe by seven persons: Earl Spencer's name is the first and Warre's the third. About the same time a London committee for the same purpose was started by Lord Elcho. The two committees were amalgamated in November, 1859, and a meeting was held on the 16th at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street; ¹ a committee of eleven persons was there appointed to draw up rules for a National Rifle Association, and Warre was a member of this committee. At the jubilee banquet of the N.R.A. in 1909, Lord Cheylesmore, one of his own earliest Eton pupils, referred in the most eulogistic terms to his keenness at date of its foundation.

It is curious that the exact date of Warre's return to Eton as a temporary master has, so far, eluded my research. His old tutor, Marriott, was taken ill, in the Lake district, in September, 1859, was away from Eton till the following March, and on his return broke down again almost at once. During the Michaelmas half he had entrusted Mr. Thackeray, then *natu minimus* among the classical masters, with the management of his House, which was distinguished rather for athletic prowess than for studiousness or subordination. A

¹ Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, was in the chair.

lesser scholar (there were few greater) than Mr. Thackeray might prove a more efficient substitute. But whether Marriott's arrangement with Warre was made in the Christmas holidays, or a week or two after the beginning of the Lent half, we do not know; the "family tradition" is in favour of the latter date as being that at which Warre was asked by Marriott, with Goodford's approval, to "go temporary" and curb the unruly flock. He accepted, and within a week had restored order in a House which has been described as "not far from pandemonium" when he took it over; and this was effected not by punishments but by his own force of character. Later generations will remember that culprits would say, "It's a good deal worse to be *talked to* seriously by Warre than to be flogged by Hornby; he doesn't get angry in the ordinary sense of the word, but he makes you feel such an infinitesimal worm." His time in Marriott's House was too short to enable him to add to this achievement the creation of an "intellectual atmosphere," but he impressed himself powerfully upon three future Captains of the Boats and a Captain of the Eleven. Moreover, he found that he enjoyed teaching; a letter to his mother, undated, as usual, but obviously in the following holidays, says, "Education, I feel, is my line in life, and the one in which I shall show God's work to this generation." He must then have already received the offer of a permanent mastership: ¹ for Balston became Fellow of Eton in April and had to resign his house and his pupils at once.

¹ Almost the only written record of the transaction has been communicated to me by Sir F. A. Bosanquet, K.C., who received from Goodford on May 8 the offer of a temporary Mastership for the summer half in Marriott's place, and with it came a letter from C. Kegan Paul, who was then Master in College, which said "the post offered to you is precisely similar to that filled last half by Warre; he came to fill a gap during Marriott's illness. He did so well that he was asked to come here permanently and has accepted."

The summer half of 1860, then, saw Warre an Assistant Classical Master; not the *natu minimus*, for Mr. Browning was appointed in the same half. Marriott resigned his Mastership in July, though he returned later in the year as a Dame, occasionally took a Division, and kept his old house till his death in 1871. Warre's acceptance of Dr. Goodford's offer was due not only to the perhaps unexpected discovery that he liked the work, but to his great wish for pecuniary independence. He had incurred a debt of some £300 in starting the O.U.R.V.C., and was most unwilling to "come upon" his father to liquidate it; moreover, if he accepted the post, he could look forward to an early marriage with the lady of his choice. Not to be outdone in generosity by his son, Henry Warre at once made it possible for Edmond to build a new boarding house for himself into which he could take the whole of Balston's pupils.

CHAPTER V

MR. WARRE'S HOUSE

"La surabondance de vie qui était en lui se communiquait aux autres."—ALBERT VANDAL.

"I WAS at the House,"¹ says Sir William Anson in his delightful fragment of an autobiography, written in 1879, "of the Rev. E. Balston, a man whose charm of manner endeared him to generations of pupils. But it was not a working House. . . . In 1860 Mr. Balston became a Fellow of Eton and gave up his Mastership, and I became the pupil² of Mr. Warre. . . . Warre even now seems to me, whenever I meet him, to impart to me some of his overflowing life and vigour. The impression he made on us boys was remarkable. We all began to think it creditable to work—a new idea to most of us, and when I left Eton I formed a strong determination to do something for the credit of Warre's House and of my old school."³

The motto of the new House was "Together." Houses, like Colleges at the University, have a Natural

¹ Then known as "The Manor House."

² On returning to Eton Warre lodged at "Baldwin's Shore," and his first pupil-room was in the house now called "Weston's" at the northern corner of Weston's Yard. Mr. Dupuis took over Balston's boarding-house and boys until Warre built and occupied in 1861 the house in Common Lane, afterwards Edward Austen-Leigh's, and sometimes called "Penn House."

³ When Warre had decided to resign in 1904, Anson wrote to him as follows: "I can well understand what a wrench it will be to you, because (though it seems absurd to talk of one's own feelings at such a time) life will not be the same thing to me when you are not at Eton. There will be many of the old House that will feel in the same way, but I doubt if any of them has as great a sense of obligation as I have. When I left Eton, a wretched failure, it was thanks to you that I felt that the failure was not past redemption."

History, or what a zoologist would perhaps call a "life-history," of their own, as a rule independent of their "dons" or masters. But on every page of the story of Warre's House is stamped the masterful personality of "my tutor." Not but what the House had its ups and downs; in mere record of "successes," the point on which Warre set least value, less value perhaps than any great schoolmaster has ever set,¹ its last ten years can bear no comparison to its first fourteen. Yet, to take a very simple test of industry: when, at those dreaded Domesdays called "Reading-over after Trials," the Headmaster's voice fell as he began to recite the list of the "ploughed," with the words "And these have failed," there would very seldom be found one of Mr. Warre's boys below the line. The simple reason was that they were encouraged to work as few Eton boys then were; and they were encouraged to play hard too. It was not that their tutor took a fierce interest in their games, or that he was given to "watching matches"² or races with eager eyes; there was none of the excitement of the "Rev. Henry Chowdler" about him; no one was ever less like that "typical schoolmaster" than Edmond Warre.

"For us boys," says Mr. H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, the oldest survivor of his first set of pupils, "Warre's appearance among us was something altogether different from that of some casual new Master. Overtopping the

¹ This is borne out by his own oft-repeated words when he was called on in his old age to "give away the prizes" at other schools. I think he rather disliked the task, but was too good-natured to refuse: one of the notes he strikes most frequently on such occasions is, "I am always thinking of the good workers who have not got prizes; they are the first to need a word of encouragement" (at Magdalen College School, October 23, 1907). Dr. Warre's intense dislike of "pot-hunting" in any shape is well known.

² "I remember his striding on to the field in 1873 in the middle of an extraordinary match (against a house which we hated and which hated us), when we and our opponents were shinning each other fiercely with much profanity; he called out that he would stop the match if we behaved in such fashion" (M.).

Master was the man, and the man was a phenomenon. He might have sat there and then for the portrait of one of Homer's Kings of Men; and it was among the giants of our story-books that in our eyes he came to rank, the Amyas Leigh of *Westward Ho!* the Front-de-Bœuf of *Ivanhoe*, the Great-Heart of the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

"The pupils he had taken over from Balston," says Lord Francis Hervey, "had their own tradition and usages, and it is easy to understand that they sometimes resented the difference between the smooth and placid composure of the old *régime* and the ebullient energy of the new. Such difficulties are, however, healed by time, and if a succeeding Pharaoh knows not Joseph, it is also true that new Josephs arise, who knew not the former Pharaoh. It was his life and the magic of his example that were our stimulus to work hard and play hard, . . . but it was not long after I became his pupil that he began to give me some extra attention. He used from time to time to draw up a curriculum of studies and to ply me with pieces of English prose or verse to be rendered into Greek or Latin. . . . The House was not, at first starting, quite in the first rank, at least as regards athletics. But Warre's inspiration led us to do our best, and I think that resolute effort made up in part for natural deficiencies. 'Tutor' could not abide loafing or slackness, and certainly on the football field the white and magenta¹ shirts used to be closely grouped."

"We were not all," says Mr. Hamilton-Hoare, "in the best of humours at shifting from the old Manor House, and we seniors perhaps resented the uprooting and re-potting most. It speaks, volumes for Warre's tactfulness and his genial ways with us that the change was effected with a minimum of friction. We knew also that the move meant more than a mere shifting of quarters. Though both loved Eton most dearly, Balston and Warre belonged to different generations

¹ A little later the colours were black, magenta, and orange. The date of the change seems uncertain; Lord F. Hervey's evidence that it was not before 1864 seems to be irrefutable.

and different worlds; *stare super antiquas vias* might have been Balston's motto, and *laudator temporis acti* his epitaph. Warre was a layman, in the full heyday of youth and in close touch with the new physical, as he was with the new intellectual, life. His coming nearly coincided with the famous attack on Public Schools, and on Eton in particular, made in the Press in 1861, and with a good deal of the spirit of this attack Warre was in sympathy, while Balston was merely terrified by it. To us it was like a sudden change from the air of the Italian Lakes to that of the Riffel-Alp."

The attack to which Mr. Hamilton-Hoare refers was begun by Matthew Higgins ("Jacob Omnium") in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it led to the Royal Commission on Public Schools, and to the Public Schools Act of 1864, and Public Schools Amendment Act of 1868. The harsh things said, and still more the harsh way in which questions were asked, by the Commissioners, helped to kill Provost Hawtrey in January, 1862, and nearly six years later the same attitude led Balston to retire. Almost a decade passed before the New Statutes, which practically dethroned the Provost, were completed and the "Governing Body" was appointed: the new Statutes were in full working order by the end of 1871.¹ Such bodies would be invaluable if the highly distinguished Statesmen and Churchmen, who usually form their majority, were able to devote extensive leisure to the affairs of the school. But it is notorious that this has in few instances been possible; and the Governors of each great school have usually been dominated by one or two "experts" of greater leisure or more strenuous activity, sometimes also of strong personal, religious, or political prejudices. The first Eton Governing Body was very largely under the influence of the fourth Lord Lyttelton.

¹ At the request of the Headmaster, Warre and Johnson were several times consulted by the Governing Body during the drawing-up of these Statutes.

"We had no armchairs or sofas in the House," says another old member; "Warre forbade them, but he smiled when he found that we circumvented him and sat in our hip-baths with a cushion in them. On Sunday evenings Tutor either used to give us a short address on some moral principle, or else read a chapter out of the Bible; his favourite chapter was Job xxviii., and his favourite text was Ἡμῶν γὰρ τὸ πολίτευμα ἐν οὐρανοῖς (Phil. iii. 20). These addresses had more effect from his manly earnestness than from any oratorical gifts. He began them from his first coming to the House, and for the first six years of them he was a layman."

"His chief concern," says yet another, "was to develop and improve the moral character of his pupils, and yet he avoided as far as possible everything in the way of 'moral lectures,' which he recognised as distasteful to boys and generally ineffective . . . indolence and idle gossip were abhorrent to him; he didn't like to find six or seven boys sitting in a room together talking; ¹ he expected us to be always doing something, either with our brains or with our muscles. His trust in the House was implicit, and he absolutely declined all spying; he tramped down the passage so as to give full notice of his coming. Once while smoking quietly in his garden he saw a light in a boy's room at 11.30; rushing up he found all in darkness, but on tearing off the clothes he found the boy half-dressed in bed with the candle still smouldering under the clothes, and the inkpot upset on the sheets: that boy 'stayed' after twelve the next day. In some ways he was too trustful, for he refused to believe in the ordinary temptations of boys; when forced to investigate delicate cases he had no art to help him, and his straightforward questions were not always truthfully answered. His attitude towards what are technically called "moral questions" was all attuned to his belief in the safeguard of a high athletic standard; and this led to a dangerous blindness sometimes."

¹ Compare Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 103: "It makes me think," he would say, "that I see the Devil in the midst of them."

Finally, I must again quote Mr. Hamilton-Hoare—

“He desired his relations with us to be on a thoroughly frank and friendly footing; his pupils were to be his loyal helpmates in promoting the well-being of the House. Like Socrates, in Plato's *Apology*, he would play the gadfly to our intellectual lethargy¹ and to our semi-unconscious bondage to the ‘Traditions of the Elders.’ He longed to build up a House of which he could be as justly proud as is a colonel of a fine regiment. His discipline was strict but never capricious: he cared more for principles than for ‘rules,’ and he knew well how to discriminate between boy and boy; he was always lenient and considerate when he could recognise ‘a good trier.’”

Before the compiler of this book lies a vast folio in manuscript, heavily bound in law-calf,

ὁ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν
οἶοι νῦν βροτοί εἶσι,

shall we say “such as not two degenerate lower-boys of modern days could carry to the Captain's room”? It is entitled—

E. WARRE, ESQ.,
House Chronicle, 1861.

In this volume the House-lists for each school-time (*i.e.* “Half”) are for some years written in Warre's own hand; and, in the first of the lists, are pencil notes in the same hand, no doubt added much later, opposite each name, indicating the subsequent career of each boy. Warre evidently inherited some good stuff from Balston. Nine out of the thirty-four boys in the first (Michaelmas, 1861) list became soldiers; twenty-one out of the remaining twenty-five went to one or other of the Universities, five of them to Balliol; and three sub-

¹ “He stimulated our interest in English literature and presented *The British Poets* to our scanty library in Pupil Room.” [Adolphus Liddell, *Reminiscences*, 36.]

sequently became Fellows of Colleges. His earliest Captain is A. J. Butler, afterwards Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Italian at University College, London, and translator of Dante; next to Butler comes Anson, afterwards Warden of All Souls, Burgess for the University of Oxford, Minister for Education and a famous Jurist. The third on the list is H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, who played in the Eleven in 1860-1, in the Field Eleven 1861, and was President of Pop in the same year (but none of these things are recorded in the House Chronicle). The eighth name is that of Lord Francis Hervey, subsequently Newcastle Scholar, Scholar of Balliol, Fellow of Hertford, and Chief Civil-Service Commissioner. Adolphus Liddell, afterwards Chief Clerk in the Crown Office, is also in this list. The first of a long succession of "Warre-house families," that of Walter, is in 1861 represented by four boys,¹ and reminds us of the days when the *Times* newspaper was a great power. The numbers of the House remain about thirty-four or thirty-five till 1869, when thirty-eight first appears; a year later they are forty-one, and from that time onwards they oscillate about the figure forty.

Between each half's list there is left at first one page, and soon several pages, on which begin to be written, probably by successive House-Captains, the distinctions, intellectual or athletic, achieved by boys in the House.

¹ Three brothers, J. B., A. F., F.; the eldest was drowned in 1870; the second was in the Eleven in 1864-65 and was afterwards Warre's landlord at Finchampstead. They were the sons of John Walter of Bear Wood, chief proprietor of the *Times*; the fourth Walter in 1861 was J. H., cousin of the above. Later on there were three younger sons of John Walter, of whom H. M. was in the Eleven, 1866-67-68; a third *stirps* of the same family is represented in the later years of the House (1875-78). Other boys of note in the early years of the House were Amelius Mark-Wood, now Lord Lambourne, the hero of the story on p. 51. two Knights, C. E. Green, H. C. Tower, G. D. Whatman, two Barnetts, Hugh Elliot (Melgund's minor), Tom Hamond, Sir W. Call, Norman and Simon Lockhart-Macdonald of Carnwath, F. O. de Grey, afterwards second Marquis of Ripon.

The second of these blank pages (Lent half 1862) contains merely the words "Jersey won the Mile"; this is the seventh Earl of Jersey. In 1862 a future Tomline Prizeman and Oppidan Prizeman has arrived in the person of Alfred Hoare (mi.); henceforward the House will not often be without a boy of that good name—a second generation of them has begun to arrive in 1880.¹ Athletic records were not always impeccably kept,² for while, in Michaelmas, 1862, two names only of football players are given, as low down in "Field Choices," in the year 1895, Lord Jersey, being evidently on a visit to the Headmaster and inspecting the old House Chronicle, has pathetically written in pencil, "I humbly beg to state that I was in the Field Eleven this half." Tom Hamond was also in the Field, 1863.

No doubt, as the years went on, Warre's own fine achievements at Oxford and his wide circle of friends in the "great world" attracted parents to send their boys to him as pupils, and the number of names of those who subsequently helped to govern the British Empire steadily increases on the House-lists. A letter (August 11, 1902) from Sir W. Anson, who had just become Minister of Education, says—

"There is a curious *catena* of fagmasters and fags from your House now in the House of Commons, to which Acland-Hood called my attention the other day: Anson, Lockwood,³ Walrond, Acland-Hood, Brodrick.

¹ There are three allied *stirpes* of Hoare in the House between 1861 and 1884; the eldest of which had descended from Balston's House and is represented in Warre's first list by H. W. Hamilton-Hoare; the second by Charles, William, Alfred, and Hugh-Edward (this had also sprung from Balston's); the third by Henry-Gerard-Philip and George-Edward-Gerard; the last to come, Henry (1880), is in the second generation of the second *stirps*; there are other Hoares at other Houses.

² *E.g.* C. Hoare was in the Shooting XI., 1862; C. E. Knight won the 100 yards race in 1863, and was afterwards a famous sprinter at Cambridge. It was he who told Francis Hervey that he had dreamed one night that he was to leave at the end of the half, "and when I woke my cheeks were wet with tears."

³ Mark Wood, now Lord Lambourne.

We are all in the Ministry except Mark, and he is Chairman of the Kitchen Committee."

Among the letters which the Headmaster preserved a great number are from Colonial and Indian Governors. He was immensely proud of the fact that in the nineties all three of the Indian Governors had been his pupils, namely, Lord Elgin, Governor-General 1894-99 (who had been in the House from 1863-68); Lord Wenlock, Governor of Madras 1891-96; and Lord Harris, Governor of Bombay 1890-95. Then there was Lord Minto¹ (Melgund, in the House Chronicle), Governor-General of Canada 1898-1904, of India 1905-10; and Lord William Beresford, Military Secretary to successive Governors-General of India 1881-94. In the same period Lord Jersey was Governor of New South Wales. All except Lord Harris are now dead. Most of them had, from time to time, been present at the annual House dinner in London which Warre's old pupils used to give him at the date of the Harrow match. It was almost exclusively a House party, but on more than one occasion an *ad eundem* was given to "Badger" Hale, Quartermaster of E.C.R.V. Now and again there was a "return match," and Warre would entertain at Eton a number of his old pupils; there was a famous one, in College Hall, on the 450th anniversary of the Foundation. [F. H.]

"The *Eton College Chronicle* first came out on May 14, 1863, and we intend to write in this book whatever appears in the *Chronicle* about boys who are, or have been, at Mr. Warre's House." So writes the House-Captain in his entries for the Midsummer Half, 1863, and forthwith enters the first recorded aquatic success: "Melgund was second in the sculling." But

¹ Sir William Anson used to tell a delightful story of this old school-fellow who paid him a visit at All Souls and endeavoured to read and translate the inscription (a faded one) on the College sundial: "I know," said Melgund, "what *pereunte* is, but what does *timputantur* mean? I never heard of such a verb as *timputo*."

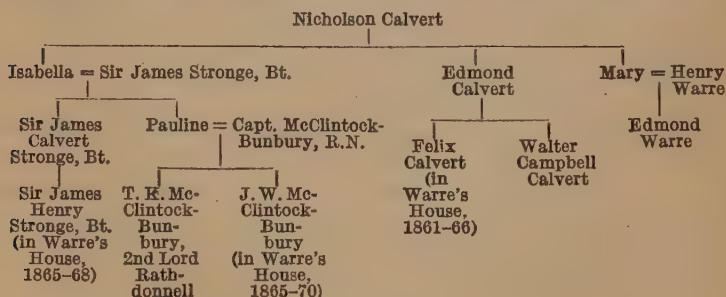
the real event of the half was Francis Hervey's delivery in Upper School of his own very excellent "Address" in heroic couplets to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who attended the Fourth of June celebration on the fifth of that month. In 1864-65 A. G. Burney¹ shot for the School; in 1864 A. F. Walter is the first recorded member of the XI., and the names of the giants soon-to-be are creeping up the list, Tom McClintock-Bunbury,² Walter Calvert,³ J. E. Edwards-Moss⁴ (ma.), W. C. Higgins, G. Harris⁵; Hervey gets his Balliol Scholarship in the autumn and the Newcastle in the following spring; he is likewise President of "Pop," a society which still reflected some of its intellectual origin.⁶

In 1866 the *Anni Mirabiles* have come with a rush. Three boys are in the eleven (W. H. Walrond,⁷ H. M. Walter, W. C. Higgins), and the House Cricket Cup is

¹ The Ashburton Shield and the Spencer Cup, for rifle shooting, were given in 1861; only three schools competed that year, Rugby, Harrow, and Eton; and Howard of Eton won the cup.

² Now second Lord Rathdonnell.

³ Walter Calvert's elder brother, Felix, was one of Warre's most intimate friends throughout his life; but he was not an athlete. The Calverts were his first cousins, and the McClintock-Bunburys his first cousins once removed, as the following table will show:



⁴ Now Sir John Edwards-Moss, Bt.

⁵ Now third Lord Harris.

⁶ Besides the Stronge, Bunbury, and Calvert cousin-hood, other Irish boys, in the early days of the House, were "Paddy" Langford, "Paddy" Dunbar, and the brothers Edmond and Robert Boyle.

⁷ First Lord Waleran, afterwards Chief Conservative Whip, and in the Government of 1902-5.

won ; the House Four Cup is also won (Eaton, Edwards-Moss, T. McC. Bunbury, Calvert ; Tower, *cox.*), and this is the first time any House has carried off both.¹ Walter Calvert wins, and Tom Bunbury is second in the Sculling ; there are three (Walrond, Aubrey Cartwright (ma.), Eaton)² in the shooting team that represents the School at Wimbledon ; the two Hoares are in the Select for Oppidan Prizes ; in the Michaelmas half Calvert and Bunbury are in the Field Eleven, and the House fights three desperate battles with Evans's for the Football Cup ; each time the result is a tie. Next year (1867) J. A. Farrer is in the Newcastle Select and Alfred Hoare wins the mathematical blue riband (Tomline prize) ; Calvert is Master of the Beagles (1867 and 1868) and wins the Mile ; he then wins the Pulling with Tom Bunbury, and both are in the Field Eleven. To House Fours and Cricket Cup³ is added the Football Cup, "a thing unprecedented in the annals of Eton : N.B. the ground at the final tie was nearly an inch deep in snow."

At the beginning of 1868 the House, though it didn't know it, nearly came to an end, for on Balston's resignation Warre was seriously considered for the Headmastership. But Agrippa did not serve Augustus more loyally than Warre served Hornby for the ensuing seventeen years. And surely Eton lost nothing, as surely Warre learned much, under the rule of that fine scholar and critic. Hornby was presented with the birch on January 21, 1868.

This is the year in which we first begin to associate the Eight with the House. Warre had been coaching a School crew ever since his arrival, and it was in his

¹ Not till the Great War of 1914 did any nation solve the problem of having at one and the same time a great Army and a great Navy.

² Now Major-General, third Lord Cheylesmore.

³ One notices the extraordinary low scores made in Upper Club in these early years ; Walrond's innings of 42 is phenomenal. The next highest score for Warre's is 6, and the highest total score 72.

second year (1861) that Eton and Radley¹ first met at Henley Regatta in the struggle for the Ladies' Plate; it was largely owing to Warre's influence that Dr. Goodford was persuaded to permit this new departure. The result of Warre's coaching was that Eton won the "Ladies" in 1864, 1866, 1867.

In the 1868 crew were five of Warre's boys (T. McC. Bunbury, stroke and Captain of the Boats; W. Calvert, 7; J. Edwards-Moss, 5; J. McC. Bunbury, 2; W. Farrer, bow). They won the Ladies' Plate in the then record time of 7.18, and were only just beaten in the final of the Grand by one of the greatest of the old L. R. C. crews, which won in 7.20. Bunbury and Moss were first and second in the Sculling, and Bunbury (with F. A. Currey, of Evans's) won the Pulling. The final of House Fours was fought out between two Warre crews, in the second of which there now appears Andrew, the eldest of the three Mulhollands, while his minor, Henry, now Lord Dunleath, steered it. Another energetic wet-bob was Robert Mowbray, afterwards Fellow of All Souls and M.P. G. Harris comes into the Eleven in place of Walrond, who has left Eton; Higgins and H. M. Walter remain in it, and the House Cricket Cup is won again. Robert Bruce and Newton shoot for the School at Wimbledon, the School wins the Ashburton Shield and Bruce wins the Spencer Cup. Walter Calvert presides in Pop, and there are nine of Warre's boys in that honourable society. Alfred Hoare, soon (1869) to be Captain of the Oppidans, must have been a proud House-Captain; he was just going to get a Mathematical Scholarship at St. John's, Cambridge.²

Taken all round, the years 1868-69 were perhaps the

¹ The schools had met on the Henley Course in 1858, but it was not at the Regatta. In 1860, 1861, 1862, 1864, Eton had raced Westminster from Putney to Chiswick. On the whole subject *vide infra*, Chap. XII.

² He was 14th Wrangler in 1873, and afterwards the compiler of a famous Italian Dictionary.

culmen of the House's fortunes. In 1869 Edwards-Moss is Captain of the Boats, wins the Sculling, and, with the younger Bunbury, the Pulling; the latter succeeds his major as stroke of the Eight, and the School again wins the "Ladies." W. C. Cartwright (mi.)¹ shoots into fame as a steerer; "Matt" Farrer replaces his brother "Bill" towards the bows of the boat. The House Fours are a gift to the House. Higgins, Captain of the Eleven, and Harris, contribute towards single-innings victories over Winchester and Harrow. Edwards-Moss is almost as useful with bat as with oar, and helps to defeat Browning's by six wickets in the Final of the House Cup.² Higgins is President of Pop, and early in 1870 is succeeded by Hon. G. Harris. Again the triple laurel is reaped when the Football Cup is won in the autumn half. The field on which the House played football, between the railway-arches and Masters' Field, was one of the worst in the School; but it is characteristic of Warre that when, some years later, a chance of acquiring a better field was offered, and the Captain of the House consulted him on the subject, his advice was given wholly in favour of sticking to the old field.

"This was our last half in the Old House, and the Christmas (*sic*) Half saw us assembled in the house formerly occupied by the Rev. J. Hawtrey."³ Opposite to this Warre, after he became Headmaster, built a "pavilion" for the reception of "outside" examiners (Savile House was too small for this); it grew into "the Cottage," and finally into "Colenorton House," wherein he died. It was occupied for many years by Edward Austen-Leigh. Warre's new house had two fives courts attached to it, then an unique adjunct, and two baths. Edward Austen-Leigh succeeded to the House which Warre had built for himself in 1861.

¹ Afterwards Chief Clerk in the Foreign Office and K.C.M.G. there was a third Cartwright (Stephen) in the House later.

² Hon. G. Harris 127 runs!

³ Now known as "Warre House."

The survivors among the boys who wrought this temple of fame are already in, or passing into, their eighth decade—

“ Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did those years.”

In 1870 the actual summit of the *Anni mirabiles* has perhaps been passed. In this cycle begins the long family of the Lambtons, with the twins, John, now Earl of Durham, and Frederick, to be succeeded by Charles, George, William (who was Sir John French's Military Secretary at the beginning of the Great War), and Claud ; and in 1869 has arrived St. John Brodrick, now ninth Viscount and first Earl of Midleton, a highly valued member of many Governments, and successively Secretary of State for War and for India, 1900–5. Otherwise the names of boys in Warre's House change but little ;¹ if the three first of the Farrers have left, there are plenty more to come : Lord Elgin has gone, but there are still two Bruces—Robert and Frederick, and there is still a Hoare. If John Edwards-Moss (ma.) is now at Balliol there is a minor, T. C., one day to be almost worshipped under the name of “Cottie”² and destined to die, to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him, in the prime of his manhood. There is a great and rapidly growing clan of Miles,³ and the beloved name of George Foljambe is first found in Lent, 1870. While there is a Bunbury he will win the Sculling, and he does, and again strokes

¹ Space is a ruthless and narrow-minded goddess, but besides the families here and elsewhere referred to, I should, but for her, have sought to record the three St. Aubyns (all soldiers), the four Acland-Hoods, the three Portmans (the eldest of whom, Lord Portman, came into possession of the beautiful Somersetshire house of Hestercombe, long held by the Warre family), and several more pairs, triplets, and quartets.

² Of Warre's winners of the Sculling, Tom Bunbury and John Edwards-Moss were well over 19 years at the date of their victories ; but Walter Calvert (in 1866) was under 17, while “Cottie” Edwards-Moss (in 1872) was just over 17, when they won.

³ Charles-Napier, Audley, and Vyvyan (brothers) ; Frederick and Archibald (brothers).

the Eight to victory at Henley. Harris is Captain of the Eleven, and beats Harrow, though not Winchester; the House is defeated in the Fours and on Upper Club, but Harris (whom the compiler remembers as a perfect miracle in the water) wins School Swimming.

This 1870 was the year of a famous event, which one would have looked for rather at the House of some venerable Dame than at that of Edmond Warre—no less than a “Brosure.”¹ At dinner, after “Tutor” had left the table—

“two of the big fellows (one was in the VIII., the other in the XI.) asked for a second jam puff. The Dame divided one between them. In return for her unsportsmanlike conduct, orders were issued for the whole House to come to supper (to which meal, as a rule, only a few of the older boys came) and to eat till they could eat no more. There was abundance on the table, but it gradually disappeared as every boy asked for, and got, several helpings of beef and cheese. ‘Tutor’ (who did not himself attend supper) was summoned, but his entrance produced no intermission of our efforts; he sat silent for some time, and at last, at about 10.30, got up and left the room in utter disgust. It was just one of the kinds of crises with which his simplicity, and his lack of anything like a biting tongue, left him unfitted to deal. Moreover, it seemed to him a slight upon his hospitality, and that he could not bear. Prayers were naturally very late that night, and at Prayers he told the whole House that ‘a deep disgrace had fallen upon it.’ But, curiously enough, the recollection of the event

¹ This word is often spelt “brozier” or “brosier,” and is so given in Wright’s *Dialect Dictionary*, in spite of which I venture to think that it may be derived from βιβρώσκω, βρώμα, etc., whose root is akin to the Latin *voro*, *vorax*; βρωσέω, “I desire to eat,” is given in Liddell and Scott. It is only fair, however, to add that in *Notes and Queries*, May 25, June 15, 1850, the word (spelt *Brozier*) is given as a Cheshire provincialism for a “bankrupt”; thus to “brozier your dame” was “to make her bankrupt in food production.” Wright confirms this, and says that it was also a Westminster School word; another writer in *Notes and Queries* says “also at Hackney School,” for a “boy who had spent all his money.”

remained so wholly distorted in his mind that, in after-years, he represented himself as having been victor in the contest by 'piling up all the food in the house on the table, marching us round it and sending us away unfed.' " (M.)

In 1871 we record that " J. A. Farrer obtains a First Class at Oxford "; and a much younger scion of the same family whom every one will soon call " Dick " begins his career of prize-winning with the First French Prize. The Hon. F. Bruce and C. N. Miles are in the Eleven, and " Cottie " Moss makes his first appearance in the Eight; Cartwright leaves, after being President of Pop, at the end of the year, but W. F. Farrer, whom some will know as " Brim," ¹ is to be almost as famous a steerer. In 1872, " Cottie " Moss wins the Sculling; when, a few years later, he won the Diamonds at Henley, he was, in the writer's opinion, the finest sculler, not even excepting F. S. Kelly, ever seen. But those were the days before the Canadian, Hanlan, had, as Dr. Warre thought, corrupted style by his use of an eleven-inch slide. Alick Acland-Hood ² is House-Captain, F. Bruce is mighty in the Eleven (eighty-three against Winchester); Napier Miles is with him, and the House retrieves the Cricket Cup. It sends fifteen of its sons to the first E.C.R.V. camp at Stowe; three notable Volunteers are Mellish,³ Hussey,³ and Lord Ogilvy;³ the two former are excellent scholars, Mellish being also the first devotee of the (new) study of Natural Science that the House

¹ He used to tell the story that when he first steered a boat (St. George), on March 1, 1872, Warre inserted in his verses (the subject of which was " The First of March ") the couplet:

" Sanctus at in cursu sinuoso Georgius errat
Alterna et ripam tangit utramque vice,"

adding, " I can hear him now saying: ' Has Master Frank seen his verses ? ' "

² Afterwards chief Conservative Whip and Lord St. Audries, a West-Country friend of Warre's.

³ There will be two Mellishes and four Husseys, and two Ogilvies; one of the Husseys, Arthur-Herbert, C.B., C.M.G., commanded the 5th Divisional Artillery in the Great War.

produces : Ogilvy, afterwards Lord Airrie, fell at Diamond Hill, the bravest of the brave, and while these lines are being written his aged mother, who had been petted, as a child, by every one at Holland House, has gone to her rest in her ninety-first year. Hussey, Mellish, and Radcliffe shoot for the School at Wimbledon in 1872 ; Frederick Miles (" Trim ") is in the Field Eleven. In 1873 Audley Miles is in the Eleven, and the last of the Bruces is Captain of it and President of Pop ; and he and Dick Farrer are the only Oppidans in the Select for the Newcastle, Brodrick is bracketed as winner of the First French Prize ; Edwards-Moss, President of Pop, and soon to be Keeper of the Wall, is Captain of the Boats, and Alfred Mulholland is six in the Eight ; the former wins the Pulling (with a stranger, Benson) and the House wins the Fours. In 1874, W. Harford is Master of the Beagles, Dick Farrer is Captain of Oppidans and third for the Newcastle ; he wins the Bryant Scholarship, the Latin Essay, and finally the Quarter-Mile, and a scholarship at Balliol. That gallant soldier " Bunny " Mynors (A. Baskerville-Mynors), too early lost to England,¹ wins the Steeplechase and the Mile, the latter in the (for a boy) marvellous time of 4.39. For the first time the House has four boys in Sixth Form : Farrer, Hussey, Edwards-Moss, and Mellish. Hussey is also bow of the Eight and strokes the House Four to its sixth victory. " Cottie " is Captain of the Boats for a second year.

¹ Died in South Africa in the Zulu War of 1879. Bunny had already had an elder brother in the House, and a still younger one was coming in 1875. It was Bunny of whom Warre in his sermon of July 6, 1879, spoke as " one very dear to me, who, wasted almost to a shadow by dysentery, managed to reach Fort Pearson, was received in the tent of a friend and died there next day. His servant wished to raise his pillow, but the dying soldier said, with the old smile we knew so well : ' Hush, don't touch me, I am going to Heaven,' and so died." And it was Bunny to whom, on seeing his Letters and Diary, Matthew Arnold, who had been lately denouncing public schoolboys as " barbarians," capitulated, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1, 1882, a charming appreciation of the type that Bunny represented.

Private Foljambe joins Hussey and Mellish (who wins the Spencer Cup) in the Wimbledon team.

In reading of these names one seems to have been moving among Homer's heroes ; but no one knew better than Warre the great value of *fortisque Gyas fortisque Cloanthus*, the more "ordinary" boys of the *Æneid*. It is not so much your brilliant Flying-man or your marvellously swift Corner who wins the match in School Field, it is the cohesion in the bully ; *Gyas* and *Cloanthus* are backing up all the time. In the later years of the House Chronicle entries frequently occur indicating that "while we had no one in the Field Eleven the way our fellows played up and played together enabled us to fight desperate losing battles against far superior sides,"¹ and so on. Warre himself in one respect resembled his own idolised Queen Victoria : his sympathies went out most to "average people" ;² perhaps he had a certain distrust of exceptional brilliance especially if it were not combined with exceptional industry. He hated above all things the spirit of emulation ; he would never have preached to the boys of the last ten years of his House the duty of emulating *individually* the great deeds of the Homeric heroes of his first fourteen, though he constantly harped on their collective greatness. Nor, I think, did he particularly care for rivalry of the House with other Houses. The House was only a piece of the "Great School with which

¹ An old member of the House says, "We were in the Final in '71-2-3 ; in '74 we were only beaten in the ante-final by Evans's, who then made hay of a house which had drawn a bye in the ante-final. In '75 we certainly ought to have won, but the Final was abandoned owing to the deep snow—I remember my Tutor's scorn at the idea of abandoning a match for such a reason—and when it was resumed in the Lent half we had lost our two best behinds. In '76 we played a desperate match (and we were a poor weak little team) with the ultimate winners, and owing to a mistake of the umpire were kept playing 20 minutes overtime and in those minutes lost the match. And in all these years we had only two boys in the Field Eleven, one in '72 and one in '74." [W. F. F.]

² Lord Esher, *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria*, i. 19.

my own life has been bound up" (*see p. 1*), just as the School itself was only a piece of the British Empire.¹ At the same time the compiler of this book feels bound to state that it was perhaps a defect in Warre's character that he had too little sympathy for "strange" boys, for what one would now call clever "freaks." If there were such in his House he would never have been unkind to them, but they would have "rubbed him the wrong way," and he would not have drawn the best out of them. Yet the world owes much to its best "freaks." To any very delicate or "tender" boys, and strangely enough, to any very stupid boys, he was always kindness itself; and he had the art of "chaffing" such stupid boys and getting a lot of fun out of them without hurting their feelings; he would make them "see how funny they were." To the ordinary "tough" Lower boys he was quite stern, and thought an occasional beating by the House-Captain would do them good.

The year 1874 had been the year of the "Seven Farrers" at Warre's, and we must remember that the same family had at the same time one representative, Bryan, in College, and one Tom,² to be followed by Claude and Noel, at Evans's. In 1875 A. J. Mulholland

¹ "His spirit swept out in vision far beyond the petty limitations of House and School. He saw in imagination his boys growing into men and taking up their positions in the Battle of Life. He was moved by a deep sense of the power, for good or evil, of a boy's seed-time passed in surroundings like those of Eton . . . he held the duty of his stewardship to be the calling out and stimulating all that was best in a boy, so that the boy might mould a character for himself, might learn what such words as 'duty' and 'responsibility' stood for, might learn to play the game, to follow the gleam, to be true to his School, his Country, and his God." [H. W. H. H.]

² Now Lord Farrer; he was famous for knowing Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* by heart. There are, in fact, five separate *stirpes* of Farrers, three of them having each three brothers at Eton, and two of them having two: the eldest is represented by James-Anson, William, Matthew-George; the second by Philip and Walter (brothers of Bryan K. S.); the third by Richard-Ridley (Dick) and Charles-Henry; the fourth by William-Francis (Brim), Gaspard-Oliver, and Henry-Lefevre (these were the sons of Sir William, Warre's great friend in old age); the fifth by Arthur-Richmond and Herbert-William.

was Captain of the Boats, President of Pop, and Keeper of the Wall ; Dick Farrer was Newcastle Medallist and went up as an Exhibitioner to Balliol ; in 1880 he was elected a Fellow of All Souls and died in his third year there. In '76 the Hon. S. Monck rowed in, and W. F. Farrer steered, the Eight ; in '77 Arthur Acland-Hood rowed in it. In 1878 G. O. Farrer ¹ is in the Field and wins the Quarter-mile and that ardent, if afterwards erratic, spirit, Sir John Willoughby, famous at Eton as a Modern-Linguist and Volunteer, has drilled the Shooting team (in which is also Portman) so well that they win the Ashburton Shield. In '79 there are again two boys in the Eleven, Newton and Gosling ; but, alas, in the boats the House has but one oar in the *Thetis* and the coxswain of the *Defiance* ! I think this must have been the year in which one of the few tricks ever played by the House on "Tutor" was perpetrated. Each house was to elect two boys as "representatives" or "delegates" to the School Committee of the newly founded Eton Mission at Hackney Wick ; it was to be one of those "perfectly free elections" so well known at Eton in which you would generally be kicked if you didn't vote for the two biggest swells :

"But," says my informant, "we thought we would show my Tutor what democracy meant, and so, together with the Captain, Charles Farrer, we choose the most undistinguished and stupid boy in the House. Warre was very angry at first and never quite saw the fun of it." [W. C. B.]

It was in 1879 that a newly appointed master, now Archdeacon Sydney James, was invited by Warre to help him with some of the lesser lights of his pupil-room :

"I jumped at the chance," says he, "and got the Fourth Form boys assigned entirely to me (and a tough lot they were), together with some Remove work, and one or two Upper and Middle Division construing,

¹ In later life a partner in Baring Brothers.

Warre and I then used to spend our after-twelves in pupil-room together, and I learned something of his methods. On Tuesdays Verses began, and we 'sat in' almost continuously till two o'clock on Wednesdays. I found in him absolute justice, almost unfailing good temper (he *could* be angry, and when he was angry he was terrible, but he never 'lost his temper') and a wonderful sympathy and *camaraderie*. . . . He seemed to trust his boys almost too thoroughly: the result was that nearly all were trustworthy, but there were some who took advantage of him, and when he found instances of this, his distress was great and most painful for me to witness. He constantly spoke to his boys with fun and good humour, but never with sarcasm.¹ I remember one distinguished cricketer struggling on a Monday after twelve with his verses, almost in tears; they could not be made to scan or construe; Mike (R. A. H. Mitchell) remarked to Warre of this boy's cricket, 'I can't teach him anything; he has *no* faults'; and Warre replied, 'Nor can I, but not for your reason, just the opposite.'"²

A new name in 1880, to grow more famous, is Baring,³ and there is also a boy at the bottom of the list called Warre, the Master's eldest son, now Lieut.-Colonel Henry Warre, D.S.O.; he left in 1883, and when their father became Headmaster his other sons went to board at (the house in which most of them were born) Austen-Leigh's. In 1881 John Baring (ma.) is promoted from Steerer to Stroke of the Eight; Ralph Paget⁴ wins the German prize. It was the year in which Sir Frederick, afterwards

¹ He commonly called them by their Christian names, or their House nicknames.

² Writing to congratulate Warre as Provost on his eightieth birthday, Mr. Sydney James, then acting as Chaplain at Chatham Barracks, says, "I still think of Inky Parker and poor George Scott struggling helplessly with their verses in your pupil-room on Tuesday Long-Schools."

³ There were three brothers Baring in the House, John (afterwards second Lord Revelstoke), Cecil, and Everard; there was also a cousin, Francis Denzil Edward, afterwards fifth Lord Ashburton. Then at the same date there was W. H. Spottiswoode, afterwards the distinguished printer, and the inventor of *Printers' Pie*, and Edward Austen-Leigh of the same firm.

⁴ Afterwards distinguished in the diplomatic service, K.C.M.G.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., was presented by the School with a sword of honour and stayed with Warre when the presentation was made. Next year (1882) Cecil Baring (now ma.) gets an Exhibition at Balliol and is in the Newcastle Select. Evelyn Cecil¹ is in the Shooting Eight; Bridgeman, who is to be the hero of the House at its close, is already distinguishing himself at football, and the classical House-Captain, after devoting four folio pages to most eloquent descriptions of House matches, has to write, of the defeat in the Final (by Mitchell's) *Memento cita mors venit aut victoria laeta*.

The Lent Half of 1883 was famous for one of the worst floods ever recorded at Eton; the result was much sickness in the House and in the School. Arthur Acland-Troyte, a much-loved member of the House, died on his eighteenth birthday. Lord Deerhurst and Lord Newtown-Butler shoot for the School at Wimbledon in the summer. At the end of the year Warre's have first, second, and third Captains of Oppidans, Cecil Baring, Heywood-Lonsdale,² and Bridgeman. In 1884 the last-named³ is Captain of Oppidans, in the Newcastle Select, and in the Eleven, together with Lord George M.-D.-Scott, whose brother Lord Henry bade fair to be as great a cricketer as himself.⁴ Newtown-Butler⁵ is

¹ Right Hon. Evelyn Cecil, M.P.; a contemporary of his in the House was C. E. Lawrie, afterwards a distinguished soldier in Egypt and South Africa.

² Henry Heywood-Lonsdale (1876-83) and his minor, John (1881-8), were sons of Warre's great friend, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Shavington, Salop, with whom the Headmaster used to go to shoot grouse for many years on Spey-side and elsewhere; they served with great distinction in the Shropshire Yeomanry from 1914 till it became (with the Cheshire Yeomanry) the 10th Battalion K.S.L.I. in 1917, Henry being the C.O., and John second-in-command; both earned the D.S.O.

³ Now Right Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, M.P., Secretary for Mines, whose help I here most gratefully acknowledge.

⁴ Their elder brother, Lord Eskdaill, afterwards Lord Dalkeith, had been in the House (1874-9), and a great favourite of Warre's; he was accidentally killed in 1886.

⁵ Afterwards Earl of Lanesborough.

Master of the Beagles, is in the Shooting VIII., and wins the Mile. As we come towards the last pages of this eventful history we dimly discern, in a most plucky House-Four ("though we have only two boys in the boats and they only in *St. George!*") the name of Smith. He will be "Freddy," *alias* W. F. D. Smith, *alias* Lord Hambleden, of later rowing fame. The steerer of this Four was Hon. W. Edwardes, afterwards Lord Kensington, a famous coxswain of the Eight, 1885-86, who died of wounds in the South African War. "It was this Bill Edwardes, who said to me, talking of Warre's last half as an assistant master, 'Every boy in the House would have died for him.' " (E. L. V.) Still a very small boy in the last year of the House is one of the greatest amateur oarsmen that ever lived, W. A. L. Fletcher, who was to be one year in the Eton, four years in the Oxford, Eight, to win the D.S.O. in South Africa, the Croix de Chevalier, as Colonel of his Battalion, in the Great War, and to die of pneumonia, following on gas-poisoning, in 1919. The last name on the last House-list is Montagu Norman, now Governor of the Bank of England. The House was in the final both for the Football and Cricket Cups in its last year of existence. And, as Bridgeman makes his final bow, with a Classical Scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge, and another (Oppidan) prize under his arm, the House Chronicle comes to an end with these words—

"We must next relate the great event which took place this half (Midsummer, 1884) of so much importance to the House, namely that, on the promotion of Dr. Hornby to the Provostship, my Tutor was made Headmaster . . . my Tutor who made it famous and kept us all together by his influence. Of course," adds the chronicler (misusing, as so many chroniclers do, those two unfortunate words), "the House motto 'Together' must lose half its force when my Tutor is no longer in it, but let us hope that if my Tutor's pupils come together

again into another House the spirit of it" (*sc.* the motto) "may remain and remind us of old times and of my Tutor."

At the end of 1915 Mr. E. L. Vaughan, who was compiling the lists of Etonians serving in the Great War, sent to the Provost fifteen names of old pupils of his serving beyond seas and twenty-two on Home Service. Those beyond seas at that date were Major A. F. Acland-Hood, Major G. F. Acland-Troyte, Lieut.-Col. Hon. A. G. Brodrick, Capt. Hon. J. B. Campbell, Major Hon. C. J. Coventry, Brig.-Gen. N. W. Haig, Lieut.-Col. Viscount Hambleden, Major H. H. Heywood-Lonsdale, Major J. P. H. Heywood-Lonsdale, Brig.-Gen. A. H. Hussey, Major-Gen. Hon. W. Lambton, Brig.-Gen. C. E. Lawrie, Lieut.-Col. Sir H. A. Lennard, Lieut.-Col. Earl of Liverpool, Brig.-Gen. Lord St. Levan, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Warre. No doubt several of the other twenty-two afterwards saw service abroad also.

"*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*"; yet, when the Bolshevik revolution has come—

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
and blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
and mighty States characterless are grated
to dusty nothing,

one fancies that, if any men survive who were boys in Warre's house, if any who were masters or boys in Warre's Eton, their memories will be both alert and tender concerning their comrades and concerning the great man who ruled and loved them.

CHAPTER VI

DIVISION MASTER

Τούνεκα με προέηκε, διδασκόμεναι τάδε πάντα,
Μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι, πρηκτῆρα τε ἔργων.
Iliad, ix. 442-3.

It must not be forgotten that in early days there were several illustrious pupils of Warre who were not in his house, *e.g.* R. A. Kinglake (Eton Eight, winner of Pulling, Field and Wall Elevens, afterwards President of C.U.B.C. and winner of Goblets at Henley): J. R. Selwyn, the great Missionary Bishop of Melanesia and afterwards Master of his eponymous College at Cambridge; his athletic record was even greater than Kinglake's: Philip Norman, F.S.A. (in the Eleven, and Field, a well-known artist and archæologist): Robert Hodgson, K.S., afterwards Prebendary of Lichfield: E. Boscawen, afterwards seventh Lord Falmouth, a distinguished soldier: Lord Randolph Churchill, whose Eton career was, as the Greeks would say, "briefer than brighter" (1863-65): Right Hon. H. Hobhouse, M.P., a good all-round scholar at Eton and Balliol.

Warre more than once described his day to some favourite pupil—say it was an ordinary whole-school day in the summer half—

"Up at 6.30, Early school, breakfast, Chapel, Construing in pupil-room, Chambers, school, pupil-room, 12-2; lunch, half an hour's rest, school, Corps-drill, 4-5, school; row in 'Duffers,' home very hot at 8; dinner, prayers, good night to boys (to be finished by ten)¹;

¹ Often it was not finished by ten, for he went round to every boy's room and often stopped to talk, in praise or blame.

brief sleep in armchair till 11 ; awake feeling cold and uncomfortable, correct verses and prepare lessons till 2.30 ; bed 2.30-6.30." (M.; W. F.)

No wonder that the late Julian Sturgis once said that Warre "looked like an impatient steam-engine." "I never heard that he had a nickname," says Mr. Gilbert Coleridge (*Eton in the Seventies*, p. 115)—

"but I remember one boy, smarting from a *pœna* set by him, calling him a 'King of Beasts'—perhaps a certain tribute to his leonine qualities.¹ Any epithet would have to be superlative because he loomed so large on our youthful horizon."

It is not very easy to get a fair estimate of his work as Division-Master ; but one may, I think, make one or two clear statements on the subject which, if not at once accepted by every one, will probably stand the test of time. In the first place, he was a very much better scholar than many of his contemporaries were willing to allow. He was not in any sense of the word a "great scholar" in the old Eton-Cambridge sense ; but he had a thorough grip of the meaning and a very considerable grip of the language, of the greater classical texts. They were intensely alive to him and *meant* something for the modern world.² For him

"Rome was a mother, Latin a second mother-tongue, Hellas a witch-goddess, only half-human, but also half-

¹ A delightfully wicked story is told by E. L. C., who had it from Provost Hornby himself in his old age : "Some rather cross-grained master had a row with a boy in Warre's classical division, and the boy lost his temper and was very rude. 'How dare you speak to me like that?' said the Master. 'You would not speak like that to Mr. Warre.' 'No,' replied the boy; 'Mr. Warre's a gentleman.' The boy was promptly complained of; but Hornby was wicked and refused to flog him. 'What am I to put in the black-book? I can't flog a boy merely for calling Mr. Warre a gentleman.'"

² "He seemed to be fighting Cæsar's battles in his brain just as if he were actually then in command of a legion in Gaul. Every plank and bolt in the raft of Ulysses was for him as interesting as if he had been recently commissioned to build a fellow to it at the Brocas." [H. W. H. H.]

divine ; Greek thought and art were at once inevitable and unapproachable creations rather than structures, potent solvents, recurring inspirations."

He would not worry about *variae lectiones* as given in an *apparatus criticus*, and he was probably quite indifferent to the history of manuscripts—the "lost compositions of writers unknown" had no attraction for him, though I remember how he shook with laughter at that excellent quip of Anson's. Though much interested in all archæological discoveries which could bring the life of Greece or Rome more within our comprehension, he rather slighted the "Man with the Muck-rake." The scourings of Pelasgian midden-heaps had less interest for him than

"The scrolls that teach thee to live and die"—

the majestic thunder-rolls of language in which the greatest writers of the Ancient World enunciated the great truths of all time. But he knew Homer, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Herodotus, and the greatest plays of the Greek dramatists a great deal better than many far greater philologists knew them ; and by "knowing" I mean that he not only knew what was in them, but knew enormous stretches of them by heart. Very few men could quote like Warre, and his memory for quotations was as wonderful as his readiness with them.¹ It was the same with Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Livy, and Tacitus (I should not like to speak so confidently of his

¹ "He had a Latin or Greek phrase to fit any or every circumstance—others may have been readier with such on paper, but Warre's *viva voce* gift of quotation was unique ; I don't suppose any man now living could come near him." [S. R. J.] Perhaps the happiest instance of a perfectly spur-of-the-moment "tag" on Warre's part is that mentioned by J. F. C. "In Div. I. a large map of the Ancient World hanging on the wall suddenly fell with a crash and enveloped in its great folds the Captain of the school ; when the boy's head emerged, with a grin on his face, Warre instantly said—

" ' Si fractus illabatur Orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.' "
[Horace, Odes, III. 3.]

knowledge of Cicero¹); Lucretius and Catullus were not read so much when he was young as they are now, and I do not remember his quoting them. He had, moreover, the highest appreciation of the poetry of antiquity; the grave and the sad passages in it appealed to the vein of sad tenderness that underlay his vigorous exterior. I think his great delight in Tennyson came from Tennyson's close affiliation to the most melodious of the ancients.² This is not to say that Warre's heart would beat responsive to the most divine passages in Wordsworth's "Prelude"; but then Aeschylus himself hardly ever reached *those* heights.

Secondly, the great simplicity of Warre's nature led him to devote himself to those of the great classics which would be most useful for teaching to boys, and he had no time to look beyond the needs of the hour. "Do the duty that lies nearest to you, and catch the first beetle you come across," said the Giant in the *Water-Babies*, and Warre lived up to the maxim. If he were in difficulty or doubt about a passage he would go straight to a colleague and ask his help, preferably to Johnson,³ Stone, or Snow. Nor was Warre ever content with the construing of the text, the parsing of the words, and the analysis of the syntax. He meant a book to mean something to his Division, and hence he hammered the history and the geography of the subject into their heads. For this purpose he made every boy in his Division bring in a notebook; I think that every one who has been up to him must remember the particular breed of notebook,

¹ But once, as he was recovering from the anæsthetic, after a slight operation, he was heard to murmur (apparently in irritation against his attendant), "neque sapientem neque intelligentem eum esse puto."—[E. L. W.] I have failed to locate the quotation.

² Thus he objected to Browning as being unmelodious; he would never, as Headmaster, allow bits of Browning, except from *Strafford*, to be spoken in Upper School.

³ Cory (*Letters and Journals*, p. 110) recalls "his coming in February, 1864, to consult me about a very hard passage in Thucydides; my old notes, taken in 1843, cleared it up. He told me of a grand passage in the *Ethics* which he had just done with F. Hervey."

quarto, limp, with a mottled cover. You divided the pages, by ruled vertical lines, into four compartments ; in the first you put notes on the story of the text, in the second on the language, in the third on the history and geography, while the fourth was left blank for general remarks.¹ No doubt he overdid the system ; no doubt it was a " drill," and boys hate drill, we did kick against the notebooks, and the wickeder spirits kicked the notebooks themselves—after school. The real drawback to it was that when the order came " For inspection, port notebooks," a boy with a neat handwriting and tidy habits was apt to come off better than a sprawler who had put better notes (with ink-sauce) on his pages.²

" He was, I think, the only Classical Master who gave lessons to his Division in French and in that ' Physical Geography,' which then did duty for Science. Also, in one of my old Warre ' limp ' notebooks, I find lessons in astronomy, mechanics, and hydrostatics." (J. B. T. C., 1869.)

Thirdly, Warre in his best days always " sapped up " his lessons. There are no doubt highly-gifted persons who do not need this, but Warre was not, and never pretended to be, one of these. It must have been exceedingly difficult to find time for it when he became Headmaster (and when for that very reason, having to meet the ablest division in the School, he needed it most) ; and it is probable that he broke himself down in his effort to maintain his old standard. The late Vice-Provost, who as a Master invariably sapped up his lessons, was of opinion that Warre had failed to do so in

¹ L. S. R. B. says the four columns were " Accidence, Syntax, Oration, Illustration." Perhaps this was a higher flight in a more exalted division of the School.

² Let us hear the Provost of King's: " Some of us would laugh at Warre's cult of the notebook, but it must be remembered that what was then especially wanted in a Division of Eton boys, was the exaction of hard, often tiresome, work. To that exaction his Division had to submit ; and such was the magic of his personality, they did so, on the whole, cheerfully."

his later years, and that the failure weighed on his conscience. Few people outside Eton circles realise the tremendous double strain that used to be laid on Masters, who had forty copies of verses of their own pupils to correct each week, and from thirty-five to forty to receive and criticise in school in their Divisions ; not to speak of Themes, bits of Latin Prose, "Descriptions," Maps, and Sunday Questions. In Division Warre was a most excellent critic of all these last ; he shook your map as a terrier shakes his rats ; and here only, I think, he was better satisfied with a rough sketch which gave the right proportion, and the relative position of natural features, than with extreme neatness.

"If we didn't attend," says a present Master who was up to him in Div. III., "he used his tow-path voice¹ which fell on you like a blow from a sledge-hammer. But he used too many books in school ; he was always hunting up references and parallels, and this rather diminished our enthusiasm."

"If anything," says another Master, "he laid too much stress on grammatical accuracy. I do not call him an inspiring teacher, but I know that he took infinite trouble. No doubt, however, the constant reference to note-books wearied boys."

I have been told that sometimes he was, and sometimes he was not, easy to "draw," either in pupil-room or school—

"Many of us were not too anxious to be put on to construe, so Alfred Hoare, who had no fears, would be put up to ask questions, *e.g.* 'Please, sir,² what is the exact force of $\gamma\alpha\rho$ here ?' Sometimes Warre would fall into the trap and go on explaining the conjunction at great length ; but oftener it was, 'Ah, Mr. Giant, I see what you're after, go on yourself, sir.' " (W. F.)

¹ I do not like differing from my informant, but *vide infra* Chapter XII. Perhaps Warre reserved this "tow-path voice" for the schoolroom.

² "Please, sir," is the vocative of "My Tutor," as "Puss" is the vocative of "Cat." [F. H.]

"I was up to him in Remove in the autumn of 1865," says E. L. V., "and I can still see him striding into early school, quoting as he came the famous lines of Hesiod's on the three kinds of brains."¹

An old Colleger writes—

"I was a very timid, weakly, inky, little Tug in Div. XII. more than half a century ago; I had been treated even worse than I deserved by two successive old Colleger masters in two Remove Divisions; fear was the main impression left upon my mind, and pain upon my body (being generally kicked by big lower-boy oppidans both before and after school). Warre had not been a Colleger and was reputed to despise us; the distance to his schoolroom afforded only too great an opportunity to my tormentors—sometimes I dream of them even now. But all my expectations of Warre himself were falsified; he was the first master at Eton whom I can remember to have said a kind word to me, and (in all seriousness I say it) the first who ever tried to teach me anything. He dropped on me with great severity, and very often, for my untidiness, but I suppose he couldn't bear to see me beginning to cry, for he generally ended up with, 'There, there, must do better, soon do better; run away.' I don't remember what books we construed with him except some *Odyssey*, and I don't remember a word about Ulysses's raft coming in; but I do remember rather enjoying the lessons, and especially the geography. The result was that I began to sap for Warre's construes and to learn my saying-lessons carefully. Another result was an unbroken friendship (and when I reflect on my own youthful ineptitude it seems one of the oddest of friendships) of over fifty years. . . ."

That Warre could write fluent Latin verses there is also no doubt: I don't say that they had the perfect finish and elegance of Stone's, or Snow's, or William

¹ *Works and Days*, 291-5. Four of these lines are quoted in Aristotle's *Ethics*, i. 4, § 7 (1095, b. 10-13), and again in Machiavelli's *Principe*, chapter xxii.

Johnson's; and I am bound to admit that, in his witty Latin epigrams, the construction is occasionally obscure, whereas in his prose Latin he was extraordinarily clear. But the "stuff" of verses was always in his head; it became a second nature to him to turn couplets to his friends, and he prolonged the art far into old age. Also he pounced like a hawk on a mistake in a boy's verses, and was rather well-pleased when he found one overlooked by the boy's tutor. I am not good enough scholar to estimate his Greek elegiacs or iambics, but I know how he delighted to hammer them out, always correcting and recorrecting. He took, perhaps, too much pleasure in later life in rewriting and decorating such creations of his own fancy, but he generally ended by making them pretty good. His diary is full of such things, and his diary was only meant for his own eyes. It is worth recording that a Cambridge scholar told the present Bishop of Ripon that Warre's Latin sermon, preached before the Convocation of Canterbury on February 22, 1910, was "the most beautiful piece of modern Latin he had ever heard."¹ Now whereas a "great scholar" would have written such a thing off with ease, to Warre it had probably meant intense labour and endless rewriting, *limæ labor* of many days and nights. The most perfectly humorous Greek Epigram written in modern England was by Warre, and, as we shall see, it went through several moulds before it was turned out.² Mr. Parker (*Eton in the Eighties*, p. 280) says—

"As for what we learned from him, different boys would remember different things; but if I could sum up his teaching in a word it would be 'breadth of view.' He was the first person I heard quote the advice 'to use big maps.' I remember one of the young Classical

¹ It is printed in *Chronicles of Convocation*, sub anno 1910, p. 7.

² *Vide infra*, p. 235.

Masters, fresh from all the honours of Cambridge Scholarships, speaking of his Latin Prose, 'The Head's Prose isn't examination-paper Latin, full of tips and neat turnings; it's the easy natural straightforward Latin that a Roman would write in a letter or a book.'

"His delight in quotation in School," says the present Lower Master, "was great and his powers prodigious. In one of our Pindar lessons something reminded him of a line in Virgil, and one line led to another until he had spouted about a hundred with impressive eloquence. When he had ended he paused, with a wistful look out of the window, and said, 'I don't think I have looked at that passage since I was a boy.' My neighbour in school said to me, at the end of the quotation, 'Isn't that splendid?' Sometimes, however, Warre's earnest labouring on certain words or points became, for boys, rather ponderous. In the Divinity lessons especially we were apt to get hung up by his insistence on the examination of all possible meanings of some single word like *πλήρωμα*."

Warre was a little too fond of "new" books on the classics; for instance, he seized on Madvig's *Latin Grammar*, or Goodwin's *Moods and Tenses* as if they were revelations, and hammered away at them with his Division, which would often get bored by them. He was rather apt to be "at the mercy" of some such book, if it took his fancy; and at the same time he was too busy to keep himself abreast of the recent progress of scholarship as a whole. Perhaps he neglected the claims of "modern literature" too much. The final judgment on him as a Division-Master should perhaps be allowed to come from the Provost of King's—

"I do not think he was one of the naturally great teachers, good scholar though he was. I should say that he was apt to be discursive, and easily led away to harangue on his favourite subjects. When he became Headmaster his vast correspondence (for he never used a secretary), and his delight in working out schemes by

himself, were not favourable to the freshness of spirit which is necessary for a great teacher."

But he successively used with admirable effect the services of two of the greatest "pure Cambridge scholars" among the masters, to do the composition work in Div. I.; and so far from his leaving it all to them, both of them testify to the constant interest he took in the work of each boy in his Division, never missing a chance of inquiring from these two "understudies" about the progress of each boy.

Amazing as it may seem to readers, no lists of the School before 1868 appear to be in existence which would show what Divisions each Master took at any particular time; but it seems quite certain that Warre never taught in the Lower School, which was in 1860 almost a separate institution. Now, in the list of Election, 1860,¹ there are 146 boys in Fourth Form, which would give nearly fifty to each if there were three Divisions, Upper, Middle, and Lower Fourth; and Warre was taking Middle Fourth in September, 1860 (*testibus* Archdeacon Arbuthnot, R. E. Johnston). Moreover, he was taking it in Upper School; the only question I have not been able to answer is whether two divisions of Remove were not also being taught in Upper School. In any case the curtains would be the only partitions between the Divisions, and instruction would, one supposes, be difficult; whether or not there were desks in front of the benches, we hardly know.² But it is probably to this date that we must refer Warre's own story of a very hot

¹ This list is the last which gives the old Divisions of Lower School, viz. Upper and Lower Greek, Sense, Nonsense, Second Form, First Form.

² The Rev. E. Symonds of Cambridge says, of the year 1859, that only four divisions were then taken in Upper School, two Fourth Form, and two Remove: "The Third Division of Fourth Form had to be shifted about into the rooms of Masters whose boys were, for the hour, in Mathematical School. Upper School was divided by heavy red curtains; there were no desks, and I think this arrangement lasted until New Schools were opened."

three o'clock school, himself very sleepy, a boy who was known as "the Moke" droning over his *as in præsenti*; and then a sudden shout of "Please, sir, there's a RAT: may I shy my grammar at it?" It is needless to add that there are two *variæ lectiones* to complete the story. There is, however, nothing impossible about the rat at a very much later date in College History.

As new masters came, the seniors in Upper School moved up, and J. T. Walford came in January, 1861, F. W. Cornish in April, 1861. Yet Warre was still taking the top Division of Fourth Form in Michaelmas Half, 1863, and it was not till Lent, 1864, that he took Lower Remove.¹

The New Schools were opened in 1863,² and it is certain that Warre had in 1864 a room in them, on the first staircase through the archway, and that he was then in Remove. As early as 1866 he occasionally took his divisions, on summer afternoons, in his own garden, and from 1869, when he moved to John Hawtrey's House, he invariably used his large airy pupil-room as his schoolroom also. In the last half of 1868, in the first list which I have found giving the names of masters for each Division (unfortunately it does not also give the forms), the order in the Upper School runs as follows: Hornby, Yonge, Johnson, Joynes, Wolley-Dod, Day, Wayte, C. C. James, Stone, Thackeray, Snow, Warre (Div. XII.), Browning (here Fifth Form ended); Cornish,

¹ The only masters above Warre in the list who left Divisions between 1860 and 1869 were F. E. Durnford (became Lower Master, 1864), Augustus Birch (left, 1864); and one of the difficulties is that this hardly seems to allow room enough for the comparatively high (Fifth Form) Division that Warre was taking in 1868. It must, however, be explained by the fact that divisions became steadily smaller; in Lent, 1861, there are just under 600 boys in the Upper School and sixteen masters.

² The *Eton College Chronicle* in its second number (May 28, 1863) gives an account of the New Schools, which are to be formally opened on June 5. It also states that "the room opposite swishing-room is to be made into a landing; the Headmaster is to re-occupy old swishing-room, and the room known as the Cock-loft is done away." The staircase, before this alteration, led straight up to the ramshackle "Cock-loft" and to another small room, these two occupying the site of the landing and of what was till the other day "Collegers' Prayer-room."

Leigh, Dupuis, Ainger (here Remove ended, leaving five divisions in Fourth Form); Marriott,¹ A. C. James, Luxmoore, Marindin, Mitchell.² There were then 770 boys in the Upper School, and 89 in the Lower School.

It is not till the summer half of 1872, when Johnson has gone and Thackeray has become wholly an assistant in Div. I., that Warre gets Div. X.; Snow went to Cheltenham as Headmaster in January, 1874; Day retired at Midsummer, 1874, and Yonge at Midsummer, 1875; Warre was then taking Div. VIII.; suddenly the Headmaster promoted Stone and Warre to Divs. III. and IV., over the heads of Wolley-Dod, Wayte, and C. C. James (Michaelmas, 1875). When Joynes became Lower Master in 1877, Stone and Warre moved up to Divs. II. and III., and there they remained till Warre became Headmaster in 1884.

It must have been during Balston's Headmastership that Warre made his mark as a leader; one or two of those masters who were in mid-career may have gasped a little at his energy, but his immense friendliness disarmed even them. Johnson says: "His waves of zeal beat upon my reef of critical sympathy. . . . Harry Dupuis was good to me when I was more crude, not more zealous, than Warre."³ The juniors almost to a man were on Warre's side. Few of them were married, and two of the survivors speak in the warmest terms of the great privilege they constantly enjoyed of dining at his house; his hospitality was absolutely without limit, and to many of his colleagues he simply gave a general invitation, "Come when it suits you:"

¹ He was evidently taking a Division *pro hac vice*; he had resigned in 1860.

² So far as I know, the Masters in Upper School until 1875 moved up in regular seniority. The only innovation had been that in 1872 Hornby had got Thackeray to help him with the Compositions and Critical Papers of Div. I. All this is now changed and Masters are moved about from Division to Division much as Marshal Foch moved his Divisions about the line in the summer of 1918.

³ Cory, *Letters and Journals*, p. 215.

“This was no trivial kindness in the days when a young master had to find a lodging over a sockshop by Barnes-Pool, and regale himself on chilly days with the ices that had not been consumed below. Moreover, at Warre’s table one might meet very interesting people like Jowett, Tennyson, George Brodrick; and even when by ourselves, with friends like Edward Leigh and Frank Tarver, and *interiore nota Falerni*—the famous port of the ‘family brew’—he was always delightful, brotherly, and free from preoccupation. We used to get him to sing after dinner; he had a fine bass voice, and his favourite song was Mozart’s *Qui sdegno non s’ accende*. Very early, I think, we realised that he was marked for the Headmastership.”¹

And in the holidays, at his father’s house, all his Eton friends, but especially his favourite pupils, were constantly welcome. In 1863 Henry Warre retired from the City for good, and exchanged his lease of Fyne Court for real ownership of Bindon House, Langford-Budville, about three miles north-west from Wellington, Somerset. There was a farm of about three hundred and fifty acres attached to the property and a large garden which he improved continually. There was a fine open view in front over a common studded with clumps of fir; on the left was the ridge with the Wellington monument. It remained in Henry Warre’s possession till his death in 1875, when his widow sold it and went to live with her elder son Francis. “The house was of rough-cast, the colour of clotted cream, the soil rich red all round, but the grass and ferns and moss of the greenest; the sort of country whose smell makes you sniff and sniff again.” Bindon was the holiday home of Edmond Warre’s two eldest children, though, when their father went shooting with friends in Scotland, they occasionally went to Devonshire seaside places with their mother. Mrs. Foljambe remembers the old servants—Harvey the

¹ H. E. L., A. C. J.; alas, the latter is now (Aug. 1921) no longer a survivor.

coachman with a face shining like a full moon or his own harness ; Smith the butler, and her grandfather, whose *r*'s were all *w*'s, saying to him at table "Smith, I could *w*ide to York on this knife; *b*ring me another"; and old Sally the village witch, who had the evil eye and a mattress stuffed full of watches and rings which, so said the maids, she had plundered from dead bodies on battlefields ; the village stocks, into which the genial parson of Langford delighted to put the children, the uneven stubble of the corn (reaped with a sickle), which scratched her legs as she plodded after her father when he was shooting partridges. Half the houses in Somerset were open to these folk of the old County stock ; perhaps their greatest friends were the Moyseys of Bathealton, the Ayshford-Sandfords of Nynhead, and the Carews of Crowcombe at the foot of the Quantocks—where you could shoot blackcock on a fine August morning.¹

Lord Francis Hervey was, as a boy, an occasional visitor both at Fyne Court and Bindon, and Warre once visited him at Ickworth. Also they made expeditions together, one very delightful walking tour in Cornwall, with R. A. Kinglake as a third : it was on this occasion that they were surprised, while bathing, by a ladies' school, and the "Field" shirt,² which Kinglake hastily slipped on, was a fearful danger-signal. Kinglake refused to accompany them to the Scillies, "lest those islands should get unmoored and drift away into the Atlantic: "

"It must have been at the beginning of 1866 that Warre, Stephen Fremantle, and I were staying at Freshwater for reading purposes, and we paid visits to Farringford, where Jowett was then staying ; I remember that we swept the snow off the lawn and played football with the young Tennysons ; and it was I think two years later that I, then staying at the White Hart at Sonning, had the pleasure of introducing Warre to Hugh Pearson, the Vicar of Sonning, subsequently a Canon of

¹ M. W., D. M. F.

² The scarlet and light blue field colours date from 1860.

Windsor: to know Pearson was to love him, and they remained warm friends till Pearson's death." ¹ (F. H.)

The friendship with the Tennysons, which thus began in 1866, led to a return visit. In 1868 Mrs. Tennyson entered in her journal, July 20, "To Eton, to enter Lionel there . . . Alfred and Hallam rowed in Mr. Warre's boat to see the boat race"; ² and on September 23, "We took Lionel to Eton and left him in Mr. Stone's house: at Mr. Warre's request Alfred read the San Graal MS. complete in the garden." The poem was published in the following year.

An interesting episode of 1865 was the entry of "A. Mariner and W. Guest" for the Goblets at Henley. In the first heat they were drawn against Rickards and Corkran who scratched, and

"Mariner and Guest, under which names we recognised old and familiar faces, consequently paddled over

¹ Pearson was an old Balliol Harrovian, a bachelor, who made his parish a model one. He was a man of the widest reading and knowledge, and of the most lovable character. He was a very intimate friend of Dean Stanley and of the great Master of Balliol; and when he came to Windsor as a Canon and had to keep residence, Warre saw much of him, and was very much distressed when he died in 1882. There is a pretty poem, both in Latin and English, sent to him in December, 1877, by Warre, on a tree in his garden raised from a slip taken long ago in St. Helena. I give the English version—

In the lone isle, which mid th' Atlantic deep
Guarded the great Usurper's awful sleep,
Thy parent tree its branches loved to wave
O'er buried crimes in that deserted grave,
And gathered oft the dark and ghostly gleams
Of baffled projects and of scattered dreams;
But now, with better hope and brighter smile,
In this sweet garden of this Regal isle
Thou watchest loving deeds of Windsor's Dean,
Firm as thy stem and as thy foliage green,
And flingest far and wide thy grateful shade
O'er the good Canon Hugh, nor marr'd but made.³

² There was no race that night; what the Poet Laureate saw was probably two crews practising for Upper Eights, rowed on July 24.

³ *Et Canonem factum*, in the Latin poem; this was a curious blunder of Warre's, and is repeated in many later epigrams to Canon Ellacombe (*vid. infr.*, p. 287).

the course . . . in the final they were drawn against May and Fenner of L.R.C., with whom they made a great race as far as Remenham, after which the London pair, although much baked by previous races, drew away and won rather easily by three or four lengths in 9 min. 7 sec.”¹

“Ancient Mariner” and “Wedding Guest” were in fact Snow and Warre. Long afterwards Warre was consulted by two of his assistant masters, who had the idea of entering for the Goblets. He would not forbid it but said, “If you’ll take the advice of an old friend, you won’t enter; when we rowed in that race we had reason to regret it.” I do not think he cared to talk much about the adventure. Snow was less squeamish :—

“Regret it !” he said long afterwards, “I should think we did ; for we were beat by a quarter of a mile, and Bishop Chapman preached a sermon on the following Sunday about the wickedness of dissimulation and sailing under false colours.”²

On March 17, 1867, Warre was ordained Deacon, by Samuel Wilberforce,³ Bishop of Oxford, at Chipping Norton. “The service,” he writes to his mother, “was very long, 10.30 a.m. till 3 p.m., and there was another service, 6 to 8 p.m., the latter part of which was

¹ *Field*, July 1, 1865. Sir John Edwards-Moss thinks that the boat in which the two Masters rowed was much too small for them ; “they rowed her to pieces and did not get out of her the pace they deserved.”

² Information from the Headmaster of Tonbridge School.

³ In 1905 R. G. Wilberforce wrote to the Headmaster saying : “You have probably forgotten the young man who took you out of the Ordination candidates at Cuddesdon to smoke a pipe, but I recollect it well, and also remember my dear father saying of you, ‘That young man will leave a mark on his generation.’” He goes on to ask Warre to contribute an account of the Bishop’s methods at Ordination to the new “Life” of his father which he is going to write (in the Series called *Leaders of the Church*). It is probable that, by 1905, Warre had somewhat revised his earlier estimate of Samuel Oxon., for I find no trace that he ever complied with this request. The Bishops of Oxford were in the habit of holding one of the three annual Ordinations at some outlying place in the diocese, and Chipping Norton was occasionally chosen.

taken up by a magnificent sermon of the Bishop on heaven." He was ordained Priest by the same Bishop in Christ Church Cathedral on December 22 in the same year. There is little doubt that it was the early death of his beloved tutor, James Riddell, that led Warre to the step of taking Orders ; he regarded Riddell, with much truth, as a real saint, and Riddell had always told him that it would strengthen his influence for good at Eton if he did so. And it would be a *sine qua non* for the Headmastership.

"Our home at Eton," says Mrs. Foljambe, "was full of old servants : Jones the butler was trusted in every way, even to the length of being sent to choose a holiday house for us, after the summers at Bindon came to an end. He escorted us on the journey, and generally carried the youngest baby in his arms. I also remember Mrs. Smirke and Mrs. Seymour, two of the boys'-maids, who lived on separate floors and never spoke to each other for fifteen years. They wore lace caps and ribbons (just like our dear old Nanny, Sarah Chard) and side-curls. During the Easter holidays my parents often made trips abroad, but my father was very nervous about smells ; once, he left Venice after twenty-four hours, although the hotel manager assured him 'Ah, you go, but what a peety, we have just got him, ze smell you not like, we have caught him.' My father did not approve of our playing with dolls and once told me how as a boy he had hung all his sisters' dolls in a row by their necks. The hayfield in our 1869 house was a great joy to us all and we made real hay in it. I remember the Master of Balliol, Jowett, coming one summer day and sinking down on a haycock among us and taking off his hat, whereon my little four-year-old brother went up and kissed his smooth old forehead."

Dr. Balston resigned on December 12, 1867, and Dr. Hornby, as we have seen, became Headmaster in January, 1868 ; it was the last election made by the Provost and Fellows under their old constitution. No details of the election appear on the Minute-Books of the

College Meetings, and therefore we do not know how many votes Warre received.

Hornby and Warre were already friends and their friendship deepened every year till, on November 3, 1909, Warre, on hearing the news of his death, wrote in his diary, *Justorum animæ in manibus Domini sunt*.¹ As an oarsman the new Head had been little behind Warre himself; he had rowed for Oxford against Cambridge 1849–50–51, and had won the pairs with (Mr. Justice) Chitty in 1850.² He was also a fine cricketer, an indefatigable walker and cragman, and one of the most finished skaters ever seen on ice. He was a highly accomplished scholar, more of the Cambridge type than the Oxford, and I think that all his old Sixth-Form boys would admit that he was a most excellent classical teacher in Division I. He was also fully awake to the “necessity of many reforms”—I apologise for the odious phrase—and was willing to allow more of the boys’ time to be given to modern languages, to science, and to mathematics. But I hope I am not wronging him in saying that he had no great faith in these reforms; he was no enthusiast, and he knew there was no “royal road” to successful changes. And the result was that he was often irresolute and half-hearted; he lacked the courage of his opinions, and it fell to Warre to give him that courage. “Warre’s strong and resolute will,” says the Provost of King’s, “gave just the backing that the more pliant Head required.”

¹ It is strange that he should have misquoted the immortal words.

² H. K.’s (Kynaston’s) delightful Latin poem, written in 1881 to celebrate the fiftieth University boat race, brackets Hornby and Warre as follows :—

Excipit hunc, quamvis rebus non ipse marinis
Deditus, at saltem nauarchis acribus acer
Cognatus, crebra metuit quem classe juventum
Divisa, Henrici fasces et sceptrā gerentem :
Et tu, militiam senserunt quo duce primam
ⁱApes, ²Apes, pueri innocuam, patriamque tueri
Assuescunt, positis Thamesino in margine castris.

He became Hornby's confidant, perhaps his only confidant, and the schemes which were set on foot for the good of the School were first formed rather in the teeming brain of the Assistant than in that of the Headmaster.¹

"When I returned to Eton as a Master in 1870," says the same friend, "I quickly learned to appreciate Warre, to see that he put but one end and one aim before himself, an end to which all personal ambition was entirely subordinated—the good of the School. *Etonam nactus es, hanc exorna* was the thread of gold which ran through and illuminated his whole life. He often seemed to me wrong and opinionated, occasionally to be influenced by distrust of particular persons, but he had ever before his mind a Platonic *ἰδέα* of the School as it should be, and he would do his best to make it so."²

That, it seems to me, is one of the things that constitute greatness. You may have the loftiest *ἰδέα*, but unless you ceaselessly strive to translate it into fact you cannot be called great. And on the other hand, you can claim that epithet though you fall very far short of the successful translation of your *ἰδέα* into fact, provided that you incessantly strive towards it. It would be a mistake to say that Hornby lacked idealism, but he certainly lacked will-power, and was perhaps, at an early date, disillusioned. It must always be remembered that his private life was clouded with much domestic sorrow, while Warre's was one of unbroken happiness.

Little remains to illustrate for my readers these seventeen years. Outside the Schoolroom and the House two great activities, to be dealt with separately, filled most of Warre's time; and one of them, the boating,

¹ From 1880 at least it is not infrequent to find, in the Minute-Book of the Governing Body, the entry: "The Headmaster and Rev. E. Warre attended" (to give evidence on important questions).

² Compare Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 87: "He was a long time feeling his way among the various institutions which he formed or invented; he was constantly striving after an ideal standard of perfection, which he was conscious that he never attained. . . ."

led him to the kindred task of general supervision of the river, and especially of the bathing places. He found these in rather a chaotic state ; the few watermen were of doubtful competence, and the bathing places were ill kept and unattractive. The earliest " Passing book " is written in his hand, and until the present Provost of King's came to his help, he was wholly responsible for Passing, though, no doubt, other masters came to look on. He at one time contemplated writing a brief treatise on the Art of Swimming, of which a portion still remains in manuscript ; it was designed not so much for boys as for regimental instructors in the army. As in rowing, so in swimming, he insisted, before he passed a boy, on the greatest perfection of style in the breast-stroke, with the " swimming frog " as the one faultless model ; and no exhibition of pace or distance unless it was in this style would satisfy him ;¹ and I think he would be horrified to see how " go as you please provided you can go " is now the sole test. I have never heard that learning to swim was made compulsory on all boys at the School, even by Warre, but a late sad accident at Oxford has shown us what a useful form of compulsion that would have been. The waterman at Athens, Sergeant Leahy, an old hero of the Mutiny (78th Regiment) who delighted to describe himself as " Champion Swimmer of the Red Sea," did in fact publish a treatise on the art of swimming, which was edited by two boy friends² of his and Warre's, with a preface by Mrs. Oliphant ; though there is no reason to suppose that Warre inspired the book it really embodies most of Warre's doctrines.

It is a most amusing book ; the Sergeant was devoted to Warre and gave him the famous parrot, which lived till the days of Finchampstead, and died of plucking

¹ The compiler of this book had learned to swim a considerable distance before coming to Eton, but he had to unlearn everything in the humiliation of Cuckoo Weir, and to try nine times before he was allowed to pass.

² G. A. Macmillan and C. F. M. Mundy, 1875.

himself bare with grief at leaving Eton. Leahy also had a little "toy bull-dog" called *Model*, whom he taught to take most beautiful headers at Athens. William Johnson records how, in Hornby's first half, Warre took him to see his great embankment at the bathing place, "which is to shelter bare bones from the north wind."¹

Before he became Headmaster Warre seldom missed having a few half-holiday afternoon rides during the half; I don't think he rode "for exercise" as many of the masters did, but for the joy of a gallop, or to inspect pieces of country into which the Volunteers could be marched for a field day. Major Godsall was a frequent companion on such tours of inspection, and, somewhat later, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was Dean of Windsor;² both he and Warre had private keys of some of the best rides in Windsor Park. One of the last-dated reminiscences that I have recovered of Warre as an Assistant is from the present Vice-Provost who, as captain of the School, was invited in 1881 to meet Sir Frederick Roberts, then fresh from the Relief of Candahar, "who was coming to Eton to receive from the School the present of a 'Sword of Honour'; after dinner we walked on the lawn: the schoolmaster was as much above, as the General was below, the ordinary stature and bulk of men, but it was difficult to say which of these two greatest living Etonians had done best for England." This was on March 3. Sir Frederick was received at college gates at 11 a.m. by the Provost and inspected the corps in school-yard. Macnaghten and Cust, the two Captains, brought out the sword; Cust did the speaking. When the General departed the boys took the horses out of his carriage and drew him to Windsor Bridge.³

¹ *Letters and Journals*, 215. No doubt Cuckoo Weir is meant.

² There is an almost pathetic letter from the Dean when in 1891 he went to be Bishop of Rochester, asking Warre for "a last ride together" (May 2, 1891).

³ The sword has a privileged place among the priceless treasures preserved at Englemere.

CHAPTER VII

ETON COLLEGE RIFLE VOLUNTEER CORPS

No rational person, they said, could fail to be deeply impressed
by the charms

Of that truly august conception, a Nation in Arms :

To become expert in the use of strictly defensive weapons, spear
or sword, Lee-Metford, torpedo, or sabre,

Was a duty—if not for oneself, yet incumbent without any
shadow of doubt on one's neighbour.

A. D. G., *The Casual Ward*, 1912, p. 89.

It may have been a mere coincidence that the *Eton College Volunteer Corps* was inaugurated at the date of Warre's return to Eton as a master. Yet the fact that such a Corps was spoken of at one of the Thatched House Tavern meetings (February 4, 1860), at which his friend Lord Elcho took the chair, suggests something more. Such written evidence as exists, including the late Mr. Ainger's *Eton Sixty Years Ago*, rather points to Samuel Evans, Dame and Drawing-master, as the founder. And the fact remains that when, in 1868, masters for the first time took honorary or acting Commissions in the Corps, Mr. Evans commanded A Company and Mr. Warre B, and so relatively they stood till, at the Inspection of 1873, B Company so far outshone A in proficiency that Mr. Evans resigned.¹ Anyhow the *Oxford University*

¹ Mr. Philip Norman, one of the few survivors of the first muster-roll, has made manuscript collections, which throw considerable doubt upon several of Mr. Ainger's statements, and Mr. Norman was in close communication with the late Canon Chapman, first Commandant of the Corps, during the closing years of the Canon's life; Chapman, Canon of Carlisle, died in 1919, three years after the publication of Ainger's book. For instance, the racy story of the surreptitious nature of the visit of Chapman and Lord John Hervey to London to select the uniform



SQUAD DRILL IN SCHOOL YARD, 1860.

Herald, which attained the dignity of a county newspaper, records, on February 18, 1860, the fact that

“a Corps of near 300 students from the sixth and fifth forms has been formed for drill practice at Eton College. On February 14 they assembled for the first time in the Quadrangle, and commenced in earnest under the superintendence of ten drill-sergeants from the Guards. The costume (!) and general arrangements have not yet been settled, but it is expected that the superior officers will be chosen according to their proficiency at a later period.”

The next public notice is from the *Illustrated Times* of May 5:

“The Volunteer movement has inspired even our schoolboys, and the sports of the playground have been banished, and their places usurped by the drill-sergeant. There is no doubt that the scheme for preliminary drills at the Public Schools is a good one, and we believe that its further development is at present under consideration of the Government. The authorities of Eton College have taken the initiative in carrying out the scheme proposed by Lord Elcho, and a Cadet Corps, which has received the title of the “Eton Companies,” has been raised among the scholars. The Corps consists of eight [*wrong*, six] companies, with an average of fifty boys each, most of whom are exceedingly regular in their attendance at drill. Great credit is due to Sergeant Major Gubbins ¹ and the N.C.O.’s of the Second Battalion

has been disproved. And Mr. C. C. Macrae, in two letters now in possession of Mr. E. L. Vaughan, has also questioned the existence of the “old pre-Crimean smooth-bore muskets which could not be fired,” saying that “the shooting eleven certainly, and he believes the whole Corps, used a short rifle designed for it by General Hay, then Commandant of the School at Hythe, and called after him ‘the Hay rifle.’” On the other hand, the Rev. E. Symonds says: “old Brown Bess, very heavy, smooth-bore;” while my publisher himself can swear to the old smooth-bore muskets, “for I often handled them; they were not Brown Bess, for she had flint locks, and they had hammers and nipples; I never heard of any attempt to load or fire them.”

¹ This was the gentleman who came one day to Chapel in such splendid uniform, and so extensively *décoré*, that Provost Hawtrey, mistaking him for a Field-Marshal at the least, ordered him to be shown into the Vice-Provost’s stall.

of the Grenadier Guards for the efficient manner in which they have imparted instruction, and for the rapid progress made under their direction."

So the "public prints." Meanwhile Mr. Norman draws my attention to the fact that the word "Rifle" did not enter into the first title of the Corps at all; it was the "Eton College Volunteer Corps," and we may hazard a conjecture that the "Shooting Eleven," which first competed at Wimbledon in 1861 (when Kenneth Howard won the Spencer Cup for Eton), had, at its beginning, no necessary connexion with the Corps. This possibility is, however, ignored in the two (and only two) numbers of the *Eton College Rifle Volunteer Gazette* which appeared, probably at Warre's instigation, on two successive Founder's Days, 1882, 1883. In the leading articles of these two lonely numbers the writer confesses that only one piece of documentary evidence from the early days of the Corps remains—the muster-roll, namely, of July, 1860, and he invites contributions from survivors, who, in 1882–3, must have been numerous. He misdates the inauguration to the month of January, 1860, but rightly lays stress on the impetus given to the Corps and all its works by the Headmaster, Goodford,

"amidst many misgivings and much adverse prejudice; had it not been for his help and encouragement the Corps could never have been formed . . . it was enrolled without reference to the military authorities, and indeed, strictly speaking, was in an anomalous, if not an illegal, position till the year 1867, when it was affiliated to the 1st Bucks R.V. and made part of the Volunteer Force of the Country.¹ The absence of any official sanction or recognition did not in those days apparently make any difference."

Of the muster-roll above mentioned there are several

¹ This sentence is almost certainly Warre's, for part of it is forestalled in an Appeal for Recruits issued by him in 1877.

copies in private hands ; it is a little red book printed in the shape of a School List. There are exactly three hundred and fifty names, in a School then numbering seven hundred and eighty-eight ; the six companies were graded by height. Who selected their captains is left wholly unsaid, but if it was not Sam Evans, it must have been Warre. His pupil G. W. Chapman (who boarded at Drury's) is Captain-Commandant, and H. L. Wood¹ is Sergeant-major : each company has a Captain and a Lieutenant, two have also Ensigns ; all but No IV. have a Colour-sergeant, each has three sergeants and a varying number of corporals, and their numbers of privates run between forty-six and thirty-seven. There are also forty-one recruits (presumably gentlemen who are not yet " off the square "), a senior-sergeant and a bugler. Only one Colleger commands a company, but the Captain of the Boats and the Captain of the Oppidans are both Lieutenants. A future member of the Governing Body is a Colour-sergeant, a future President of the N.R.A. is a sergeant. The roll bristles with the good old Eton names, Parkers, Legges, Lubbocks, Lytteltons, Herveys, Wynnes.

One does not expect to find Warre's name on the roll, but it is distinctly strange to find no documentary evidence of his influence on the early fortunes of the Corps. Mr. Norman says " after starting it he ceased to take an active part, though he was consulted." But this certainly cannot apply to the Wimbledon team, for places in which the best shots constantly competed under his supervision. Drills were in several places ; skeleton drill, to instruct officers, in School Field ; company drill in School Yard, in Weston's Yard (where was the first armoury) or in the playing fields ; squad drill perhaps in School Yard, or even in Upper School.

¹ Afterwards A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley in 'the Ashanti Campaign ; it was he who brought to Queen Victoria King Coffee's golden umbrella.

"Chapman and Wood learned the Manual and Platoon exercise, and afterwards instructed us in Upper School"—a severe test for the flooring of that noble room. Colours were worked by the ladies of Eton and presented by Mrs. Goodford on Election Saturday, 1860.¹ "But the best fun of the whole was the drill on half-holiday afternoons in the Long Walk, Windsor Park, after which the Headmaster frequently entertained us to supper."²

"The year 1861," says the *Gazette*, "saw the Corps fairly well established in the School, but it rarely stood on parade above four companies strong;" it goes on to describe the first Wimbledon meeting for which "an eleven was got together and instructed by Mr. Warre;" but when nearly all the officers left at Election, it was felt that the system by which the whole staff was liable to shift every year was one which would not work in the long run. Chapman's immediate successors, Mitchell and Arkwright, strove valiantly to avert the first *débâcle*, and it was under the command of the last-named that the Corps had the honour of parading before Her Majesty "on the occasion which was rendered memorable as well as sad,³ from its being the last on which the Prince Consort appeared in public." It was a bitter December day, and the Queen gave the whole Corps a grand lunch in the Orangery after the Review. Arkwright was succeeded by J. R. Selwyn, and in his year, 1862, Lord Eldon won the Spencer Cup for Eton, and in the next year the School won the Ashburton Shield. It did not win it again till 1868, when R. Bruce also won the Cup.

The *Eton Register*, *Cricket*, *Rifle Corps*, and *Boating* ⁴

¹ The *Gazette* wrongly dates this to 1861; see *Eton Register* for 1862, p. 34. Mr. Norman left at Election, 1860.

² The whole 350 of them? Surely only the officers?

³ Colonel Arkwright of 2nd Life Guards refers to this Review in a charming letter to Dr. Warre, June 22, 1905.

⁴ This, 1859-1863, was a sort of precursor of the *Chronicle* which first appeared in the May of the latter year. *οἷπερ φύλλων*

in the summer of 1863, contains a valuable account of the first decline of enthusiasm :

“the Corps having greatly decreased in numbers, it was thought best to reorganise it on a different principle, which was successfully carried out by Captain Rickards,¹ with the assistance of Mr. Warre, and raised the numbers from 180 to 345. The Houses in College were divided into six districts (to make six companies), and each company elected its own officers.”

This was the Corps that welcomed the Princess of Wales on March 7, and was to have been reviewed by her husband and her on June 5, but the threatening weather proved too much for these young royalties. Alas, only 120 of the “reorganised” turned out for the first march-out in the Michaelmas half. And the story is then a blank over which a veil should be drawn till 1866. When, on November 3, 1884, Warre issued his *Regimental Farewell Order* as Commandant, he said of the Corps, “Its birth, its struggles for existence, its growth and consolidation, all live in my recollection;” yes, he had stood by its cradle, and *peu s’en fallait* that, between 1864 and 1866, he had not, like Mr. Grattan, also followed its hearse. Those were the days when it was a standing school joke, that the whole of it could be accommodated in Charlie Wise’s big brake.

That, in those dim days, when even the shadow of war was very far away, a Public School Corps should have more downs than ups was only natural. It would be idle and hypocritical to pretend that boys like, or ever will like, drills and parades, or even route-marches and field-days, especially when accompanied by the horrors of uniform and buttons. It is, therefore, all

γενεή are the generations of School periodicals; the as yet immortal *Chronicle* itself has, perhaps, owed its survival to its modesty, or its dullness.

¹ Arthur Rickards, Selwyn’s successor, was in the Eight and was Keeper of the Field.

the more to the credit of Warre that he was able, after many disappointments and vicissitudes, to plant the Rifle Corps firmly on its legs as a necessary, and not wholly objectionable, part of school discipline. Whatever may have been his share in its first (1863) reorganisation, or in its still earlier inauguration, the reconstruction of 1866-7 was almost wholly his work, and with that reconstruction came the definite union between the Shooting Eleven and the bulk of the Corps.

We now possess a new authority, a manuscript notebook of $22\frac{1}{2}$ pages kept by Mr. W. D. Benson (and put into my hands by Mr. Vaughan). It is obviously "written up" from the original foundation in 1860 to the date at which Mr. Benson became Commandant of the Corps in the summer term of 1866. It seems probable that the earlier pages of this book were compiled from Warre's dictation; they contain little new information, except that they give the date of the first "Committee" to set on foot a "Drilling Corps" as January 28, 1860. They record that during Arkwright's captaincy lower boys were admitted, if over 5 feet 2 inches; they also lead us to suppose that the officers were in all cases selected by the "Committee," and they give the name of Rickards's successor as W. W. Phipps. But I do not feel inclined to admit these pages as "contemporary evidence" till 1865.

In 1865, under Phipps, the attendance got very slack indeed, and it was with some difficulty that a Wimbledon team was got together; it shot very badly, "and it was at length agreed to disband the corps."

"This decision met with such strong marks of disapproval from Old Etonians that, in Lent School-time of 1866, Phipps (who was leaving that half) asked W. D. Benson to carry it on, and to see if he could get sufficient numbers to produce an eleven for Wimbledon. A list was put up in Williams's window, and, after some time, about twenty names were subscribed to it. Phipps

and Benson then agreed to hold a consultation with Mr. Warre. It was then decided that a "shooting company" should be enrolled, and that a summary of expenses, liabilities, and times of drill required, should be issued. Every member was required to get a new rifle and uniform and to attend drill regularly. Sergeant Strickland, formerly a sergeant of the Guards, and at present of the Windsor Volunteer Corps, was engaged to teach the manual and platoon exercises. Musketry drill is to be at 9.30 every morning."

Mr. Benson gives the numbers then raised at twenty-three, and says no dry-bobs joined at all—but then (just as we are expecting that he will continue his record during his own captaincy) the MS. comes to an end with the statements that it was determined to levy a subscription from the whole school, two shillings from each fifth form boy, one shilling from each lower boy; and that six persons "passed" at the "first musketry passing" by Mr. Warre. Mr. Benson left Eton for Balliol, Captain of the Boats, Keeper of Mixed Wall and in the Field Eleven, in July, 1867, but he was obviously Warre's right-hand boy in the great reconstruction of 1867.

From Mr. Benson's MS. we pass to something much more definite, namely the *Order Book*, preserved in the Orderly Room, which begins March 5, 1867, and contains orders down to March 14, 1868. In addition to this I have the very careful recollections, written out for me by Major Godsall, himself a famous rifle-shot and Adjutant of the Corps, 1880–1897; and he does say "it was in the football half of 1866 that Warre called for recruits for the Corps, and we small boys were forthwith drilled by older ones, who must previously have been trained," which bears out Mr. Benson's account.

Warre joined the Corps himself in 1867, and his regimental number on the roll, dated 1875, is 2, Snow's being 3. No doubt Sam Evans was 1, but as he

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retired in 1873, he does not appear on that roll. The most important thing was the obtaining of a rifle range. The first, 1860, Corps seldom went beyond distance-judging and aiming-drill; Colonel H. B. Hamilton says "before the end of 1860 we never fired at targets at all." The shooting eleven appears to have begun its practice at Dedworth beyond Clewer, where was a 400 yards' range, or "at longer ranges in Windsor Park,"¹ or, best of all, by occasional visits to Hounslow. In March, 1867, however, an agreement was made between two brothers Atkins, farmers, of Chalvey, tenants of the Duke of Leeds, of the one part, and the Rev. Dr. Balston and Rev. E. Warre (he had been a deacon but a few days) for Eton College, Captain Sylvester and Lieut. Way of the 5th Bucks (Slough) R.V., of the other part, for the sub-lease of a rifle range, 750 yards long, at Chalvey. Butts were forthwith erected—"the Butts" we all know so well—and certain days and hours were allocated respectively to the Slough and the Eton shooters. The agreement was renewed in 1870, and therein Sam Evans is described as "Captain" of the Eton Corps (then styled No. 8 Company of 1st Bucks).

"I shot," says Major Godsall, "in the first squad that fired on the Chalvey range, which had been made entirely by Warre's exertions. . . . When I shot for the School in '68 I remember that Warre took us to the long range at Hounslow to give us practice; he gave a Snider rifle as a prize, and I won it."

The Order Book of 1867-8 above mentioned evidently refers to a day of very small things. The Orders are signed by no C.O. There is at first but one company, with a boy sergeant-major and four sergeants. Drills for "sergeants and committee" are thrice a week, and take place either in "New Buildings,"² Trials Room,³ or

¹ I have not been able to discover what these were.

² Perhaps New Schools Yard.

³ The largest room in New Schools.

Upper School. The last seems the place for anything approaching "parade," and "those who have rifles will bring them." On March 26 "Privates Walter Calvert, Edmond Warre, and G. J. Courthope are promoted corporals." In April we begin to hear of a second company, though it is only on June 1 that this is definitely constituted, and Sergeant Rolls, of the Guards, is Sergeant-Major. But much is happening. On May 11 "the War Office has for the present accepted the services of the E.V.R.C. under the Volunteer Act.¹ Lads over seventeen can be enrolled in the Service; those under that age will be enrolled in a Cadet Corps attached to the company. The Corps will parade in Weston's Yard at 7.55 a.m.," (please, sir, what about breakfast?) "and those members who can will appear in uniform."

This order ends with some ominous words about the sergeants "collecting the subscriptions of their respective sections." On May 27 E. Warre is appointed (? by whom) to be Musketry Instructor, H. Snow to be Lieutenant. Henceforth we find the former constantly giving lectures on Musketry on Wednesdays after four. On June 15 is the first mention of "Class Firing."

In the Michaelmas half the "swells" of the school are being roped in, *bon-gré mal-gré*. Rolls is now perhaps called "Sergeant Instructor," for a boy, the ever-active Walter Calvert, is again "Sergeant-Major." The first mention of a "march-out" (through Slough to Langley) is in February, 1868. Meanwhile, on January 22, 1868, Warre has been appointed "Honorary Captain of the Cadet Corps of Rifle Volunteers now being formed at Eton College" by Lord Carrington, Lord Lieutenant of Bucks; no doubt Evans received his commission at the same date. The Order Book deserts us on March 14

¹ This partial recognition is, no doubt, the reason why an article in *E. C. Chronicle*, March 31, 1870, which was evidently inspired by Warre, calls this reorganisation of 1867 "an attempt to establish another Volunteer Corps on a more permanent basis than its predecessor."

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and it is from the *Chronicle* that we learn (May 21) that Sergeant Hobbs, late Colour-Sergeant 60th Rifles, has been appointed Sergeant Instructor, and henceforth for ten years he was the mainstay, under Warre, of the whole business.¹ On May 1, 1869, "Orders" are definitely signed "S. Evans, Capt. Commanding E.V.R.C., E. Warre, Hon. Captain commanding Cadet Corps." ² Yet a year later there is again a crisis; on May 17, 1870, "the Corps has not received a single recruit this half," and a notice is sent round to all Fifth Form, signed by six masters and three boys; a meeting was then held, and the four greatest swells in the school addressed that meeting; the voices were those of Currey, Rawnsley, Harris, and Urmson, but the spirit that drove them to speak was that of Edmond Warre.

In the Christmas holidays of 1871-72 Warre spent three weeks in Winchester barracks attached to the King's Royal Rifles, and there earned his certificate of proficiency; it is dated January 10, 1872, and is signed by Colonel Williamson, C.O., 4th Battalion 60th Rifles. At the end of the summer half followed the first of those delightful camps which went so far to make amends to the industrious Volunteer for long months of parades and drills. It was held in the Duke of Buckingham's park at Stowe for the whole of the 1st Bucks battalion, under the command of Col. Wethered, of Marlow. Wethered's adjutant was Major Clement, who henceforth became one of Warre's best friends and helpers. Clement had the ear of many influential people at the War Office and Aldershot, and when, in 1878, the

¹ Henry Hobbs died in 1878. He was our prime vocalist in the early camps. Who, of those days, does not remember the song of "The 'Ungry Harmy"?

"Sound the bugle, blow the 'orn,
Fight for glory night and morn,
'Ungry soldier, tattered and torn, etc."

² *E.C.C.*, May 6, 1869.

E.R.V.C. became a battalion on its own (2nd Bucks), he became its first Adjutant, and held that post for two years.

This first camp deserves immortality if only from H. Snow's "Camp Alphabet," in which

"E stands for earwigs ensconced in one's shirt,
F for fleas, fieldmice, and frogs all alert."¹

The Corps now regularly began to play a part in the Field Days of the Aldershot Division:

"As a C.O." (and, as we have seen, he succeeded Evans in 1873), says the Provost of King's, "Warre was at his best in exercises in the field, for he had a natural eye for country and taught boys a lot about taking cover and fire-discipline, which stood them in good stead afterwards; and his methods of imparting instruction attracted the notice of distinguished soldiers who were interested in such training. He was not what is called 'a smart drill,' for he was justly contemptuous of 'parade movements,' and he was perhaps too much possessed by the desire to exemplify the tactics of the Ancient World, or to reproduce in miniature famous battles of the past." "He was no drill sergeant," says Mr. de Havilland, "and he loved experiments; without making the corps a *corpus vile* for them, he did his best to rouse interest in ideas outside the scope of the Red Book. Who does not remember the *quincunx*, in which eight was the unit for every formation?—and indeed it is not very much unlike the modern *Section*."²

Mr. Chevallier of Aspell,³ was at the first four camps, and remembers how, on Field Days, if train were used, Warre always got the sergeants to come into his

¹ Even the letter X was not too much for the rhymester:

"X was Xenodochy shown by His Grace."
E. C. Chronicle, October 10, 1872.

² In the modern double company of 250 men are four platoons, and in each platoon four sections, *vide infra*, Chapter XII.

³ Keeper of the Field, 1875; Captain of the Shooting Eleven, 1876; Winner of the Mile.

compartment, and explained the scheme of the day to them. "He was much pleased with me on one occasion because I had made a sketch of the country from the big Ordnance map that was hung up in College." The same friend also remembers a Field Day at Hughenden,¹ on which Warre, who was "out for blood," took what the umpire held to be an unfair advantage of the enemy, by sending on an advanced guard to fire on them before they had got into position. With this we may compare Mr. Coleridge's excellent story of 1879,² of how Colour-Sergeant Basil Thomson (since then busy with the arrest of quite other breeds of prisoners) claimed to have captured Major Warre, C.O., and "claims it to this day." In truth, Warre's excuse of "Stuff and nonsense, you couldn't be where you are, you'd have been wiped out long ago," was a somewhat lame one; for Thomson, who had been laying Warre's own lessons to heart, was fighting a retiring action, and had two companies admirably concealed.

It was in the previous year, 1878, that the Corps was definitely enrolled as a four-company battalion, 318 strong, with Warre as Major-Commandant, four captains, four lieutenants, two second-lieutenants, two supernumerary officers, an acting adjutant, quartermaster, chaplain, surgeon, and two sergeant-instructors. Hobbs was succeeded by Sergeant-Major Osborn (also an old 60th man), who became Warre's clerk on his accession to the Headmastership. "Other people in 1884," says Major Godsall, then Adjutant, "were thinking about other coming changes; I felt sure of only one thing

¹ This is, perhaps, too early for Warre's famous story of his visit to Hughenden, when Gladstone was storming in politics and cutting down trees, imagining that with every stroke of the axe he was hewing Disraeli in pieces before the Lord. Lord Beaconsfield walked out to show Warre his famous trees, and as he left the house he picked up a tiny toy bill-hook, saying: "We never now go out into the woods without this." I believe that I have seen this story in print, but cannot locate it.

² *Eton in the Seventies*, pp. 211-13.



E.C.R.V. GROUP AT TEMPLE PARK, 1881.

Rev. E. Warre.	G. C. Bourne.	Rev. E. Hale, Quartermaster.	Rev. S. A. Donaldson.
Major R. A. Clement.	Surgeon J. W. Gooch.	Capt. P. T. Godsal, Adjutant.	Philip Williams.
Rev. Sydney R. James.	G. W. E. Loder.	Walter Durnford.	

—that I should lose my sergeant-major.”¹ One of the most memorable events during Warre’s command was the review of July 9, 1881, of 52,000 Volunteers in Windsor Park by the Queen, to celebrate the “coming of age” of the movement.² Eton sent 303 boys and Harrow 142, and all six companies were under the command of Major Warre. Three days later his old private-school-fellow, the Headmaster of Harrow, wrote him a charming and humorous letter, full of gratitude for the good care he had taken of his Harrow boys; it was a day of great heat, and Warre had provided an amply-laden refreshment cart under the shade of the trees. A month before this Warre had been hoping to induce the Duke of Connaught to become Hon. Colonel of the Eton Corps, but was told that “the existing regulations do not admit of Hon. Colonels being appointed to Volunteer Corps which are not commanded by a Lieut.-Colonel.” Yet, when Warre resigned his own commission on November 21, 1884, the Queen at once appointed him Hon. Colonel of his old corps.

Never was a testimonial better earned than that presented to the new Hon. Colonel by the members of the E.V.R.C. on December 10 of that year.

¹ When Osborn died, June 22, 1891, Warre wrote in his Diary, “ἀγαθὴ καὶ πιστὴ ψυχὴ.”

² It should have been in 1880, but had to be postponed to suit royal convenience.

CHAPTER VIII

HEADMASTERSHIP—INCEPTION

“ Yet for him
Life's morning radiance had not left the hills,
Her dew was on the flowers.”—*Prelude*, Bk. VI.

“ IN the year 1884,” says Sir Herbert Warren, “ I happened to be dining with Jowett soon after Hornby's appointment as Provost ¹ was announced. A great lady, who was sitting next the Master, said ‘ Who, do you think, ought to be the next Head of Eton ? ’ and Jowett replied—

“ ‘ Oh, Mr. Warre, without doubt. ’

“ ‘ Oh, do you really think so ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, they cannot possibly pass over his great services to the school. ’

“ ‘ But don't you think that Eton requires new blood ? ’

“ ‘ No, I don't. New brooms and new blood are often very misleading metaphors. There is a process in surgery by which the blood of one person is passed into the veins of another. It's called transfusion. It's almost always fatal. ’ ”

It was not only in the dining-rooms of the Intellectuals that the coming decision of the Governing Body was eagerly awaited in July, 1884. There were letters in the newspapers. There was in particular one, on the 25th, in the *Times*, signed *Academicus*, openly mentioning both Warre and a rival candidate, and contrasting the merits of the latter with the fact that

“ for a quarter of a century the former has made no

¹ Goodford died May 9. Hornby was appointed Provost on July 1. Warre was elected Headmaster on July 29.

mark as a scholar, a preacher, or a man of letters. His name is associated with no questions of academical reform. On the other hand, he is known as the best rowing coach in England, and as an able field officer of Volunteers. . . . The choice now made between the two will determine whether Eton shall continue to maintain her position, held for near two hundred years, as the first school in England, or lapse into inevitable decay."

"Academicus," whoever he may have been, is probably long dead, but if he lived even to the end of the nineteenth century he may have repented of his prophecy; for the "inevitable decay" seems still to delay its advent; or, if we choose to put ourselves into his shoes, and admit that it has actually arrived (with the substitution of modern for classical education) we shall also have to admit that Warre resisted all such changes with his whole strength as long as he possibly could.

It might, perhaps, have been well if this Academic Chimera had been left to bombinate in his void. But the letter was an easy one, and a tempting one, to answer; and a crop of answers, signed and unsigned, at once appeared. The substance of them all was that an Assistant master who does his duty has no time to write books or court publicity as a preacher; that Warre's own pupils had been rather exceptionally distinguished both in school examinations and in after life; that the very large number of "reforms" in the school in recent years had all been promoted by Warre, who

"has been content to co-operate cordially with three Headmasters, under whom he has served, giving them the best of his advice when it was sought, but allowing them to enjoy the full credit since they had to bear the responsibility.¹ This is the good, true, and loyal method of serving."

¹ How generously Hornby acknowledged this! "I can never be grateful enough to you for all your generous conduct and true

A still more outspoken gentleman says, "It is at any rate a matter for thankfulness that Warre's name has *not* been "associated with any questions of academic reform." Only one writer, signing himself "H.," joined Academicus's side; and he made the amazing statement that "Warre regarded Collegers as out of place in a great rowing and cricketing establishment; as for his election, if he is elected, *hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atridæ*, but the best friends of Eton will be sad."

What silly fellows do sometimes write to newspapers!

There were four candidates at the election of July 29, 1884, Dr. Percival (then President of Trinity College, Oxford) being one, and Warre's old friend Kynaston another. Warre received nine votes; there were eleven members of the Governing Body present, with the new Provost in the chair; the voting was on written papers handed to the chairman. Leave was given to the new Headmaster to remain in his present House till Christmas.

From the date of his election as Headmaster Warre began to keep a diary, and the twenty-seven volumes of it which remain take us to the autumn of 1911, the end of his second year as Provost. It is of a specially intimate character and occasionally records things which he would have qualified as τὰ μὴ φαρὰ μὴδὲ ῥητά. These he generally endeavours to conceal, as it were, from himself (for it is evident that he intended the diary for no eye but his own), in the decent obscurity of

friendship. You have done a quantity of things for the School which I could not have done, and for which I have often had the credit; and your support and help and work and influence have been invaluable. I heartily thank you for it all, and now it is delightful to think of you in your proper place and of the School making a fresh start with a new and better 'stroke.'"—[J. J. H. to E. W., July 29, 1884.] Hornby knew well, of the crown,

"How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation."

a learned language, and not infrequently in the much less decent obscurity of that infinitesimal handwriting which he only developed fully in his last years. I believe he intended the diary to be full for the whole year; but he must early have discovered that at Eton the Headmaster would have scanty time for recording his feelings, and the volumes almost at once become mainly a record of the events of the holidays and of his opinions thereon. Even from such entries it is possible to glean much about his incessant labour of thought and pen on Etonian matters.

From 1882 to 1904 the holidays were mainly spent at Baron's Down,¹ near Dulverton, in his old county, Bindon, as we know, having been sold on his father's death in 1875. Baron's Down was a two-storied, white house of no architectural pretensions, but thoroughly comfortable and convenient, with an oak-floored entrance-hall, room for a large family of children and several guests. It stands nearly 800 feet above sea-level on the knee of one of the big hills that flank the deep valley of the upper Exe. There is a magnificent view to the south, both over this valley and across to the thickly wooded height, Exe-Cleeve, which shuts out from sight the little town of Dulverton in the valley of the Barle; Barle and Exe come to confluence a little way below.² The ascent to Baron's Down House is by a zigzag drive through Barlinch Wood. The garden was terraced, and Warre, who delighted in spade work, excavated a lawn tennis court, and reclaimed from the wood enough ground to make a rock garden. In the flower garden

¹ Rented at first by Edmond and Francis Warre together, but after a year or two by Edmond alone, for the hills were too steep for old Mrs. Warre (who lived with "Uncle Frank" from 1875 till her death). Uncle Frank, however, always came to Baron's Down for the shooting and fishing.

² "No more than distant mutterings of the storms that have since then broken over England, have reached the lonely moors of Exe and Barle; and merry England, like the setting sun, lovingly lingers on the hillsides of the West."—[Madden, *Diary of Master William Silence*, p. 10, edn. 1907.]

proper were two little ponds, wherein the earlier aquatic experiments of a family of distinguished oarsmen were no doubt made, as their father's had been on the pond at Haling Grove. Dry-bobbing was not wholly neglected; not many people now living, except his own family, can say that they have played cricket with Dr. Warre; but his biographer is proud to record that he once made three runs, at single wicket, off the Head's bowling on the lawn at Baron's Down. Former owners of the house had been Masters of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, whose exploits are so delightfully told by Dr. C. P. Collyns¹ of Dulverton (uncle of Warre's own Dulverton doctor and great friend, Robert Collyns, "Coll-Coll" as he was called) in his *Chase of the Wild Red Deer in Devon and Somerset* (1862, 1902, and 1907), and still better in the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's *Story of a Red Deer* (1898), and *Stag-hunting on Exmoor*, 1887. They had left behind them a goodly collection of antlers in the hall. Adjacent was Barlinch Farm, formerly a small Religious House,² with about 200 acres, which Warre farmed during the greater part of his tenancy of Baron's Down. Part of this farm lay on the water meadows below, part on the great hill behind the house, where it almost touched 1000 feet. Rough ground divided the two parcels of the farm, which must have been an expensive one to work owing to the cost of haulage. With the farm and vegetable garden, and the produce of the river and the woods, life at Baron's Down was almost self-supporting. The ground is everywhere seamed with springs locally called puxies, and a good pony was described as one who "smole tu a puxie" (*i.e.* sniffed and avoided it), "and was not cocky to a scallabagger" (shy

¹ See *Water Babies*, p. 67, "With good Mr. Palk Collyns to show you the way, and mend your bones as fast as you smash them."

² Leland, enumerating the manors, etc., of the See of Wells, *circa* 1540, makes the note, "Ask where Berlinch Priory is: it is in the utter part of Somersetshire towards Devonshire" (*edn.* Toulmin Smith, I. 294; *ibid.* II. 100).

at a scarecrow). The wild deer sometimes invaded the garden, and on the farm they played havoc with the turnips. The whole estate formed an ideal sporting place for the boys, and the fine views and the rich scent-laden air would be hard to beat.

It was held on lease from a neighbour, and the latter does not seem to have been in a hurry to complete the first renewal, for on August 31, 1892, an excellent *jeu d'esprit* on the subject appears in the diary.¹ I suppose Warre lost money on the farm, but he bought happiness in very rich measure. "I am a Somersetshire farmer," he writes to his daughter (June 4, 1886), "and am being ruined by buying stock and implements. I have already

¹ " Pray how stands the lease ?
I should much, if you please,
Like to sign it,
Unless Mr. Bere
(But of that there's no fear)
Should decline it.

" Three years and a day
Have now dawdled away
Since 'twas drafted ;
In a month at the most
It might have been engrossed,
But you'm laft it."

" 'Tis the way of the West
And what we love best—
Just begin it,
Then lave 'un to bide
Till the time or the tide
Set us in it.

" But, for fear of our client
Becoming defiant,
We'll amuse him,
And the poor little deed,
That's been running to seed,
Re-peruse him :

" Yes, yes, it's all right
If you'll only sit tight
And don't holloa ;
The lease you shall see,
And hereafter the fee :
That shall follow."

Obviously the ode is addressed to the family solicitor, who must be understood as speaking in the last three stanzas.

discovered that bailiff and tyrant are convertible terms.”¹ He was almost as great at Somerset stories as at Balliol stories, and his dialect was perfect ; to listen to him was like hearing Furneaux talk of Cornwall or Froude talk Devonian. Among his papers is preserved the complete Devon-Somerset conjugation of the verb “ To be,” sent to him by Mr. Kindersley. Perhaps the Present Subjunctive is the best of its tenses :—

“ Ef zo be as oi be
Ef zo be as you be
Spoase et be
Spoase we’m
Spoase you’m
Ef zo be as they’m.”

“ He had sheep,” says Mr. Luxmoore, “ which even I could recognise as Varmer Warre’s flock. ‘ And whü dü be Varmer Warre ? Aw I dü hear zay a be a kind o’ schülemeaster up Lunnon way.’ He loved to read the service at the village church (King’s Brompton),² and was even more in his element with the humble folk of the countryside than with Eton masters or boys. In many ways he reminded me, on my frequent visits to Baron’s Down, of Walter Scott ; there are whole pages of Lockhart that would have applied to him. There was a terrible tragedy in February, 1897, when ‘ a beast of a dog got into his field and killed seven sheep ; luckily he didn’t get into the field where the ewes were.’ ”

Six years before this, in the terrible March snow-storm of 1891, Warre hears that his flock have been in grave danger, but were all safely carried into the stables, though the drifts were estimated as reaching 20 and 25 feet in height ; there was no post, and no communication for several days, traces of the storm were still visible

¹ But he had a warm regard for his bailiff, Charles Cockram, “ Carolus Κριαλεκτρίων ” as the diary calls him. The first of a series of very humorous Latin entries about the servants refers to him : “ Walked over the farm cum villico multis verbis horti cultorem incriminanti, quod sibi maledixisset, et viam principalem lapidibus et glarea inutili munivisset.” [March 30, 1888.]

² He presented, in 1897, the beautiful east window to that church.



AT BARON'S DOWN, 1887.

three weeks later, and the hedges were bent all awry for a year.

The diary seldom fails to record the meets of the staghounds, and often mentions other packs (Mr. Amory's, for instance); what boys rode what horses, with whom he himself rode or shot or fished. Often the run is described, and occasionally he saw some part of it, though in the strict sense of the words he did not "ride to hounds." On the other hand, he was a very keen shot, and evidently a pretty useful one. Sir John Edwards-Moss, with whom he occasionally shot in Scotland, calls him a good shot with a gun, though not with a rifle at deer, and adds that he was a "rough and indifferent fisherman." He was very keen on getting the beaters to keep line, no easy matter in those tangled Exe Vale covers. What he perhaps loved best at Baron's Down were his "cutting and clearing operations": the luxuriant vegetation needed constant attention, and the Headmaster was in his glory when, in thick boots and a bill-hook, he was thinning "dandrums" (rhododendrons) or stubbing thistles¹ with a hoe. All harvest operations were also dear to him, and all the old ceremonies connected with harvest, such as "crying the neck" when the last sheaf was home.² He learned every scientific way of tying and lifting sheaves.³ On

¹ In 1900 when spudding thistles in his turnip-field he likens himself to "a kind of Don Quixote freeing Dulcinea del Globoso from the prickly embrace of the Giant Carduo."

² "The hands stand in a circle, the farmer in the centre with a single stook or 'neck' of corn. He raises it and then every one shouts out 'We 'arv 'en three times and then we 'arve a neck.' There must be a hearty laugh and ef er beänt a hearty laugh it bode no gude for next harvest."—[E. L. W.] But Wright, *Dialect Dictionary*, *sub verbo* "Neck," says of this very district, W. Somerset, the leader three times cries "I 'ave 'en" (not 'arve); others three times, "What 'ave 'ee?" and he again, "A Neck, a the Neck, a Neck." The said sheaf is plaited into some fanciful shape, and is kept in the farmer's kitchen till next harvest. Possibly the word, which occurs in the same meaning in all three Scandinavian languages, is of Danish origin.

³ The last harvest-field entry I find is in August, 1902: "I am told to keep the têtes" (pronounced, teats) "*i.e.* the ears of corn, inside, while binding the sheaves—a curious survival

September 6, 1890, he writes to Mr. John Murray, "after using the scythe one's back feels stiff, and I realise the truth of the Psalmist's words 'neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom'—for one literally embraces one's sheaf."

There were many other joys of Baron's Down. There was the "Wood-bear game," a sort of glorified hide and seek in the rhododendron thickets of Barlinch Wood. It was a terrific excitement for *ursi domestici parvuli*, for there might be more than one *ursus sylvestris* in pursuit of them at the same time. There was always an accurate meteorological record kept; the observations were taken the first thing in the morning and were followed by the reading of the Psalms with his family, verse by verse, and the New Testament lesson for the day in Greek:

"Then, if the breakfast bell had not rung, we used to tackle amusing Greek stories; guests might be roped in for this entertainment, and I well remember Archbishop Benson's scrupulous efforts to get his aorists and imperfects right." [E. L. W.]

Another game which had a somewhat short life was heliograph signalling to some neighbour¹ on one of the distant peaks; it is first mentioned in 1889, but was never wholly successful. And, year by year, gardening on an extended scale comes to occupy more space in the diary, as it evidently did in the writer's mind, though we must wait until he had ceased to be Headmaster for its full development.²

of an old French word—compare, the walnut called 'French-nut' or 'Francis-nut' by our old people here. But the schools are killing the dialect and the children do not know the language of their fathers." Two days later: "Constantly doing too much in the harvest-field and paying for it next day." At the end of that year: "Missed a woodcock very badly; should give up shooting except as a species of exercise which might be done with a stick."

¹ To a Major Lear at Comb Hill, and to Colonel Troyte at Bampton Downs above Huntsham.

² Warre does not seem to have been more lucky with his gardeners than with his other servants, if we may judge from a humorous entry in the diary, April 14, 1896: "Corycius

His grandchildren also begin towards the end of the century to occupy a larger space in his diary. His elder daughter was married to George Foljambe in 1888, and a year after he rushes off to Nottinghamshire to see his first grandbaby, and "found poor Patch" (the dog who had accompanied Mrs. Foljambe to her new home) "looking pale and thin," evidently already jealous of the new comer. Warre was an adorable and adored "babies' man" and grandfather; in 1902 we find the Foljambe boys at Baron's Down—*quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?*—now riding their ponies, now spudding thistles, now paddling barefoot in the wet water-meadows of the Exe, under grandfather's supervision. On August 15, "Taught little Francis some Greek, his letters and a few words."

It is in April, 1903, that we learn that Warre is giving up Baron's Down on next Lady Day; and the letter from A. F. Walter, offering a lease of his new house at Finchampstead, is dated the same month. It was a sad change, and premonitory of a still more sad one. Warre probably felt that, now the boys had grown up and gone out into the world, now that he himself was unable to revel in violent out-of-door exercise, he was hardly justified in keeping up an expensive establishment so far from Eton. But to leave his own West Country for good simply wrung his heart-strings. Finchampstead (1905-9) was "quite country"—of a sort. But we always felt that Warre needed more than this; he needed wild life round him, life that

" Only the keeper sees,
Where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease.

(this was a generic name of Warre's for anyone employed in horticulture—see Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 127) *mihi admonitum dedit de suo discessu. Cherchez la femme. Mulier infensa ceteris incendia miscet. Corycius denegat se quicquam dixisse, quod et ancilla idem negat. Cetera miscentur. Omnes delirant et mala lingua inter se utuntur.*" A very good description of a "jolly row downstairs."

For among his other remarkable gifts was his personal intimacy with animals of all kinds; not only did he know the note of nearly every bird that piped, but he would playfully (and perhaps rightly) attribute a definite meaning to their variations. Even among domestic animals he was always at once on the best of terms with any dog, cat, horse, or ass that he met. When you went a walk with him he would stop and tell you the purpose, and almost the thoughts, of any beetle or spider that crossed his path. Without any scientific training he had an instinct for the meanings of the myriad forms of Nature, akin to Charles Kingsley's. I remember his explanation of the simple mechanism of an *antirrhinum* being prolonged into a delightful lesson on plant-lore. Even of the plants in his greenhouse he would speak as if they were sentient beings, "A tiresome little fellow this, and so greedy" . . . "This little chap has been bad-tempered ever since I potted him."¹ He was perhaps too wise to expect schoolboys to develop a great interest in Field Natural History, especially in an Eton largely surrounded by slum-houses, but he wrote a short preface to an admirable little book by Mr. W. M. Webb which was designed to foster such an interest.

At least once every summer an excursion would be made to visit the Luttrells at Dunster, and Warre always took a bouquet with specimens of every flower in his garden to Mrs. Luttrell. Among his nearer neighbours at Baron's Down, the Troytes of Huntsham perhaps held the first place in his affections; there are constant accounts of visits interchanged with them. Then there was the dowager Lady Carnarvon and her family at Pixton, whose eccentric relative, Mr. Auberon Herbert,² occasionally came to see Warre. Two successive

¹ Cf. Darwin, *Life*, i. 117.

² "Præcanus, promissa barba, φιλοσοφικώτατός τις, περί δὲ τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης εὐδαιμονίας ζητητικός, τὰ δὲ πλείστα μετεωρίζόμενος."

[Diary, April 15, 1891.]

clergymen at King's Brompton constantly called for his help; he frequently preached there, and more often than not he took a part in the services. He hardly ever misses making a note in his diary on the sermon, being, indeed, almost as expert a "sermon-taster" as Mrs. Macfadyen. Often he would mark a sermon "well," "v. fair," or "poor," as he would have marked a copy of Latin verses. Mr. W. P. Anderson, the Vicar of Winsford, was another dear friend with whom Warre exchanged Latin and Greek quips at frequent intervals; some of these will be given in other chapters. The Aclands of Killerton had a delightful house at Holnicote near Porlock, and some land which actually marched with Baron's Down, on which they always allowed the Warres to shoot. Mr. Philip Evered (now Everard) of Milton's Rocks was another sporting neighbour, and there were the St. John-Mildmays of Hollam, and the Lockes of Northmoor. The visitors, especially from Eton, were legion, for every one was welcome, none more welcome or more regular than Edward Austen-Leigh; indeed, much "Eton business" was transacted with visitor Masters at Baron's Down, and many schemes drawn up with them there.¹ Once in 1894 the house was let for a few weeks, during the Eton Half, to Archbishop Benson, who had been a frequent visitor there. The venerable Prelate's joy in the place was great, though Mrs. Benson, in her letter of preparation, thinks that her husband "would like a horse which pulls a little less than that delightful one (in all other respects) on which you put him on his last visit; he says if it had not been for the steady horse *you* were riding he would probably have been shot over the horizon" (September 18, 1894).

¹ There is a very remarkable letter dated April 26, 1901, from Mr. Luxmoore (who had just become Senior Assistant Master) after an Easter visit to Baron's Down, at which, evidently, the most serious subjects had been discussed in confidence between him and the Head (*vide infra*, p. 130); and another from the same, undated except "Good Friday," but evidently of 1903.

Another visitor whom Warre several times entertained was the Hon G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton and member of the Eton Governing Body.¹ When he finally quitted Baron's Down his friends and neighbours there presented him with a silver salver, and he made a most gracious and humorous speech in reply, quoting Horace in English (January 16, 1904).

Great as were in every way the joys of Baron's Down, it was not easy for a man of Warre's temperament to shake off, even in the best of holidays, the sense of responsibility for the School which was about his path and about his bed from 1884 to the end. There are times when this seems to weigh him down, and one is not altogether surprised to find that such times are marked by the feeling, which he long concealed from all but himself, that the magnificent health he had enjoyed in early manhood was beginning to fail him *nel mezzo del cammin*. It is probable that he had worked himself too hard as an assistant master. I have already shown how he had regularly and systematically reduced his hours of sleep to five, or even to four. Few persons can stand that strain. And the result was that the diary has too often to record discomfort, or even positive ill-health. His remedy for that was nearly always violent exercise, sometimes combined, to excess, with medicinal treatment. Mrs. Foljambe, who was in the position to know him best, records that "My father's only remedy for being overtired in one direction was to overtire himself in another." What he lost by his inability to sit down quietly by himself with a book is incalculable; but, eager reader as he was, he could not do so. I think he actually preferred to read with some one else in the room, and he would chuckle, or grunt, or read out excerpts to you, as he went on.

¹ "Laboriosa sui commendandi, excusandi, collaudandi, simplicitas in homine tali mirabilis est."—[Diary, April 20, 1897.]

Another tristful but terribly recurrent set of entries in the diary is "Did accounts," "Did farm accounts," "Did house accounts." Warre had the fiercest conscience on this matter, but also the most inadequate grasp of the first principles of accountancy; the hours that he spent in wrestling with petty financial problems might well have been given to rest of brain.

The diary opens at the end of the summer half of 1884 with a list of the congratulatory letters and telegrams from old pupils and parents, "dignitaries, Fellows, schoolmasters, colleagues," received when his appointment was announced. The total number is 398, and I have no doubt that he answered every one of them with his own hand except, perhaps, No. 119 (it is characteristic that he numbered them) "Mr. Illegible Signature." He had to go on the day of his election to Abingdon Street, London, to be admitted by the Governing Body, a small and somewhat miscellaneous collection of distinguished individuals, seldom endowed with a corporate will or a settled policy towards the School. On the next day he entertained the Eight at dinner, and then had to face the question who should succeed to his House and his Pupil-room; this question was with him during most of the ensuing holidays. He noticed with pride that at his first Absence all the boys took off their hats to him at once, and that the Volunteers, on marching off to camp, cheered him. Then he fled to Baron's Down. On August 13 he wrote to his aged mother for her birthday: "I owe any advancement or distinction I may have attained, and any good I may have in me, to your loving care and good teaching, and to your ever-bright example of faith and piety." By that day he had finished his answer to the 398 congratulators, and was at work on a "Manual for Masters," on schemes for the rearrangement of Absences,¹ for religious

¹ "Absence used to take at least twenty minutes: one of Warre's first reforms brought it down to seven minutes at most."—[E. L. C.]

instruction, for a scheme of punishments.¹ He reflects much on the question of the examination for entrance to Sandhurst, and on the bad reports he hears of the establishments of the Army crammers: "If fellows would only work at Eton they would get in; the boys' idleness and their parents' fear of their failure is the difficulty."

On August 20 Warre went off to Invereshie in Strathspey to shoot with his old school and college friend Heywood-Lonsdale; this was a regular habit dating back to the early seventies at least: other visits of the same kind in ensuing holidays—always recorded in the diary—were to the Provost at Gale Cottage, Keswick (where he would, no doubt, walk up Skiddaw); to Dr. Kynaston, then Canon of Durham; to his Irish cousins, the Lyles, Stronges, and Lord Rathdonnell; to the Austen-Leighs at Gualin—perhaps the most lonely shooting-lodge in Scotland, within fifteen miles of Cape Wrath; to Dunskey in Wigtownshire, rented by Stuart Donaldson; to Bishop Kennion at Wells, where he would generally preach in the Cathedral, of which he was made a Prebendary in 1899; to Major Godsall at Iscoyd, Salop; to Sir John Edwards-Moss at several places in Scotland,² at Torquay, at Thamesfield; there the talk would be of rowing matters or of gardening. There were, besides, his regular Easter holiday visits to Balliol. Walter Douglas Campbell at Innis-Chonain was a constant summer host, and on one of these occasions—

"We called to see Mrs. McIntyre, *ætat* 90, 'Mother,' as she was called all round the hill (Ben Cruachan).

¹ He eventually succeeded in substituting a really serious piece of Latin Prose, or some other task of equal difficulty, for the inevitable "Georgic." I have been told that, in a later reign, Virgil resumed his degrading office.

² Mr. Osgood Mackenzie of Inverewe, in *A Hundred Years in the Highlands* (1921), p. 124, mentions the fact that he once took Warre to Isle Ewe, and Warre, who alone carried a gun, got ten brace of grouse, and ten couple of snipe, besides some rock pigeons from the boat, as they returned, and told his host it was the best day's sport he had ever had: no date is given.

Walter introduced me, and she said, 'What, ye hae never dragged that auld fat man up the mountain, Mr. Walter?' I told her I was the father of 1000 children, all boys. 'What,' says she, 'ne'er a lass among them?' [Diary, August, 1891.]

Mr. Campbell was also a constant visitor at Eton, and will always be remembered by those who were privileged to meet him there for his delightful singing of humorous songs, many of his own composition.¹ Warre was also frequently invited to go on yachting trips by Mr. W. H. Smith; on one of these, 1889, he joined the *Pandora* at Portsmouth and went out to meet the German fleet "as far as the Varne, English fleet in three lines from Spithead; we saw Germans come to anchor off Osborne and Prince of Wales go on board the *Hohenzollern*."² Later on the *Pandora* took the party on to the West Coast of Scotland; the trip suggests to Warre a subject for Fourth Form verses *Scotia feriantibus opportuna*.³

Freddy Smith and other boy friends bathe off the yacht and provoke a humorous copy of elegiacs from their Headmaster; nay, the Head follows their example (perhaps his last bathe), but only once for, like the Spanish Admiral of the Armada, he "caught a great cold" from those northern waters. (1889.)

A more distant excursion must not be passed over. In the following Easter holidays (1890) he went off from Southampton to Lisbon to see his cousin, George Warre, and his own second son at their vineyards on the Douro; his third son and two young cousins preceded him by another route. Warre was fascinated by the semi-tropical gardens of Portugal, and the family was

¹ It is believed that he was the only person who ever sang a comic song in private to Queen Victoria; perhaps it was "Jean Jameson's bonnet."

² What a world is this, and how does fortune banter—German fleets!

³ Alas! what Fourth Form boy of to-day would know the Latin for holiday-making? and how many do Latin verses at all?

probably unique as having rowed on the Douro in a four-oar.¹ The flocks of bee-eaters (*Merops Apiaster*—in Portuguese *Grelhos*) pleased him by their beauty; also the extempore luncheon of cuttlefish, lampreys, and *assorda*.² Warre's last trip abroad was in March–April, 1904, when he went *viâ* Marseilles to visit Sir Charles Mansfield-Clarke at Malta—on a rather vain quest of health. He liked neither the prospect of the journey nor the journey itself, calling it “the Maltese Cross”; but he was amused by the rollicking high spirits of the German Kaiser, whom he met at the Governor's table at Verdala. He saw, on his way home, after a fashion, scenes which in better days would have thrilled him with delight—Syracuse, Taormina, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Rome, Milan, Lucerne; but he was tired and always longing to be back at home all the time.³

¹ Stroke, the Headmaster; 3, A. F. W.; 2, G. W.; Bow, E. R. W.; Cox, G. W. (junior). The Head said the motto of the Oporto Boat Club ought to be:

“*Durius in Douro durare.*”

² Salt cod, mashed with potatoes and oil.

³ A lover of Sir Walter can hardly fail to be reminded of an equally fruitless and much more tragic journey to those regions in 1831.

CHAPTER IX

THE HEADMASTERSHIP : *GRAVIORA*

“ Rectorque Senatus
Sed regnantis erat.”—LUCAN.

ALL this time my readers have probably been saying “ Hitherto you have given us only the *entrées*, when are you coming to the roast meat ? ”

Dean Stanley’s *Life of Thomas Arnold* is generally believed to be the classic among biographies of schoolmasters, and Stanley not only compresses his account of Arnold’s actual reign at Rugby within the space of ninety-two pages (out of eight hundred occupied by the two volumes), but he begins it with these words : “ It would be useless to give chronological details of a life so necessarily monotonous as that of the Headmaster of a Public School ” ; and he even apologises for the length of this chapter, “ which to the general reader must be comparatively deficient in interest.” Even of those ninety-two pages a large portion is occupied with extracts from Arnold’s school sermons and other addresses of a semi-religious character. I believe that, on the whole, Stanley exercised a wise moderation in refusing to overload his picture with details of administrative work ; and I shall seek, therefore, rather to give a “ general impression ” of Dr. Warre as Headmaster, while always trying to keep within sight Edmond Warre as man. There are indeed many curious parallels to be drawn between Warre and Arnold, as between Warre and Butler of Harrow, and between Warre and

Thring of Uppingham. Those who would suggest that a great soldier, who might have become a Field Marshal, was thrown away when Warre turned "gerund-grinder," may consult Stanley. "What a pity," it was said, "that a man fit to be a statesman should be employed in teaching schoolboys!"¹ Stanley does not answer quite as strongly as I am inclined to answer such an objection. For my firm belief is that a great school-master's is not only the highest patriotic function, but also the highest earthly calling. It requires an angelic patience, an entire self-devotion, complete contempt of fame, comfort, riches, and above all an enthusiasm and a Love (with a big L) which is vouchsafed to very few men. Arnold and Warre alike, though differing slightly in the conceptions of the Goddess whom they served, dedicated all their talents and all their energies to the service of Diva Britannia. And these energies had the Christian religion for their one and only base. Warre had not, as Arnold had, the words "Christian gentlemen" or "a Christian school" for ever on his lips, for he was rightly averse from everything which savoured of unction. But he steered by the same star as Arnold, and he would have been totally unable to grasp the idea of basing education on anything but an entirely Christian foundation.²

It has been a salutary medicine for Warre's biographer to read carefully the Life of an old Eton Collegger³ who became a great Headmaster and "kept his end up" in very difficult circumstances for twenty-eight years. For almost every page in Edward Thring's diary shows

¹ Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 85.

² "The idea of a Christian school, again, was to him the natural result of the very idea of a school in itself, exactly as the idea of a Christian State seemed to him to be involved in the very idea of a State itself."—[Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 94.] It was a truly Aristotelian conception.

³ Mr. Luxmoore writing to Warre (Good Friday, 1903) has been reading the same life, and finds it "odd how little Thring is quoted or accepted as an authority, considering his consistent certainty and his proved success."

what an extraordinarily difficult position any Headmaster's must be, how entirely success in the calling may be divorced either from great scholarship or great "cleverness." I do not know to whom the saying should properly be attributed that "boys are nearly always reasonable, masters sometimes, parents hardly ever"; but the author of it evidently lived before the days of Governing Bodies or he would have included them in the last category.¹ Thring no doubt was an autocrat, and a born fighter, and was often "looking for trouble," while Warre, too often perhaps, sought to avoid contests. Yet how truly might the following sentences of Thring have been used by Warre :

"No man who is responsible can stand the pettiness and folly of semi-responsible advisers." "Mr. ——— argued in such an offhand manner on school matters that I was rather amused than disgusted, . . . my experience and that of all the Masters were nothing in comparison with an abstract objection." "The dead weight of the idea that the skilled workman can be told by potentates such as ——— how he is to do his own skilled work." "In my opinion Headmasters and boarding-house masters ought to be dismissable without appeal: occasional acts of injustice and occasional suffering are far preferable to the heavy, constant, downward drag of bad masters and the difficulty of getting rid of them."²

¹ "He [Arnold] from the first maintained that in the actual working of the School he must be completely independent and that their [sc. the Trustees of Rugby School] remedy, if they were dissatisfied with him, was not interference but dismissal.—[Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 90.]

² Parkin's *Life of Thring*, i. 131, 196, 333. Thring also shared two of Warre's characteristics. No one "knew him at his best who had not met him in the country, where thought and imagination were stimulated by contact with Nature . . . with living Nature his sympathy was strangely intimate and inspiring." And "he had the habit of powerful iteration common to many men on whom a fundamental truth has made a profound impression: it was remarked that he never preached a sermon without bringing in some reference to *life* or *true life*. But it was truly said that in the man himself was ten times more life than in all his sermons put together."—[*Ibid.* ii. 305-6.]

There is also an illuminating passage in Butler's *Harrow Life* [pp. 140-41]. Butler wanted to make a salutary change, and prepared to give his Lower Sixth Form to a particular master and thereon to limit the number of that master's pupils. The master was up in arms at once and evidently got some support among his colleagues. Butler consulted his best assistant (Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham), who replied simply and loyally—

“Absolute supremacy is the necessary correlative of complete responsibility. . . . We ought all to be allowed to express our views on any point, but never to have the least right to influence your decision by vote, and I can frankly say that I have never felt happier than when you have thought right to listen to our opinions and to decide against the majority of us.”

Such words may well seem to be the charter of efficient Headmastership, but very few people would have uttered them at Eton. Nay, more: though I am sure that Warre would have uttered them when he was an assistant, I doubt if he would even have claimed, in so many words, the position they implied when he was Head. And this was a defect in his character; he did not like to be autocratic enough:

“He did not realise that, in his later years at least, his own name was one to conjure with, that he could have done anything he pleased.¹ He was too anxious to be more than just, to lean towards mercy. He could seldom bring himself to evict an existing House-master, and he was most unwilling to pass over any one whose seniority entitled him to the position. He dreaded public opinion (I will not say unpopularity) too much, whether brought to bear on him inside Eton or from the outer world. Letters to the *Times*, or elsewhere, frightened him, and he was conscious of being a bad

¹ “Towards the end of his time, in the judgment of the boys at least, he could do no wrong; and how much more often he did right than some of us masters at the time believed!”—[H. V. M.]

controversialist. I remember well his saying to me that every appointment to a House gave him sleepless nights. But the tone of existing House-masters to-day, and their realisation of their responsibilities, dates from Warre's talks to those whom he selected for these positions."—[H. E. L., E. L. C.]

Warre was evidently much more fettered, or felt himself much more fettered, in his supremacy than Arnold, Thring, or Butler,¹ and perhaps in some ways he had been more powerful as Hornby's lieutenant than as Headmaster. I do not for a moment mean, by any of the above, that Warre had many "bad masters"—to use Thring's blunt phrase—to deal with; indeed, he had very few. But during his twenty-one years he certainly had some inefficient ones, and when he realised that such persons ought to have suggested to them the advantage of employing their talents in another sphere, the task of making the suggestion to them upset him very badly. He had not the placid external calm of Butler, nor the fierce self-confidence of Arnold or Thring; he was far more tolerant of criticism, whether friendly or the reverse, than any of these three. And probably, on the whole, he had to face a greater volume of it than any of them. In some respects, though not in all, such criticism gathered weight as the years rolled on; but that was probably because he remained at his post too long, and after his own health had received an intermittent series of shocks which tended to loosen the hold of his anchors.² Yet he made this mistake largely because

¹ Butler, we must remember, resigned Harrow at the age of 52, Warre resigned Eton at the age of 68; but then Butler was 22 years younger than Warre at the date of his appointment as Headmaster. Butler's biographer makes, I think, too small a claim for him when he says (*Harrow Life*, p. 332) that "it would be an affectation to rank him as one of the Makers of England in the nineteenth century"; and I will not shrink from making such a claim for Warre.

² The malady which eventually wrecked him, known as "Parkinson's Disease" or "Creeping Paralysis," is one of very slow growth, and its attacks are intermittent.

he felt what Butler also felt, that "ardent spirits among the younger masters were clamouring for further changes and he doubted whither their zeal would carry them."¹ And here, at the outset, I must record my opinion that the received view of Warre—the "impatient steam-engine" view—as a great driving force, seeing his own path clearly and rushing straight at his goal over all objections, is very far from the truth. The diary proves conclusively how long and how painfully he brooded over problems, especially when persons were concerned in them. He would go on doggedly working out the detail of his various schemes, often in alternatives, and considering the various aspects of each problem, as it presented itself to him, until the time came for a final decision; and then that decision was often very expensive to himself.

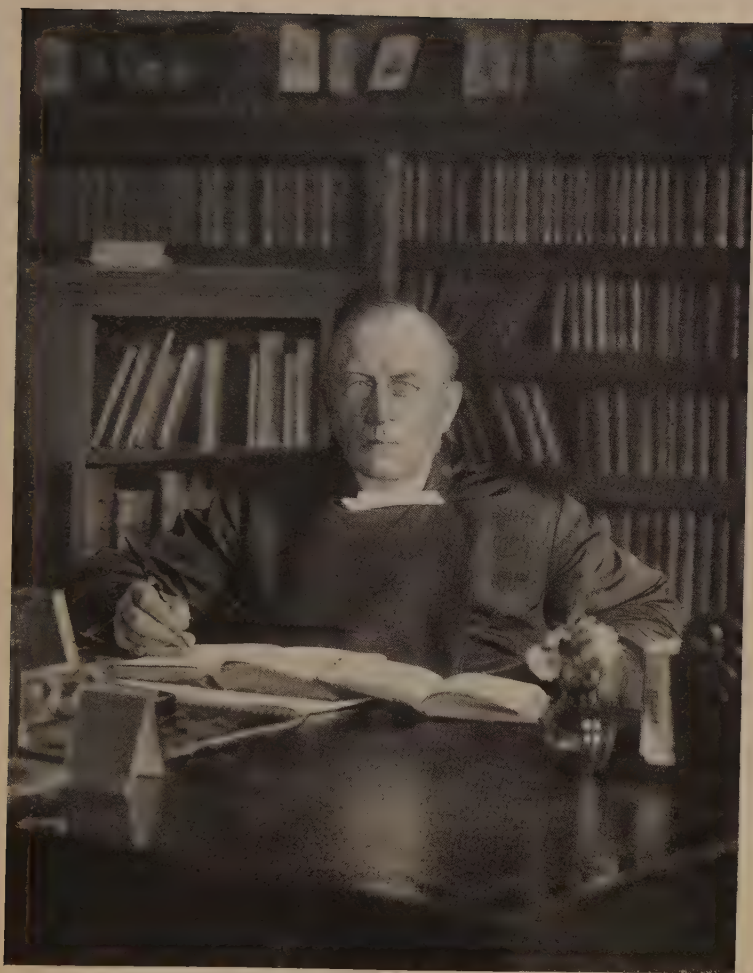
When the decision *had* been reached and the reform, or change, or new institution, or whatever it was, had been set on foot, he was a little too apt to think it an *opus operatum*, and to shake himself free of it—

As a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

But the increasing numbers of the School, or some new demand upon the elaborate "Time-Table" of lessons, were apt to upset the best-laid schemes, and then Warre would be puzzled. The Provost of King's remembers his answer to an objection, that some particular new scheme was not working well, "Why, it's in the School Calendar!"—as if reference to that august statute-book had settled the matter. Yet, when once convinced that such scheme was not working, he would retrace his steps:

"Few reformers have had, as Warre had, the strength and courage to sit down and undo their own work in order to bring the School into conformity with new demands. But conservative as Warre was, he had the

¹ *Harrow Life*, p. 250.



DR. WARRE IN HIS STUDY, 1897.

statesman's gift of realising that progress is unrelenting. Thus he would, perhaps, flatly reject some particular suggestion for a change when it was first brought before him ; then he would turn it over in his own mind, perhaps for weeks or months, and at last quietly produce a scheme to effect the said change, and present it to the original suggestor for his opinion."—[E. L. C.]

If some of his early reforms " put up the backs " of a few of his colleagues, it was largely due to Warre's own clumsiness as a speaker. When he could get a pen in his hand he was at his ease, and as a rule (not always) his thoughts flowed rapidly and clearly on to the paper ; but in speaking, unless his emotions of sorrow or anger were aroused—when he could be most impressively, even terribly, lucid—he would stumble and bumble and mix his metaphors. No doubt many of the " bulls " attributed to him were the inventions of sarcastic colleagues, but Warre had such a rich sense of humour himself that he would have been the first to laugh at many of the pitfalls of language into which he tripped if any but himself had been the tripper.¹

" Be a reformer, but don't be found out," had been Jowett's laconic advice to his old friend. Warre loved to quote this, but never in the least minded being " found out." One of his oldest still-living friends says—

" I distinctly feared Warre's accession : I feared the dominance of athletics, his own autocratic ways, his strict adherence to the routine of what I thought rather a narrow and dry ' scholasticism.' The change came, and never was a more delightful surprise—it was like a fresh wind-from-the-sea blowing into the place. Being now acknowledged Master of us all, Warre became accessible, kindly, interested, indulgent, and to anyone

¹ Lord Midleton sends me one of the best of these trips : a master had consulted Warre in writing, and at some length, on some important matter concerning his own duty ; Warre answered, " Always liberate your soul in this way if you feel disposed, and then send it to me, or burn it, as you think best."

who applied to him in a difficult case he was prodigal of help and advice."

Another, much younger, colleague, says—

"The little boys had expected a splendid epoch, in which work would take a secondary place, and a great deal more time be free for rowing and games" [perhaps their parents had been reading in the holidays the letter of *Academicus*]. "But they were grievously disappointed when short crisp notice followed notice, each announcing longer schools and more necessary work; there was a general 'screwing-up' of discipline, which positively terrified some of them. A friend of mine circulated a picture in which Hornby was represented as King Log, while Warre as King Stork was already getting busy with the little frogs."—[E. L. C.]

Then expired the old fiction that Eton was a place at which a boy need not work unless he wanted to work.¹ Warre used to tell with great delight the story of how Walker, the High Master of St. Paul's, famous for his successes in the field of scholarships at the Universities, once made fun of him. They were fellow guests, for some educational conference, of the President of Magdalen; and having never met before, each had

¹ In the spring of 1901, however, in a sort of review of the changes which have been gradually introduced, the Senior Assistant Master, perhaps in a desponding mood, criticises the results in a long and frank letter to Warre: "I had always hoped that the strain and stress of the year of war would have made the English become business-like and strenuous in their work as well as in their games . . . the boys would do better with fewer distractions . . . How long is it since we had a First in Mods? . . . You find it difficult to find a first-rate scholar of our own to appoint as master. . . ." The writer advocates a "peremptory interference with Pop, which might be resented by a few O. E.'s, but would be welcomed by many as a declaration of policy. As long as the supreme influence of a purely athletic body is acquiesced in it sets a fashion for the School that we can't stem." He criticises the amount of leave, and of holidays, the shortness of lesson hours, the want of training in teaching of the masters. "I do think the time is coming for a fresh emphasis on work and 'business,' and I do think that the outside opinion of a few O. E.'s bears with you more weight than it should." They are weighty words, and Warre felt them to be such. He loved the writer and welcomed the criticism; but 1901 was a little late,

formed a somewhat adverse opinion of the other. "I was obliged to leave them alone to smoke," says Sir Herbert, "and they soon became the best of friends." Apparently Walker asked Warre what the hours of school work were at Eton. Warre named them, and went on to explain that these hours constituted only about half a boy's week-work. Walker expressed his surprise rather ambiguously, and Warre, conceiving the opinion that Walker had misunderstood him, went on to dilate on pupil-room and the necessary sapping out of school. His interlocutor led him on as long as possible and then, in his most sardonic tone, "Do you mean to say, Dr. Warre, that you have the face to make the boys work such long hours? I call it scandalous, sir, scandalous!" Warre afterwards told his host, "I had thought him a mere crammer, though no doubt a genius at it; but he is nothing of the sort, his ideas on education are thoroughly sound." And Walker, for his part, said he had expected to find Warre pompous and stuck up, "but I was all wrong, he is a splendid fellow, though very innocent about the difficulties of the world."

Warre once told Major Godsal, à propos of the accusation so often levelled against himself of being a mechanical disciplinarian, that in reorganising the School he had not at all consciously copied any military system, but that there was only one way to organise men or boys under discipline; and as the soldiers had adopted that, those who wished for success as schoolmasters must do likewise; that this was a basic reform which made other reforms possible. After all, to what did the terrible innovations introduced in his first three years amount? Mainly to three things¹: the creation of the School Office; the introduction of Trials in each half; and his visits of inspection to Divisions. These changes were

¹ A minor reform, instituted at once, was that, in the future, a master should be regarded as upon probation during his first two years, and could be asked to resign, without any cause shown, at the end of any half during those two years.

at once voted by the "slackers" to be hard and mechanical.

It was the first of these that perhaps attracted most attention; it looked so like an Orderly Room. Through this Office, in the little room under Upper School, where the compiler of this book was once up to Monsieur Lerambert,¹ was to pass, and did pass, all the "business" of the School; it was a clearing-house for masters, and a place to which boys could go at any time and receive an answer upon any point of School discipline or duty. We, of an older generation, used to take our Georgics to the Headmaster's butler, who found them useful for lighting fires. Henceforth such documents would have to be handed in to Sergeant Osborn, whom Warre placed at the head of the new office. So far from infringing the traditional liberty of the boys, School Office at once made their lives easier for them. Præpostors no longer had to toil round in dark, unknown passages and butlers' pantries smelling of breakfast, themselves breakfastless, in the endeavour to discover why Snooks mi. had not been in early school. Lists of absentees, with the reasons of their absence were henceforth sent to Sergeant Osborn from each House every morning.

So severe was the work of the Office that Mr. Gaffney,² who succeeded Osborn on the latter's death in 1891, nearly resigned after three months of it, "and he had been quartermaster-sergeant in a Militia regiment, and therefore knew what work meant." [P. T. G.]

¹ Than whom no French master in a story-book was ever more helpless—with a wild Division of Remove. M. Lerambert disappeared at the end of 1869, and we boys had the legend that he became a leader of the Paris Commune of 1871, and was shot.

² Warre soon developed as great a regard for Gaffney as he had felt for Osborn, and there are several delightful records in the diary, between 1905 and 1909, of Gaffney's visit to his late master at Finchampstead. Among the brave deeds of the war-time it is pleasant to record Gaffney's fine patriotism in coming back to Eton, after his own retirement, to the severe labours of the School Office, when his son-in-law and successor, Captain Baker, went to fight. (Mr. Gaffney has died since this was written.)

School Office, then, was an alleviation not an intensification of the woes of masters and boys. What really frightened both was New Trials. Mr. Ainger¹ makes the startling statement (and I have found no evidence against it) that before 1884 all Trials' Papers in the Upper School, except the Mathematical papers, were set and looked over by the Headmaster and by him alone. Trials occurred only once a year for every boy in the school until he reached Upper Division, after which he simply moved up by seniority. And as, of Collegers at least, the sixteen boys in the Head's Division would nearly always be boys in their last year, or last year but one, it might easily happen that a small boy who had taken, say, Remove at ten years old, might be in Upper Division by fourteen and there languish, perhaps for three years, up to J—hnnny Y—ng— in Division II. Warre at once introduced the system by which every boy below the “First Hundred” had Trials every half, and every master was called upon to take his share in setting and marking papers.² The mapping out of an elaborate scheme for this purpose was one of the things at which Warre was adept. He could, moreover, rejoice in the fact that it was the “ordinary boys,” our old friends Gyas and Cloanthus, whose education gained and whose intelligence was stimulated by the new system. Yet perhaps, for exceptionally clever and industrious boys, New Trials were rather a hindrance than not, for they necessarily involved the abandonment of Divisional “Collections,” and this meant some loss to the best boys in the best-taught divisions. The present Headmaster, speaking about New Trials, calls it

“Warre's most characteristic creation and a wonderful one. I like to think,” he says, “that Warre regarded

¹ *Eton Sixty Years Ago*, p. 110.

² Happily for those masters who “went temporary” during the war, the addition of the marks was done in School Office. They were not all equally good arithmeticians.

the School as a great army on the march, the pace of which must necessarily be kept uniform. The disadvantages are obvious, but I can't imagine any better plan for the backbone of the School. Warre cared more for the whole than for the individual, and I do not think he would have relished tackling the problem of specialisation which has become so insistent of late years."

That is certainly true; nay, I think he would have been, and was, shocked at the growth of this insidious disease of specialisation. I shall have more to say on this point below.

Warre's third great innovation was his introduction of surprise visits to Divisions during school hours. Whether or not there was in this any conscious copying of Arnold I do not know, but Stanley¹ records that Arnold devoted two lessons every week to the hearing in succession of every form in the school. The boys, I think, rather enjoyed Warre's visits, certainly more than the masters did. Endless tales, we may well believe, are told of them. I select as illustrations three or four accounts, the first from the Provost of King's—

"So perturbing was the experience to some masters that, on one of these occasions, a highly respected and very efficient colleague is recorded to have gathered up the fragments of blotting paper from his desk and with them to have wiped his heated brow."

The Lower Master says

"His visits to schoolroom were tremendous, there is no other word for it. The door flew open and in he swept. The boys sprang up with palpitating hearts, and the master looked suddenly bewildered. Yet there was

¹ Stanley's *Arnold*, i. 125. "These visits were too transient for boys to become familiar with him; but great interest was always excited by them, and, though the chief impression was always one of extreme fear, the boys were also struck by the way in which his examinations elicited from them whatever they knew, as well as by the instruction they got from merely hearing his questions."

nothing to fear; the awe was that naturally felt in the presence of Majesty. Warre would very soon take up his parable, and the danger was past: the words were sometimes hard to understand, but the voice commanded—for occasionally he would plunge into a sort of moral exhortation to us—duty, modesty, honour. His favourite note was *Verecundia: pudor, qui primus Virtutis honos*.¹ I used to think of these words in connection with him afterwards, and they never occur to me without a mental image of his face. Once an appeal to us to make full use of our talents occupied a whole school."

Archdeacon Sydney James, admitting that his dove-cot was very considerably fluttered by Warre's visits, adds that

"sometimes I used adroitly to draw the lesson we were doing, when he entered, on to something in connection with ancient shipping, and then the Head would go off at score, and we were safe till the end of the lesson."

But perhaps the best of all the stories comes from an intimate friend of my own, who as a boy was present at what he calls one of Warre's "rather spectacular entrances":

"There was a big, rather stupid, boy in our Division, on whom the master 'had a down'; and the master had just made this boy stand up and had chalked ASS on his back. In came Warre and up stood we. 'Sit down, boys, sit down'; then, fixing his eyes on the victim, 'Sit down, ——. Some silly fellow has been writing his name on your back.' The boy sat down, and, stupid as he was, saw the joke all right. The master turned scarlet

¹ The "moral addresses" were no doubt the exception; more commonly the Head would pick up the threads of the lesson, if it were at all in his line, and go on with it, always quoting, if it were on a classical subject, with endless felicity. He loved inspecting French Divisions; both M. Hua and M. Roublot were dear friends of his (as the affectionate letters of the latter, which only cease in 1918, prove). Warre was a very good French scholar, though his accent was not perfect.

to the roots of his hair ; the Division all but exploded with glee. But Warre went on with the lesson, whatever it was, with a face of absolute guilelessness. It was an admirable bit of comedy, which, I expect, the master (who, *inter alia*, was an awfully good fellow) never forgot."

Finally, I suppose every one has heard the story of Warre, as he sought to leave a Division, going to the wrong door, opening it, and shutting himself into a tall cupboard by mistake.

Two new institutions, one wholly, the other largely, due to Warre (both started before his Headmastership, but when he was already practically able to start almost anything he pleased), seem to call for notice rather here than in an earlier chapter. One of these, the School of Mechanics, looked like being a failure from its birth. The first suggestion of it came in a letter from Warre to Hornby, February 3, 1879. It was designed to teach boys who were likely to go to the Colonies, or likely to have the practical management of large estates, the rudiments of engineering, forge-work, and carpentry. Warre, always *μεγαλόψυχος*, built and equipped at his own expense a large plain building in Common Lane, with a large hall, called the " Drill Hall " on the ground floor (this could be used for lectures, and might be equipped with a miniature shooting-range), and behind it a building of three stories, as a School of Practical Mechanics. It was opened in September, 1879, under the guidance of Mr. Newton, an old " Warrior " and a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. There was a gas-engine to supply the motive power, a smithy, forges, and a carpenter's shop ; a drawing and designing room, and an instructor's office. There was ample room for more boys than were likely to be using it. Boys were to pay an entrance fee of five guineas and a subscription of five guineas per term. Admirable as the scheme might have proved to be in some new or " modern " school, it

was long before it "caught on" at Eton. Already in 1881 the institution was offering its wares for sale, "oars and sculls" among them. Mr. Newton departed at the end of the summer half of 1882, and eventually the College bought the remainder of the lease and the buildings. In 1886 Warre had to announce that it was practically at its last gasp; in 1893, however, some £400 was generously subscribed by masters to keep it afloat for a time. Four years later it was again nearly empty; but in 1899 Warre and Mr. Dyer, who had taken charge of it, installed, by the advice of Mr. H. F. Donaldson, some lathes worked by electric power. This at once increased the popularity and usefulness of the School. Since 1900 it has paid its way satisfactorily, and at the present date, as I am informed by Major R. M. Wright, M.C., the number of boys using it in the two winter halves is well over one hundred.

Warre can hardly be held responsible for the comparative failure of a much more noble, yet more unpractical, scheme, that of the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick. In 1880 the air of England was thick with similar schemes, "hostels," "settlements," "halls," "missions," to enable the rich to understand and sympathise with the poor. They have worked well, infinitely well, for those men and women of brave hearts who have gone and lived at their centres; they have done much to encourage and help individual families who were struggling to raise themselves in the social scale. But it must also be confessed that they have done little to bring rich and poor as a whole on to a common level, and little to leaven the mass of unthrift and squalor which pullulates in the East End of London and in many large towns. Where they have succeeded it has generally been owing to the talents and devotion of some particular individual missionary, whether lay or cleric. Warre was the first Treasurer of the Eton Mission 1880-84, and he retained his interest in it to the end of his life. He delighted in

tracing its growth from Mr. William Carter's ¹ first meetings of twenty or thirty poor people in a back kitchen, and a Sunday school of forty scholars, to the full-blown splendour of Bodley's ² church (perhaps the most beautiful modern building of the kind in London), which holds eight hundred people and is always full on Sundays at Evensong, four hundred scholars in the school, and a full equipment of clubs and games—all this in the dingy brick wilderness of North East London.

Yet, with very few exceptions, the scheme has failed to interest the School. It is too far away; but if it were in the slums of Slough or Windsor the tale would be the same. Let us be frank, and say such things are not "natural" subjects of interest even to the most high-minded boys; they belong to the next decade of life immediately *after* boyhood.³ Moreover, the population of Hackney Wick ⁴ is a running stream; few people stay long in any one house. As they rise or fall in the world, they move on to more, or to less, reputable areas. And so, to most generations of boys, the Mission has become merely a conduit-pipe for money subscriptions—one more expense to be debited to their parents. Did ever a boy buy a fives-ball the less, eat a strawberry mess the less, in order to give money to a mission which he never saw and was never likely to see? If he did, he was ἢ θεὸς ἢ θηρίον.⁵ The really valuable part of the work has been done by Old Etonians resident in London,

¹ Now Archbishop of Cape Town, a constant and affectionate correspondent of Warre's.

² Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., was deeply versed in the mysteries and traditions of Gothic art, but his erudition did not go hand-in-hand with business ability, and Warre's patience was often sorely tried during the erection of this church.

³ "He who is not a Socialist at twenty has no heart; he who is one at forty has no head."—[A. H.]

⁴ Total average about 8000 or 9000.

⁵ The compiler feels that he will be scolded for this opinion, and also for his belief that sermons in School chapels on behalf of Foreign Missions and the like are very much overdone, or, rather, that the collection, which is the inevitable sequel of such, is either a complete unreality, or else cruelly unfair to boys.

and by Masters and Masters' wives at Eton, and is still being done by them. And, with the exception of the glorious church, the buildings are now rather a millstone round the neck of the parish. I do not know how far Warre understood the risk or appreciated the failure; there are occasional notices in the diary indicating that he realised more than once that a financial crisis was not far off. He preached at Hackney Wick on June 18, 1905, received a presentation from the Mission in 1906, and attended a dinner got up on its behalf in the same year.

But let us turn again for a moment to the period of the three great initial reforms. They produced one result which certainly startled their author; Warre received in his first year a great many letters from old Etonians asserting that he was ruining the School by these changes, "destroying the old traditions of Eton," etc. Some of these letters actually contained personal abuse.¹ Even more startling and unexpected was the new Headmaster's treatment by his first Sixth Form, especially by the Collegers. Some of these young persons, accustomed to the graceful and polished scholarship of Hornby's lessons, to the perfect felicity of phrase and the delicate quips² with which his instruction was seasoned, chose to consider Warre's laboured and rather massive learning to be beneath their notice; they yawned and were rude in School. Warre's utter guilelessness unfitted him to deal with such treatment, which was continued off and on for nearly two years:

¹ This fact I derive, from more than one source, by private information. No such letters survive—and their destruction is a great proof of Warre's magnanimity. Nor does the diary, which so constantly records Warre's most private feelings, allude to them, nor to the trouble with Sixth Form mentioned in the next sentences.

² Hornby delighted in the gentle malice of putting a boy on to construe any passage containing an allusion to the construer; thus, to a boy known as "the Bull," and not rejoicing in the name, who was stumbling and blushing over *Βουβαίς*: "Should we not render it 'bully-boy'?"

"At the end of that time, tired and discouraged, as he more than once told me, he sat down one night and wrote to the Provost a letter of resignation. Luckily he determined to sleep a night on it before dispatching it; and in the morning, 'I said to myself, "No, no, I won't be beaten by a pack of boys."' So he tore the letter up. Within five years he offered to one of the ringleaders of this gang a classical mastership, and the offer was accepted."—[E. L. C.]

Even the greeting of the Ascham Society's¹ poet, at the 1885 meeting of that admirable and witty company, was not wholly without an undertone of criticism—

"First comes our Chief, who won his place,
And holds it with a cheery grace;
He heaved with neck and shoulder through,
And did more work than twenty do,
And, born to rule where others tired,
He held his own nor help required.
Not grudgingly the change we see
From Hildebrand to Gregory,
(Urit enim fulgore suo
Who likes a solo, not a duo)
And welcome him to hold the sway
Whom all harmoniously obey."

And by the end of his third year, if not earlier, boys and masters alike had realised that the new force had come to stay, that the old traditions were not destroyed but rather invigorated, that Eton had in fact entered upon an era in which it was not only to keep its place as the leading public school in Britain, but to increase its lead by several lengths. And so Mr. Parker [*Eton in the Eighties*, pp. 278 *seqq.*] could write—

"There was no man at Eton in all my time, and perhaps none before or after it, who commanded the honour and affection that were given to Edmond Warre. Boys laugh at many things, and many men, but not at such things as he stood for. The School knew him through every instinct that a boy has. . . . We knew that he meant what he said and that he meant us to understand it. . . . I believe that most of us who were

¹ A Masters' Club which held periodical meetings to read papers and discuss points of literary and artistic interest.

under him will look back on our years at School and think of him as the greatest man we have known."

The Lower Master adds, "The public acceptance of all that he said or did was a feature of those years."

To this generalisation there must, I think, be one exception. I have in my possession a little (undated) sketch of two chimneys on Lupton's Buildings: it is called "Eton Repairs New and Old," and is accompanied by the following minatory adaptation of Horace (Odes, III. 3):—

Sed Bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii (?)
Rebusque fidentes avitæ
Tecta velint reparare. . . .

It is an exquisite jest, and in the exquisite and well-known hand-writing of one of Warre's best friends. The Headmaster was by no means deficient in that artistic taste which is hereditary in his family, but it was an educated rather than a natural taste; and as a builder he had three defects: he conceived on a scale too large, he was too "practically-minded," he was in a hurry. In the autumn and winter of 1885 letters begin to appear in the *Chronicle* to the effect that Upper School is to be turned into a School Library and the panelling sacrificed;¹ and that Savile House,² Weston's, and all between them, are to be pulled down and (among other things) a more convenient house for the Headmaster be erected in their place. Soon there was a poem in the same paper signed "Ichabod," and beginning—

"Time-honoured turrets dimly red;"

and then a leader, against the proposed changes, but enumerating the needs which the Headmaster had

¹ If Upper School could have been made into a library *without* any injury to, or concealment of, the panelling it would have been an ideal site. Sir William Anson seems to have favoured the scheme.

² Hawtrey was the first Headmaster to inhabit Savile House; by 1884 the increase of heavy traffic on the Slough road had long made sleep a difficulty there, and the seven beautiful chimneys were being shaken to pieces by that traffic.

expressed—the need for more schoolrooms, for a big room to hold the whole School, for a new Lower Chapel, for staying-out rooms for Collegers, for a Headmaster's house.¹ Happily for Eton these needs were all eventually satisfied, and satisfied during Warre's own Headmastership, without the destruction of any really time-honoured buildings, although the old School Library (which, after all, only dated to 1844) had to be sacrificed to make the needful provision for the health of the Collegers. But Warre long resisted the move into Cloisters, which was the obvious solution of the problem of a residence for himself. It was perhaps a remnant of the old antagonism between "the School" and "the College;" the Cloisters were the ancient lair of the sleepy old Fellows. Also "Warre felt," says H. V. M., "that he would be less in touch with the whole life of the School if he lived so far away." He was always a bad *déménageur*, a bad mover and a bad movee; he always groaned "chaos" when he came into a new house, but would soon set to work to make alterations on an extensive scale which did not always commend themselves to lovers of the picturesque old Eton of their boyhood.

There is, indeed, something to be said for the view (originally, I believe, expressed by the late G. D. Leslie, R.A.) that, with regard to old churches at least, two classes of persons should be carefully watched: clergymen should be allowed to enter them, but only when blindfolded, and architects should never be allowed to approach within a mile of them. The best buildings of an old school should perhaps be guarded by the latter of these provisions. But the consideration of space in

¹ A pathetic protest (in defence of the old buildings) called *Noblesse Oblige* was privately printed in that winter; and there is also a clever satirical brochure [Shelf BB in School Library] with some illustrations called "Some Views and Opinions of Sparrow on Housetops extracted by Peccator Maximus." Not till June, 1886, were Upper School and the Weston's Yard houses completely saved, and then only by a narrow margin of votes in the Governing Body.

Eton has always been a problem, and since the large increase of the numbers of the School it has become more and more insistent.¹ And if little can be said from an artistic point of view for the buildings erected since 1884, it must be remembered that most of those erected during the century immediately before that year were little better, some of them very much worse.² Who does not remember the gaunt pile which we knew as "Wolley-Dods" (built by Bishop Chapman when he was an Assistant master)? For Warre's first efforts, his own first boarding house (Penn House, completed 1862), and the Drill Hall with the School of Mechanics attached to it (1879), little can be said. The height at which the windows were placed in the walls of the Drill Hall was necessary for the hanging of large maps on the walls; and it presents at least an honest façade to the street, while its roof of Bridgwater tiles is not very unlike that of some Lombard brick church. For the new boarding-houses erected since 1884, from the designs of Mr. Calcott, Warre can hardly be held responsible: the choice of architects was not entirely in his hands; and, indeed, architects, in the ordinary sense of the word, were not always employed. The glare of their new brickwork gives no promise of toning down.

In the new Lower Chapel and the new Queen's Schools the Headmaster was more directly interested.³ It was

¹ And it will continue to be insistent until the Governing Body takes the municipal bull by his parliamentary horns, and gets an Act to divert the Slough Road between the northern entrance to the College precincts and Windsor Bridge; and then buys up and pulls down three-fourths of the houses in Eton High Street and the appurtenances thereof.

² Perhaps all new school buildings (although modern Uppingham is said to be an exception) are almost inevitably ugly; the tercentenary speech room at Harrow is admitted to be so. Everything recently added at Winchester has gone far to spoil the old buildings:

"A lesson sadly teaching to our cost
That architecture's noble art is lost."

³ It looks as if Warre had successfully forced the hand of the Governing Body: in 1887 they had set aside £3000 to accumulate

after consultation with Lord Leighton, P.R.A., that Sir Arthur Blomfield was selected as the architect. Warre had hoped for a real echo of College Chapel, and had wished it to be placed on the south instead of on the north side of the new quadrangle ; it would then have been more secluded, and a fine feature as viewed from Barnes Pool Bridge. It was the difficulty of obtaining a solid foundation that led to the adoption of the present site ; and yet (so great was the haste) the architect (or perhaps his contractor) failed to realise the strength of the subterranean Thames in flood time, and the result was that, within a few years of the Chapel's completion in 1891, a serious and costly underpinning became necessary. We may perhaps claim a graceful outline for the building, but it lacks, especially in its pinnacles, the finer features of the best Gothic work. At the south-west corner of the quadrangle was built the large lecture-room, the gift to the School of the Headmaster and of his old friend, Heywood-Lonsdale ; no one can call it beautiful either within or without, but it is admirably adapted for its purpose. So are the groups of schoolrooms which adjoin it on the east and which also form the eastern side of the quadrangle ; but the material employed, yellow stone with a harsh brick surface, is unpleasing to the eye. To these buildings, inaugurated by the Queen with great pomp in 1889, Sir Thomas Jackson, Bart., R.A., added in later years laboratories and a Museum of a much more satisfactory exterior, the latter being a memorial to a boy called Lawson, who lost his life in the fire of 1903. Warre always delighted in the work of his old friend Jackson, to whom also was due the transference of the hideous old Racquet-courts into the very convenient, and not ungraceful, Music-rooms.¹

for the building of Lower Chapel ; in 1888 they agreed to build the chapel at once for £8900. It must be confessed that they were far too prone to accept the lowest tender for the building both in this and in other instances.

¹ The moulded brick doorways of these are a real achievement.

In 1893 all threats to Savile House were put to rest when Warre moved into his new house in the north-east angle of the Cloisters; ¹ three of the old "Fellows' Lodgings" were taken up by this, and Mr. Nutt, the resident architect of Windsor Castle, cleared away partitions and inserted a fine oaken staircase. The result was seen in three very noble rooms, a dining-room, a drawing-room, and a study; but guests have been sometimes perplexed in trying to find their bedrooms; and that can hardly be called a satisfactory house in which an open cloister lies between the servants' hall and the kitchen.

Although Warre's demand for one large room, in which he could address the whole School, was actually granted by vote of the Governing Body in February, 1885, and though it was carried that property should be sold to provide the funds for its erection, these votes were never translated into action until 1901, in spite of the fact that the Headmaster never abated his demand. But in the latter year he found an efficient ally. Before the end of the Boer War there was a feeling abroad that some worthy memorial should be raised to commemorate the large number of Etonians who had already fallen in it; and Lord Roberts, from the War Office, answers, on July 12, a letter of Warre's dated July 7, warmly supporting the proposal to erect a Memorial Hall and a new School Library, and thinks it would be better to bring the matter forward at once without waiting for the end of the war. The scheme did not lack opponents, some dreading the supersession of Upper School as a speech-room, others crying out against any utilitarian scheme, and praying for a "definitely religious" Memorial. A great meeting

¹ The question of a more fitting Headmaster's house appears on the Minute-Books of the Governing Body as early as 1880, in connection with a discussion on the lodgings in Cloisters likely to become vacant in the near future. But no suggestion for a Cloister site was then made. Warre raised the question again immediately on his own appointment.

was held at the Mansion House in the following June with Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the first Etonian Lord Mayor of London for over a century, in the chair. Warre there made one of his very few triumphant speeches, and entirely carried his audience with him. He and Lord Roberts had already fixed on the site, and the prospect of having at last an excuse for pulling down "Wolley-Dods," allured many who might otherwise have been lukewarm. A large Executive Committee, with Warre as Chairman, was appointed, and also a Committee of Taste, which was to report its deliberations to the Executive. The scheme was to include a room to house the very valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities which Major Myers, the late adjutant of the Corps, had bequeathed to the School.

The Committee of Taste reported in favour of the principle of the scheme, and, in addition, recommended the enrichment of the east end of College Chapel; this part of the Memorial was carried out, to the satisfaction of many people, after the designs of Mr. T. B. Carter. Indeed, it is now generally admitted that the sanctuary (since the glaring colour of the great eastern window was toned down) is as solemn and as beautiful as any in the kingdom, and Mr. Luxmoore's noble gift of Morris tapestry¹ has gone far to enhance this beauty. When it came to the question of the Great Room and the Library, Warre—*omnia magna loquens*—laid down the largest dimensions, and designs were asked for. Sir Norman Shaw, who was chosen as assessor, selected from sixteen such designs that of Mr. L. K. Hall. The foundation stone was laid among the dismantled foundations of the "gaunt pile" (and also, alas! among those of the dear little low house which an older generation had known as "Drury's") in 1905, and three years later (November, 1908) the Hall was opened by King

¹ The tapestry was given in 1895, but removed to the east end in 1905.

Edward,¹ with a genial speech which was full of wise counsel.

The compiler of this book feels quite unable to pass a fair judgment upon a building which is, to say the least of it, in startling contrast to that to which it stands opposite. I shall therefore content myself with quoting, first the words of one friend, an old Etonian and a professional architect of great taste and judgment, who says—

“It must be conceded that the building is not successful with the public, but that is partly because every novelty at Eton is at first condemned. Some will have it that it was pusillanimous, some that it was overbold, to use grey bricks, with such wonderful examples of red brick across the way; some say that there is too much ornament and that it conveys no definite message. Those who go deeper complain that it lacks ‘composition,’ the two bulks of Hall and Library contending for the mastery. Yet any one comparing it, not with Upper School and Weston’s Yard, but with any of the more recent surroundings, must at least confess that it is not ill-bred, and is a far more true interpretation of the Renaissance style than, *e.g.*, the New Schools are of the Gothic. The interior of the Hall is very stately, but with two serious faults: the section of the ceiling appears less than a semi-circle, and therefore does not spring convincingly from the capitals of its pillars, and the acoustic properties are by no means good. The orchestral end, in the original design the most beautiful part of the whole, has never been completed, and the general effect of the interior is therefore deplorably maimed. The Library is emphatically one of the most noble and cheerful of rooms, though the over-ornamentation counters the effect of the whole.”

My other quotation, from the words of a friend who stood with me one early summer dawn at “Burning Bush,”² simply runs, “Look on this picture and on this:

¹ The Library was only opened in 1910.

² The modern name for the lamp outside New Schools’ Yard.

here is what Sir Christopher Wren built, and here is what they think he would have built.”¹

Warre had several other plans in his head, and among them a small new quadrangle in Brewhouse Yard, but this was (happily) rejected. The fact remains that he was a great builder, who left his mark very legibly upon Eton, and it is the Memorial Building that constitutes his greatest work. If much of his work was too “practical,” the answer must probably be that the School needed a vast amount of new room and needed it at once. There is much evidence that during Hornby’s later years Eton was badly handicapped by insufficiency of space, by overcrowded divisions, by an inadequate staff, and that Hornby, while constantly representing these needs to the Governing Body, was as constantly met by its answer, “but whence is the money to come?” and that he acquiesced in the rebuff. Warre would not and did not acquiesce, and he triumphed and got his way. Sir William Anson, when he became in 1884 a member of the Governing Body (and it is fairly plain that no one except perhaps Lord Morley, 1871–1905, since the death in 1876 of the fourth Lord Lyttelton, had had so much influence therein) on the whole supported his old tutor in his demands; Hornby, as Provost, was generally found upon the side of caution and *festina lente*. A regular “Improvement of Buildings Committee” was appointed and reported from time to time. There is a letter from Anson dated August 29, 1895, in which he actually gives way, after some rather sharp controversy,² and says “We *ought* to give you more rooms if you want them; the money *will* always be forthcoming, if by no other means, then by raising the School fees.”

¹ Upper School is commonly, but wrongly, attributed to Wren, yet every brick of it speaks of his noble style and period.

² He had complained of the increase of the numbers of the School and the overfulness of the houses. Warre answered that “We are better housed now with 1000 boys than in 1860 with 800 when, in a Dame’s House, boys were often two in a room;” and went on to attack the College rather fiercely for refusing to find money for various objects of expansion.

One of the few things Warre failed to get built was a new Sanatorium ; he wanted to build it at the northern end of Agar's Plough, and to turn the present Sanatorium into a Choir School. Always in his mind was the superior accommodation existing at much smaller, newer, and poorer schools. Before each Statutory Meeting of the Governing Body it was his habit to draw up and print a review of the subjects which he wished its members to consider. These documents cost him much time and thought. In them from the very first there appear, besides those demands which I have already mentioned, suggestions for much smaller divisions ; ¹ for a readjustment of the prize-fund, of the entrance-fee-fund, of the School-fund ; ² for new cricket grounds ; for a new physical laboratory ; for a retiring scheme, and a pension scheme for masters ; ³ for a great increase in the staff ; ⁴ for adequate provision against fire ; for the lengthening of all French and Mathematical Schools to one hour ; for the breaking-up of Absence into sections ; for unfettered power for himself in the appointments to Houses.

Warre was frequently, indeed generally, asked to present himself at the beginning of the Meetings of the

¹ " Not to exceed thirty."

² Warre, whose salary, apart from the " residence kept in tenantable repair and free of rates and taxes," mainly consisted of the school-fees annually paid by Oppidans and a payment made by the College on behalf of the Collegers, lost over £1000 a year by the transference of the entrance fees to the School-fund. For this reason he asked the Governing Body to relieve him of the cost of prizes and leaving books, to pay his assistant in Sixth Form, and to pay the Clerk of School Office. It was Warre's successor who first received a fixed stipend.

³ Before his time there was no scheme for retirement, and pensions, if given at all, were wholly at the pleasure of the Governing Body. Just before Warre's own election one of the rather inefficient old masters wanted to retire ; he had been promised a pension of £200, but now declared that he could not retire unless it were immediately raised to £400. This was almost blackmail, and was successful. But what an awkward position it was for a Headmaster to find his subordinates so firmly entrenched that such a capitulation was necessary !

⁴ Two new French, two new German Masters, one new Classical Master, were granted at once.

Governing Body, and to explain his schemes, and he was always sure of an attentive, if not of a sympathetic, hearing. He then withdrew and the Provost was deputed to convey to him by letter the results of his applications. It must not be supposed that these applications were often made without previous consultation with his colleagues, of whom Edward Austen-Leigh was always his *fidus Achates*, as well as his wisest critic. To his colleagues he would circulate, a week or two before the meetings of the Governing Body, a long document asking for full and frank criticism on such subjects as the rearrangement of the time-table of lessons, the number of boys in a division, the length of school hours,¹ the position of the Army Class; this last he always found unsatisfactory, and he desired to abolish it (at least in its existing form) altogether. He believed that the ordinary school teaching, if efficiently applied, ought to be enough to get a boy through the examinations for Sandhurst and Woolwich. Here, however, the War Office baffled him, and the Army Class, which he subsequently made strenuous efforts to improve, has gone lumbering along ever since. Another constant preoccupation, which ended in comparative failure, was the difficulty of dealing with the entry lists, and this became acute, owing to the very prosperity of the School, and to the increasing numbers of parents who wished to send their sons thither. Anson once called Warre's attention to the hardship on the boys already in the School when a great or famous House (*e.g.* his own) had to be broken up on a master's retirement or promotion:

“Couldn't something be done to ensure permanence to a House? A House is like a College, and one with

¹ The “long school” (two hours) on Tuesday morning for verses, and the long mathematical school for “extra-works,” the abolition of construing in pupil room, the division of the School into blocks, A—F (and hence the felicitous new title of “Block-head” for certain masters in rotation) were among his early and successful innovations.

good traditions is so valuable a thing that it ought not to be allowed to disappear by the accidents of the master's life." [August 22, 1895.]

But there was more in the difficulty than that. Unless masters are to be allowed to "cook" their entry lists, or unless all House-lists and all vacancies are to be absolutely under the control of the Headmaster, the problem, which is present in many successful public schools, will continue to baffle the authorities of the present day as it baffled Warre.

While upon this subject I cannot pass over without notice a "Private and Confidential Letter" to his colleagues, dated May 5, 1888. It is a wise, brave, and very characteristic document, condensable as follows:—

"It all looks well, numbers increasing, more work done by the majority of boys, moral tone outwardly better, every outward reason to congratulate ourselves. Yes; but is this only show? is the work really thorough? are our morals really better? It is our duty to ask ourselves these questions and to quicken our own observation. I rejoice in the greater freedom of intercourse between masters and boys, both in games and in leisure hours, but I urge discretion in talk about subjects other than work; talk about other masters or other boys is not always harmless: criticisms of authority *coram pueris* are dangerous. . . . For a master to come into school bringing with him a strong odour of tobacco is neither wise nor kindly. . . . There are some 300 boys who now, in this summer half, may be getting neither games nor rowing; do we know what they are doing? I don't want any *espionage* or prying, but I do want you all to realise that a master is never off duty; the rules as to "bounds" must be kept up, undesirable strangers seen talking to boys should be noticed; the increase of steam launches, trains, small villas near Eton (especially at Datchet)¹ make vigilance

¹ Compare diary, December 23, 1884, "Mem. Taboo" . . . and there follows a list of undesirable people in the neighbourhood of Eton whom boys are forbidden to visit, reasons for each prohibition being given.

necessary. . . . Finally, my brethren, *do* be punctual in school."

The anxiety about fire was incessant and in view of the tragedy of 1903 it is remarkable that little was done to meet the danger. As early as 1875 the College had voted a sum not to exceed £600 to provide a system of waterpipes, hydrants, standpipes, and hose. In 1889 Warre brought his anxiety before the Governing Body and was authorised to consult Captain Shaw of the London Fire Brigade as to the best means of precaution ; Shaw's advice was found to be quite worthless, or was given perfunctorily. In 1890 each House-master was asked to report on the means provided for escape in his house. The view of the Governing Body seems to have been that the responsibility lay rather with the several House-masters than with the College, and in January, 1903, only five months before the disaster, a circular was sent to them asking them to make adequate provision, and adding "it is advisable that the boys in every house should have fire-drill once or twice a school-time, and that each and all should be taught what to do in case of emergency."

Drains were another serious question. There was a great "Assize of Drains" in the several houses held in 1894, and many systems were found to be quite unsatisfactory. They had hardly been repaired before a flood higher than the famous "Duke of Wellington's flood" of 1852, which Warre remembered as a boy, was upon us, and the sequence of the two circumstances produced one of Warre's happy epigrams.¹ In the

¹ Bishop Selwyn wrote to him on November 18 : " I enclose you an impromptu growl from an angry (?) guardian :

" At first the drains stole time away,
And now the floods come into play ;
We wish that Eton would take pains
To drain its floods or flood its drains."

To which Warre answered :

" Thanks for your letter and the guardian's growl
Which terrifies us not like Thames his roar,

Chronicle of December 6, 1894, there is a picture of the flood in the High Street with a punt going down the middle. The ground floors of four of the houses were deep in water; the School had to be dismissed and Warre fled to Baron's Down. The maximum above summer-level at Barnes Pool was, on November 17, 8 feet 4½ inches. An adventure on the floods which happened to one of the masters, luckily with no ill consequences, was wrongly described in the newspapers as "Narrow Escape of Dr. Warre from drowning."

Before we part wholly from the questions of space and expansion mention must be made of two great additions to the amenities of Eton of which one was wholly, the other largely, due to Warre's initiative and energy, the establishment of Queen's Eyot as a goal for the wet-bobs, and the purchase of Agar's Plough and the adjoining land to make new cricket and football grounds.

"About the year 1898," says E. L. C., "he became dissatisfied with Surly Hall; it was not far enough for an afternoon's row, especially after rollers had been placed at Boveney Lock: but the boys wanted some place at which to get tea, and Warre was warmly received by Colonel Van de Weyer, the riparian owner, when he solicited from him a lease of the island known as Queen's Eyot about a mile above Surly. It was in fact given by the generous owner to the School at a peppercorn rent. It looked an unpromising proposition when Warre and I first visited it in November, 1898, and struggled through a rank growth of weeds almost up to our shoulders. The whole island was below ordinary flood level, but nothing daunted the Head, and he had the level raised and a temporary tin shanty put up until a club house could be erected."

When with mad stream and eddying waters foul
 He enters without opening the door;
 Tell us to drain our floods? they are *not* ours!
 To flood our drains? well, well, if that's your fancy
 You must assume for us far higher powers;
 Nature comes first, and then the Conservancy!"

This, which in fact amounts to a lake-dwelling, is a simple but most effective pile-supported cottage flanked by broad verandahs, and was admirably designed by Sir Thomas Jackson. Soon after it was completed it was threatened by a foe more serious than a flood ; for the local authorities of Bray, in whose area it lies, stated that a wooden building contravened their bye-laws. Warre courteously invited them to meet him on the spot, greeted them on the Windsor shore and ferried them across to the condemned building. No exact record remains of the conversation that ensued, but it is clear that little mention was made of bye-laws, and that a perfectly *amicabilis concordia* was established. In order to ensure privacy a club was formed, with an annual subscription of five shillings from each boy. From 1900 onwards absence has been called at 6 p.m. in the summer on the Eyot by one of the River Masters. No greater boon has been given to wet-bobs since boating was first made legal.

In 1895 was accomplished the purchase of the new ground lying north of Datchet Lane and east of the Slough road, which was to make one of the finest, though certainly not as yet one of the most beautiful, cricket grounds in the world. It was not Warre who first conceived the idea, though he had been incessantly urging on the Governing Body, even from the date of his election, the need of more cricket and football grounds. And one fears it is not possible to acquit that Body of being culpably blind to the southward encroachment of the too flourishing borough of Slough. Its eyes were rudely opened towards the end of 1893 when it became known to a vigilant old Etonian that a piece of the Slough road frontage had actually been bought by some speculators and was to be sold in building lots. Warre took Lord Francis Hervey for a walk round the place "while it was still a Naboth's vineyard," and at once threw himself whole-heartedly into the scheme

for saving it. The most generous¹ among many generous masters promised to collect, or pay himself, a thousand pounds towards the purchase; £6500 was collected by the end of February, 1895, and the College found the remainder. In 1898 the new fields were divided into "Regions" which were allotted to groups of Houses. In the Lent Half of 1900 they were first used for the Athletic Sports. Warre loved planting and "laying-out" grounds, and his most triumphant achievement in this line was his treatment, arranged in collaboration with Sir Herbert Jekyll, of these cricket and football grounds; their trees are already (1921) in need of thinning. Sir Thomas Jackson's pavilion, aided by the bell-cupola and clock, the gift of Edward Austen-Leigh, must be regarded as an architectural success as such buildings go. The lands, moreover, are the salvation of Eton as an *enclave*: Warre grew to love them more and more, and even in his last long illness constantly insisted on being drawn in his bath-chair all along the boundary of them.

Eton is peculiarly fortunate in being *par excellence* a Royal Foundation, conceived, begun, and endowed by the most virtuous, if also the most hapless, of our kings; to Henry's memory she has been loyal and faithful throughout her history. Other sovereigns, and notably King George III., have been among her patrons. While some will say she is also fortunate, others may deem her to be somewhat the reverse, in her geographical situation under the shadow of Windsor Castle. "Royal visits" in one shape or another, have certainly formed an important, occasionally a disturbing, element in the

¹ He would complain of me if I were to mention his name. The "Eton Land Purchase Fund" of 1895 was neither the first nor the last breach into which he flung his impetuous soul and his heroic little body. An account of the whole transaction from the beginning, from the pen of one of its earliest supporters, Mr. A. C. Cole, will be found in the *Chronicle* of May 7, 1903; it was a pity that his suggestion to acquire powers to divert Datchet Lane was not also accepted.

programme of most summer halves. Warre was the most devoted of loyalists, and had a personal veneration for Queen Victoria of no measured kind. He was on many occasions a welcome guest at the tables of herself and of King Edward, and only his own failing health prevented his being similarly honoured by His present Gracious Majesty. He was honorary Chaplain to all three sovereigns; he was decorated both by Victoria (with the V.D. in 1893) and by Edward. No pains could be too great for him to take when his sovereign paid Her or His state visit to the school, and every one knows how admirable, how successful, his arrangements were upon such occasions. He was, however, occasionally a little disturbed when the late Emperor of Germany, on some of his many visits to his grandmother, would run down to Eton of a morning, expect to be taken for a walk in the playing fields, and engage the Head in a conversation on military tactics, or German *versus* English education. And it was perhaps even more disturbing to have to turn out and kotow to every Count of Schnippy-Schnappenhausen-Sonderburg-Unglücksburg who happened to be staying at the Castle, especially if the said Count presumed to ask for an "extra week's holiday" for the boys. The Governing Body had at last to pluck up courage and put such requests by with a courteous smile.

The greatest of all the royal receptions was undoubtedly that on Victoria's first Jubilee in 1887.¹

¹ It was Warre's own Jubilee too, for he was born in February, 1837, and his friend Kynaston sent him the following:

"Annos Troja decem bellantes sensit Achivos;
Lustra decem Bellum clausit, Etona, tuum.
Bella diu durent vegeto tibi tempora, Bellum;
Adde decem lustris altera lustra decem."

The greeting sent by Mr. H. G. Madan, the first regular Science Master at Eton, was almost neater because he coupled the Queen's name with the Headmaster's. How many science masters of the present day could write such pretty elegiacs?

"Gratulor ætatem decimum tibi claudere lustrum;
Bis decimum fauste claudat, amice, precor."

It was made memorable by two events, first by the fact that the Headmaster actually dreamed the words *and the air*¹ of *Post lustra decem Mater vera patriæ Regina Salve Victoria*, and secondly by the torchlight procession, conceived and organised wholly by Warre, and performed by the boys in the courtyard of Windsor Castle on June 22. The rehearsals for the latter performance were very numerous, and only Warre's patience and his enthusiasm for his excellent conception could have kept the boys from being bored or tired with their task. The Queen was delighted with it all,² sent for Warre and thanked him warmly, and bade him go and thank the boys. One of the most interesting results was a little pamphlet called "A Mid-summer Night Dream," by "E. V. B." (Mrs. Boyle of Huntercombe), giving an account of the proceedings, the words of the songs, and the music, in full, with diagrams of the several movements executed. In May, 1889, the Queen came to lay the foundation stone of the Schools to be called by her name:

"The Headmaster, with his genius for planned movement, had arranged for the timed comings and goings

Integræ florent veteres in corpore vires ;
 Floret vis animi consiliumque tui.
 Floreat ! en nostro arridet Victoria Bello,
 Vos salvete animis imperioque pares ! "

Warre answered :

"Non ego Dementi male respondere, quod olim
 Imposuit nomen Nix³ tibi, amice, velim :
 Ceperit ex voto si nos centesimus annus
 Sic iterum redeat littera nostra tibi."

¹ I am aware that the possibility of such a dream has been questioned ; but in the first place I deny that there are any limits to possibility in dreamland, and in the second, I myself, whose ignorance of music is past the belief of average men, have had an experience like that of Dr. Warre. As he took his air (before early school) to Dr. Barnby to be translated into notation, I have taken my own to a village schoolmaster with a like result.

² So much delighted, in fact, that in February, 1889, she asked the School to come up to the Castle and sing the Jubilee song (together with Barnby's setting of Tennyson's *Revenge* in the form of a cantata) over again to her.

³ Snow, afterwards Kynaston ; *Demens* = Mad 'un.

of more than 1000 spectators; the contractor had his men at work all night to clean and decorate the space, and the whole passed off perfectly." [Parker, p. 219.]

Warre dined with Her Majesty in the evening and she asked him how many boys there were? and did they not have too much liberty?

In 1891, while there was on view a loan collection of *Etoniana* which pleased every one except a critic in the *Saturday Review*,¹ the Emperor of Germany came down and inspected the Volunteers. It was on this occasion that an accident happened which might have changed the course of history: in the middle of a firing exercise a boy slipped a blank cartridge into his rifle and discharged it under the nose of the imperial horse. The horse started and reared, but the Emperor, in spite of his lame arm, sat it well. It became matter of common knowledge that the boy who did this was Foster Cunliffe (later, Captain of the Eton and Oxford Elevens, a Fellow of All Souls and a distinguished military historian); he was among the best beloved of more than eleven hundred Etonians who afterwards gave their lives to save Europe from the ambition of this Emperor.² And it was upon the same occasion that the present Vice-Provost saw the two immense German officers, who walked round Cloisters behind the Emperor, Dr. Hornby and Dr. Warre, kiss their hands to Dr. Barnby's maids at the window.

In 1897 there came Victoria's second Jubilee with a repetition of the torchlight ceremony; ³ it perhaps lacked the spontaneity of the first, but the year before

¹ Generally believed to have been one of Warre's discontented Sixth Form boys of 1884-85; he called the Loan Collection "a penny peepshow." The paper had "crabbed" Dr. Warre on several occasions.

² Nearly five years later (January 10, 1896) Warre wrote to his sister: "The young Kaiser will cause a European war if he does not take care. Perhaps he is anxious to distinguish himself as a leader of men."

³ On this occasion the Queen sent Warre a portrait of herself as a memento of her Diamond Jubilee.

Warre had had the first premonitory symptoms of his own long illness. At the opening of 1901 the great Queen's illness and death distressed the Headmaster much, but he enjoyed a long talk with King Edward in April and received the Victorian Order from him. King Edward's first state visit was June 21, 1902. It produced the Ode by Mr. Benson, set to music by Dr. Lloyd, "Lord of our Sea-girt Isle," which was sung in School Yard. Warre arranged all the details of the visit himself, even writing down where each constable was to be stationed. In the address in Warre's own hand occurs the curious mention of Henry VI. as "Your Majesty's Royal Ancestor," but perhaps Warre, though he did not know much Law, was thinking of the legal use of *antecessor*.

The new sovereign in fact understood the position of the School far better than his mother,¹ and it was one of his gracious acts to throw open the Home Park for the boys' supper on the Fourth of June; this made all the difference to the privacy of the ceremonies of that day. Moreover, a King who comes with his beautiful Queen and his Prince and Princess of Wales, to visit a school devoted to aquatics, in a gorgeous state barge rowed by scarlet watermen (as he came on June 13, 1904), is something worth looking at. No less was King Edward welcome when in 1908 he opened the New Memorial Buildings. When King George and Queen Mary paid their first state visit, with every circumstance of pomp and felicity on July 1, 1911, the Provost was fast going down hill (the last volume of the diary is nearly illegible), but a copy of the beautifully worded address to them in his own (and for this once almost his old) handwriting is before me. Finally, on June 16, 1913, there was a second and most successful state visit of the King,

¹ So ignorant was the old Court of the real conditions of Eton that in December, 1889, the Marquis of Lorne writes from Osborne asking that the names of three of his clansmen (Campbells) should be put down for the Headmaster's House.

Queen and Princess Mary, all the details of which passed through Warre's very infirm hands. There was a procession of boats and the Royal party had tea at the Lodge; it was then that His Majesty arranged that Prince Henry was to come to Eton as a boy in September of that year.

I must now endeavour to give an account of two or three changes, or foreshadows of change, which disturbed, and to some extent saddened, Warre's later years as Headmaster. *Opus aggredior opimum casibus, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.* In the volume of the diary for 1887 was inserted a printed paper of ill-omen for the future, containing a set of arguments in favour of a reduction of the amount of Greek to be taught at Public Schools. It was signed by Drs. Bell of Marlborough, Fearon of Winchester, and Welldon of Harrow. It is needless to say that it would never have been signed by Dr. Warre of Eton, who fought the losing battle in defence of civilisation to the last hour of his active life. Henceforth the fear was always with him, and most of all he feared direct parliamentary legislation aimed at the curriculum of all schools greater and lesser. In a document for circulation among colleagues (April, 1901) he says, "There has been since 1895 a steady decline of boys leaving Eton for the University and a rise in the number of those going into the Army; hence the outcry against Greek. Happily the Universities still require Greek; if they should cease to do so we might have to reconsider our position, though I do not believe that 'Modern Sides' have tended to good education at other schools." This is language of studied moderation: in private the Head's remarks upon the subject (at least to those who sympathised with his view) were much fiercer, or rather sadder. He was not often sarcastic or even (in a serious letter) humorous on such subjects, but in January, 1901, he had written to Hornby (for the Governing Body):

"It is increasingly evident that the private schools are sending up a larger proportion than formerly of boys who have not been taught any Greek or Verses. But it is not observable, as a consequence of this, that these boys show any general improvement in knowledge of history, of French, or of mathematics." His own attitude was one of sturdy resistance as long as possible. But this was conditioned by his belief in liberty with a big L. He avoided abstract generalisation on the subject, but I think that his mental process would be somewhat as follows:—You "modernists" are, I think, all wrong: the only sound basis for education, besides pure mathematics, can be found in the difficult task of "mashing up a dead language"; and Greek is the ideal subject for this process for two reasons, first because of its real difficulty, and secondly because the Greeks have bequeathed to us the greatest series of thoughts, both in prose and in poetry, on the greatest subjects in the world. But I suppose one ought to say, "I had rather see England free than cultivated": and if public opinion, a force which, personally, I wholly mistrust and dislike, cries out unmistakably for this change, I fear we shall have to give way. I only hope it won't come in my time, for I think I shall give way with a very ill grace.¹

¹ Professor G. G. Ramsay of Glasgow was an old friend and correspondent of Warre's: the first letter I have found of his (dated December 13, 1891) is about the "monstrous regiment of women" in the Universities, a question intimately connected with the crusade against Greek, and there are other letters full of admirable advice on the best methods of teaching boys to write Latin prose. But the most important of the series (December 20, 1902) plainly states the writer's opinion: "the demand to dismiss Greek is really a demand for easier subjects and less work . . . Let Oxford and Cambridge keep up the standard for the whole nation, not throw it down. Let their immense social prestige, which gives them the command, be used to preserve the edifice of national culture. You will *never* get modern 'useful' subjects pursued for any other objects than modernity and usefulness." This was entirely Warre's own view. Ramsay's letters are interesting as showing the opinion held of Warre's judgment in matters of scholarship by a great scholar. My readers will, I hope, forgive me for quoting a few more letters received by

No better expression of Warre's opinions in support of a liberal *versus* a technical education, in the Aristotelian sense of the words, can be given than in the notes he drew up (July 11, 1905) for an address to the *Incorporated Association of Headmasters*. He began by pleading for a closer intercourse with its "elder sister" the Headmasters' Conference, "of which I am one of the oldest members":

"It is difficult for us, immersed in details, to perceive the influences that are being brought to bear on education, and to distinguish between rational demands for change and the clamorous crudities of blatant utilitarianism. The state of Secondary Education, though perhaps not quite as chaotic as some believe it to be, is very far from perfect. The Act of 1902 has not left any of us where

Warre on this important subject. Alas, that, on January 13, 1900, such a scholar as Lord Rosebery should think that "our present crisis will necessitate an educational change, that we shall require more science and more modern languages, and to work harder. I have long thought that we cannot face the competition of the world on Latin and Greek; but I am afraid this is heresy to you." Mr. A. F. Walter (on October 14, 1901) is more sound: "With regard to education I have long despaired of that; the majority do not know the difference between education and the sophistical knowledge of a few facts learned from books. I believe the old Eton education was the best that ever existed or ever will exist, and that Oxford, provided a man went in for Honours in Greats and worked fairly well, gave the finest University education. No doubt I am a Philistine, but *si quid novisti rectius istis candidus imperti*." The typical Radical politician, Sir W. V. Harcourt, writes on May 9, 1902 to express his admiration for Warre's admirable management of the School, saying: "I am not an anti-Græcian, though I confess a greater preference for the Latin *θῆος*; I should be sorry not to be able to read Homer but I think it possible for those who do not aim at a scholastic future to devote too large a share of the short span of life to Shillitoe-ism." But the Dean of Christ Church (now Bishop of Ripon) hits the nail on the head (November 25, 1902): "I had some of our new Mathematical and Science Scholars to breakfast the other day and I found them greatly interested in the matter. So I mentioned a scheme which is on foot to make Greek optional, and in place of it to put some modern, not a Romance, tongue; and in place of the Grammar paper a competent knowledge of a period of History or a branch of Natural Science. They said at once 'if this were done they should take Greek.' This amused me: it was not the Greek to which boys objected but the effort!"

we were: the relation of schools to local authorities and to the State are the rocks ahead, and behind all lies the financial question with its infinite varieties of pinch and pressure: the old Grammar Schools are being gradually extinguished by rate-aided competition. Our influence ought to be brought to bear to regulate all this. It is most important to preserve the connection between secondary schools and the Universities, which should inspect and examine them. This is at present obscured by the smoke arising from the burning question of Greek. I cannot think the Universities will be wise if they tamper with the old degree of Arts, which requires the two ancient languages; if they do, Greek will soon fade away from the schools and the loss will be much greater than the Modernists suppose. Give Science and Modern Language degrees by all means, and let their candidates off both ancient languages. The experience of Germany and America proves that the classical training holds its own and has nothing to fear from such rivalry.¹ Lastly we are told to 'have no fear of the State.' I don't agree. I fear very much from the Educational Department of the future; I dread the 'departmental' habit of mind. The fundamental difference between our system and continental systems lies in our self-government and in the liberty of our Public School *curricula*. If the Department gets hold of us they will stretch us on a Procrustean bed and our liberties will, little by little, be reft from us. We are always having the superiority of French and German education cast in our teeth; but the other day I had a visit from a Japanese student, who had been sent by his Government to examine and report on European systems of education. He had spent some time in Germany and France and admired much that he saw there, but he added 'they do not turn out the men we want, and you do. When they have done with school and college they think their education complete, but there

¹ Here Warre is wrong in two ways: the Classics perish day by day and hour by hour in America; whereas in Germany (before the war, at least, we know nothing of its history since that date) in the highest-grade schools, the *Gymnasia*, Greek remained compulsory, and was fostered by every possible encouragement at the Universities.

is something more than this in your system.' What the Department would take away from us is *freedom*, the exercise of choice in subject and in method which is necessary for the fostering and training of force of character."

It was not in contradiction, as has been alleged, but in support of these opinions, and because he foresaw that the general level of classics in the School would be sure to suffer that Warre resisted till 1900-1, the introduction of "homogeneous divisions," "select divisions" chosen according to the *classical* total of marks obtained in trials.¹ He saw that the lower divisions in each "block" would stagnate when reft of their cleverer boys, that they would profit so little by the Latin and Greek taught in them that these subjects would lose all their interest. The great majority of his colleagues thought otherwise, or said "perhaps this is true, but the cleverer boys must no longer be sacrificed to the stupider." It was one of the points upon which Warre reluctantly gave way to the pressure put upon him.

Worse remained behind. The change in the *curriculum* and the lessened importance, in comparison with the position they had previously held, of Classical Studies led to a legitimate, but not always very wisely expressed, grievance on the part of the non-classical masters, to the effect that they did not get their proper share in the fees paid by parents to "tutors," even when a boy's principal work was done no longer with his "tutor," but with one or more non-classical masters. The grievance had been simmering for some time but it was only at the beginning of 1903 that it became acute. From that time until almost the end of Warre's headmastership a series of conferences was held among the

¹ It was first in connection with this business that the late Vice-Provost, F. H. Rawlins, became Warre's right-hand, and it was the experience then gained of Rawlins's devotion and ability that made Warre look forward eagerly to Rawlins as his successor.

staff, often under Warre's presidency, and at a time when his failing health was seriously beginning to impair his powers. Early in 1894 a note in the diary indicates that his heart (after an attack of influenza) is giving him trouble.¹ In October, 1896, he was for the first time obliged to consult a specialist doctor for this. He was ordered a month's complete rest with a course of baths and massage,² and was obliged to ask leave of absence, which was readily granted him by the Governing Body, the present Vice-Provost taking his Division during his absence. He was back at work at the beginning of 1897, but was perhaps never quite "his own man" again. The doctors forbade him to attend early school, "and this fretted him dreadfully." He had another bad attack when he was in Scotland in the summer of 1898 and had to hurry home. In 1899-1901 came the *trista prova* of the South African War, and his eldest son's absence, danger, wound, and recovery, added to his anxieties: 1899 was the first for many years in which he omitted his visit to the North. Inserted in the diary at the end of 1901 is a newspaper cutting to the effect that "it is extremely doubtful if the health of Dr. Warre will allow him to comply with the wish of the Governing Body that he should not resign until the end of next summer term."³

¹ In January, 1894, there is a letter from his colleague, S. A. Donaldson, who had been obliged to winter abroad for his health, from Egypt, which speaks of the ravages made by influenza. . . . "Now I shall lecture *you*. You have evidently been doing too much for the past year; I am not the only one who will have to take in a reef: you will have to knock off some of your extras, and the knowledge that this is so will make my own self-denying ordinance easier: '*utrumque nostrum incredibili modo consenti astrum.*'"

² He lived at the house of his cousin, Sir Henry Warre, in Cadogan Place, while he was undergoing this treatment. While he was there some one (whose signature is totally illegible) wrote him a most amusing account of Founder's Day: "There was an old Etonian, and one well known to you, present, looking exactly like a Roman Emperor. I whispered this to J. who was sitting next me, and asked him, 'Which Emperor?' He replied, 'Vitellius.'"

³ No record remains on the Minutes of the Governing Body of any such wish expressed or implied. There is no allusion of

It was in the April of that year that Lord Salisbury sounded him on the question whether he would accept the vacant deanery of Salisbury. Warre refused, saying: "I cannot help feeling that I have yet work to do at Eton, and that I must, D.V., carry out some changes in *curriculum* which I have in hand."¹

One of his own oldest friends and most affectionate admirers, Lord Francis Hervey, thinks that 1901 would have been the right year for resignation. Then, while the tutorial question was going full blast, came the fire of June, 1903, in which two boys lost their lives.² In the autumn came the fresh wrench of parting with his youngest son who was taking up a post at Hong Kong.

And so we are little surprised that C. H. K. M. can write:

"When there was a serious controversy over the Tutorial Question Warre was very much upset. I was a member of a 'round-table conference' which met under his presidency to try to arrive at a settlement, and every one could see his deep anxiety and nervousness, and how his hand shook as he read out his own proposals. For no one realised as he did how the prosperity of the School depended upon the harmony of the staff."

But if many of his own cherished convictions had to be abandoned, if his counsel to the classical tutors had to be "your strength is in your own moderation"

any kind to it in Warre's own diary. But it is still more strange that there is also no mention of the Deanery.

¹ Sir Schomberg McDonnell, for Lord Salisbury, replied: "Lord Salisbury will be much disappointed; both he and the King had, without consultation, arrived at the same conclusion, that no one was so fit for the post as yourself; but we understand that the claims of Eton are paramount." [April 19, 1901.] In this very month H. E. L., who had just been on a visit to Baron's Down, rejoiced "to find you looking younger than I have seen you for years, and to see evidence of this being more than in looks."

² "It has been a most terrible week. I am well-nigh exhausted with all the work and sorrow and anxiety: it is hard work swimming up-stream" (to Mrs. Foljambe, June 5, 1903). I have not thought it right to go into any description of the fire.

(and there can be little doubt on which side his own sympathies really were), his noble and truly Christian spirit triumphed before the end :

“He knew how unimportant the points at issue were,” says the wisest and gentlest of those who gave way, “compared with the vital necessity of unity and good fellowship. He wrote me a letter, during the dispute, with ‘*Vivitis indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus*’; and a little later, as we walked together in the playing fields, he asked me to use such influence as I had to restore concord. As we parted that day he laid his great hand on my shoulder with ‘Blessed are the peace-makers.’ And many of us, while recognising that such disturbances are occasionally inevitable in all earnest communities, were truly grieved that they had vexed the closing years of his reign. For he was a man too big for such bickerings, *περὶ ὄνου σκιδᾶς*, and it was he, and not we, who had to look abroad and to represent Eton to the world.”¹

From this year, 1903, it became a matter of public knowledge that the Headmaster’s resignation could not be long deferred. The exhaustion of his powerful frame was strikingly manifested by his habit of falling asleep on committees :

“Once at a Meeting of the Advisory Board on Army education schemes, which he was attending as a representative of the Public Schools, he slept so long and so well that the opposition carried against his view a string of resolutions, which he had specially come to combat, without his being in the least aware of it” [F. H.].

Yet in the intervals of reviving health, his will-power was as strong, and his intellectual grasp of a situation as clear, as ever, especially if he were called upon to prepare any weighty document, such as that

¹ The same wise and gentle friend ends with the delightful quip that Warre was like Alexander, saying “*Εοικεν, ὦ ἄνδρες, ὅτε Δαρεῖον ἡμεῖς ἐνικῶμεν ἐνταῦθα, ἐκεῖ τις ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ γεγόνεναι μυομαχία.*” [The reference is to Plutarch, *Life of Agesilaus*, c. 15.]

quoted six pages above. No one could have played his part so admirably as he did at the laying the stone of the Memorial Hall, or in the ceremonies of his own leave-taking of Eton. The visit to Malta in quest of health in the Easter holidays of 1904 was a symptom of restlessness, a failure, and probably a mistake. He took possession of his new country house at Finchampstead at the end of the following summer half and wrote his letter of resignation, to take effect in July, 1905, on September 30, 1904.

Four separate drafts of this letter, three of them dated on the same day, are before me. The decision had not been hastily taken. Perhaps the first suggestion came from the then Vice-Provost, Mr. F. W. Cornish, from whom there is a letter on the subject dated May 15. Warre's two best friends on the Governing Body, Anson ¹ and Lord Morley (who was himself in very failing health and died in 1905), approved and even urged the step during the summer of 1904, Anson frankly telling him that

"the coming changes, in the necessity for which you agree, will mean hard work both in design and administration which seems to me now to be beyond your strength."

And Warre, in the September letter, as frankly admits "the desirability of leaving changes of the kind he has in contemplation to be carried out by his successor. He knows that this view commended itself to the Governing Body at its last meeting, and feels that he could not continue to be Headmaster, or attempt to carry out the aforesaid changes unless he were assured of the support and approbation of the Governing Body."

¹ Anson's own beautiful letter to his old tutor, October 19, when the coming resignation was public property, has already been quoted on p. 47.

The resignation was accepted at the meeting of that body on October 12, and on November 16 the Provost, writing on behalf of the "The Provost and Fellows,"¹ is requested to convey to the Headmaster the expression of their "high appreciation of his long and distinguished services to the School."

The services had been forty-four and a half years in length and were yet to be given for another year. To say that these services had also been "distinguished" seems to be a mild encomium, and perhaps the word "exceptionally" might with advantage have been introduced. Meanwhile, early in the Michaelmas half, Warre announced to his colleagues in Chambers his coming retirement:

"He was deeply moved and his voice broke. The senior assistant master (H. E. L.) spoke for us all and told him in noble words what we all thought of him and of his work. The next day was the Festival of St. Luke and it fell to Warre to read the Epistle: 'The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.'"² [A. B. R.]

It was a remarkable *sors liturgica*.

The death of his brother-in-law George Slade, at the end of 1904, was a fresh blow. Warre was left executor and had much execution to do. Those of my readers who love animals, as Warre did, will perhaps forgive my mentioning his grief at the death in 1902 of "Dan,"² the best loved of all his dogs, who had been given to him by Lord Revelstoke. In his last year Dan used to have fits, and Warre used to pick him up and carry him indoors, fondling him in his arms. "Goliath Boots," his favourite cat, with whom Dan had had many

¹ On November 15, the "Governing Body" took upon itself the more ancient and honourable title of "the Provost and Fellows."

² On the dwarf wall dividing the College gardens is a plate with the inscription: *Hic jacet Dan catulus fidelis MCMI.*

uproarious games in their youths, also died on Christmas Eve, 1904. Mossy ("Moses" because he was found in a bed of bullrushes) an Aberdeen terrier attached himself to the Headmaster in 1903, and became a great favourite till he was run over and killed while enjoying a dog-fight on Windsor Bridge. Warre used to talk to his dogs as if they were human beings, and there is a pretty story of his picking up Mossy and carrying him away, when a boy had a bad accident at football—as a child would be carried away from the sight of a street accident.

There was a fine poem in the *Chronicle*, October 27, ending with the stanza,

"You have been true to Right and Truth
Great-hearted, generous to the end,
Lover of Eton, lover of youth,
Father and Friend."

And another, perhaps by the same hand, on June 3, 1905. Beautiful as both are I would rather select for quotation a prose extract from the same paper of July 29, 1905, appended to a pair of fine photographs of Warre and Edward Austen-Leigh, who was also retiring from his post as Lower Master :—

"A few broken sentences of regret and affection would awaken a response in every heart more than the most ornate periods of a pompous eulogy, or the most subtle analysis of a many-sided character . . . the charm which young and old alike have felt, the difference that has been made in many lives by the presence among us for so many years of one so stately, so sympathetic, so stern where sternness was called for, but always kind."

The writer goes on to recall how on Founder's Day 1904 many of Warre's old pupils were at the dinner and how in their speeches they ignored the Headmaster and spoke of him only as "My tutor. . . ."



"THE HEAD," 1905.

“And when we reflect on the unapproachableness that hedges a Headmaster we may well ask how many Headmasters would be accosted on their walks abroad by a small boy armed with a camera and the inquiry, ‘Please, sir, may I take your photograph?’ and how many Headmasters would, after a parley, have surrendered to the enemy? Everything we can give or testify to him is nothing: we can only show our gratitude by being loyal to the school.”¹

At the same date, “Election, 1905,” the Provost and Fellows, the Assistant masters, past and present, and the officials of the College, drew up an address expressive of their high esteem and of their personal affection, in memory of which they “purpose to place in the new Memorial Museum, the building of which he had urged, a record in marble for the admiration of this and of future generations,” to wit a bust of himself. For this bust he gave during the next few years many sittings in London to the sculptor, Mr. Hope Pinker.

Warre’s own farewell sermon (July 30) is no doubt familiar to many of my readers, for it was among the few of his sermons that were printed and it was widely circulated. The text was Psalm cxix. 96, “I see that all things come to an end: but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.” I will endeavour to condense its substance briefly:—

“Some of you are saying good-bye to school life at the time you love it best and are in the best frame of mind for appreciating it. It is bound to be a sad

¹ The last number for that half includes an admirable quotation from Aristophanes, “which we have received from an O.E. and which seems to be aptly fitted to the present occasion,

ὅδε γὰρ εὖ φρονεῖν δοκήσας
 πάλιν ἄπεισιν οἴκαδ’ αἶ,
 ἐπ’ ἀγαθῷ μὲν τοῖς πολίταις,
 ἐπ’ ἀγαθῷ δὲ τοῖς ἑαυτοῦ
 συγγενέσι τε καὶ φίλοισι
 διὰ τὸ συνεὶς εἶναι.”

Frogs, 1485 sqq.

farewell to 'the happy autumn fields, the days that are no more.' But beware of yielding to sentiment. Shoulder your pack and trudge onwards up the hill of life. You take with you much experience. You have learned, though on a small scale, to weigh your aims and ambitions in the just balance of reality. You have learned the contrast between the short space of human life and the infinite breadth of God's commandment, the breadth of moral and of spiritual principles. You have learned to distinguish between true and false liberty. You have found it a perilous life? full of temptations and trials? Yes, but the Law of Love, which I hope you have also learned, and the power of conscience, are stronger than these temptations. Our dear Mother Eton is justified of those of her children who have walked by that law; they will have added their names to her long and glorious roll of duty-keepers. I do pray for all of you that each should walk worthy of his calling as a Christian son of Eton. And pray you, too, for me; I need all your prayers; it is the crisis of my life too. May God make pure what I have done, and what I have tried to do for the School. I have at least seen the breadth of His commandment, and I have also experienced the charity and loving-kindness of all here towards myself. And this really solaces the bitterness of parting."¹

They are very simple words. H. V. M. records that some of the boys were almost disappointed that there was in the sermon so little appeal to the emotions. One boy, in the Eight and Master of the Beagles, said to him, "I shall never be able to stand hearing the Head's last sermon; I know I shall break down."

Beyond noticing the fact that in April the Provost and Fellows met and elected his successor and the "great feeling of regret on behalf of Rawlins, both from masters and boys," the diary records little of interest until the scenes of the last days. These I prefer to give in his own words.

¹ A good judge, Francis Paget, then Bishop of Oxford, writes on August 3, thanking Warre for a copy of this sermon: "I am sure I shall never forget its teaching."

" July 31, Presentation of loving-cup by School at 2.15 in School Yard, [E. W.] on Chapel steps, very trying. Boys' cheers: thanked them and could hardly get away: ἀγαπέυσας small boy nomine R. Walker at Broke's to carry cup [*i.e.* to his house]. Legs [Mr. de Havilland's dog] attended and cheered. Sent photo with 'a friend in need is a friend indeed' to the little boy [who wrote him a warm letter of thanks that evening]. August 1, took leave of Volunteers going to camp.¹ August 2, Reading over. All finished by 5 p.m. Went out with boys on the river.² August 3, worked all day at School list and papers, in evening last row on river to Albert Bridge and back, E. R. W., E. L. W., A. F. W., E. W. [initials of his sons and himself] *a. d. iii.* Non. Sext. MCMV.

Quid superest? Actum est. Superest discedere nobis;
Dicimus inviti, dulcis Etona, vale."³

¹ He does not mention the dinner in the Drill Hall given to him, July 6, as Hon. Colonel of E.C.R.V. by past and present officers of the Corps. Canon Chapman and Colonel Arkwright, two of the earliest C.O.'s, were present, and all the recent C.O.'s, except Major Clement and the present Provost of King's.

² It is more strange that in the whole diary there is only one other mention of Warre's habitual practice in summer halves of an evening row except on these last two days. The *Bellona*, his famous gig, is never mentioned at all. Though dinner might be nominally at eight Warre would often linger on the river till well after that hour, somewhat to the despair of his servants.

³ Compare diary, September 21, for the following stanza:

" Multum otianti quid mihi temperet
Desideri vim non inamabilem,
Etona, quin istos labores
Respiciam veteremque ludum? "

CHAPTER X

THE HEADMASTERSHIP : *LEVIOIRA*

“No doubt the Duke of Wellington, as a schoolboy, was horribly afraid of ~~Dr. Busby~~ Dr. Keate.”—Extract from corrected(!) proof of a magazine article on a great Schoolmaster, 1921.

I HAVE endeavoured to group, in the last chapter, the more serious events and aspects of Warre's headmastership, but it would not be right to pass over wholly the lighter incidents which can best be treated more or less chronologically and illustrated from the diary and from his correspondence. Warre's own letters do not lend themselves to quotation; as a letter-writer he suffered from the defect of being severely practical. He carried out the King's advice to the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*; he began at the beginning, went on till he came to the end, and then stopped. There was no by-play of fancy, no waste of words. It came so abominably easy to him to say exactly what he wanted to say and no more, and his daily correspondence was so vast, that except to a very few people he never wrote “letters” at all. The “few people,” in fact, resolve themselves, during the most active period of his life, into his youngest sister and his elder daughter; and, when writing to them, he will occasionally let his fancy run both playfully and tenderly, though the words are usually too “intimate” to be quoted. Most good letter-writers (except Horace Walpole) have, I think, shrunk from making copies of their own productions; but to Warre it was apparently as easy to make two or three copies as one, and I have sometimes been

tempted to wonder why the mere physical labour involved in this did not frighten him, as it did undoubtedly help to wear him out.

In one kind of epistolary work, however, he took delight, though the best fruits of it only ripened after his retirement from Eton; he was an indefatigable sender of Greek and Latin epigrams to a widening circle of friends. There remain also a large number of letters on interesting subjects from interesting people to him; even these are mostly on practical subjects, and the writers, especially if they are former pupils, are generally asking advice from "my dear Tutor," or "my dear Headmaster," and then the advice comes by return of post. Warre preserved such letters and occasionally preserved also copies of his own answers to them. My chief excuse for printing some of the letters which do not bear directly on Warre's personal or Etonian history, must be that they illustrate either his wide circle of interests, or throw light on manners and customs or on people. Thus, we may learn from J. B. Walter (December 3, 1864) that the Dean of Christ Church was

"not the least crusty of mortals, and advises me never to venture to make any suggestion about leave at all, as we are little enough in College already. So I can't come to see the lunatics trying to knock that old wall down on St. Andrew's day."

In the spring of 1865 Mark Wood, now Lord Lambourne, sends news from Rome (March 17, 1865)—

"Three Englishmen were arrested during the Carnival—Sir W. Fraser, Sir C. Stirling, and Captain Birch. They, however, only suffered twenty-four hours' detention in the guardroom at the St. Angelo. . . . There is only one Etonian here at present: there is another who says he was at Eton at Mr. Wolley's, but I don't believe him. I told him I thought he was mistaken, and meant Harrow. Tell Hervey I look for his name as Newcastle Scholar when the list comes."

In the following November the same writer is at Angers, and is going to see a great ecclesiastical ceremony to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the Episcopate of its bishop—

“ the poor old fellow asked for a procession, which has been refused him, as last time he had one, the mob pitched carrots and apples at his venerable pate, being dissatisfied with his private life ; they declared that he bought bad butter and sold it at immense profit to the poor.”

In 1873 a former pupil dedicates to Warre, “ the kindest of friends and best of tutors, in payment of a debt which I can never discharge,” a little volume of exceedingly pretty Poems and Translations.

There is then a long gap, and we next meet a considerable sheaf of letters from Mr. Gladstone,¹ who, however much his other virtues may have needed forgiveness, needed none on the score of any lack of Etonian patriotism. He has been lecturing on Homer in the spring of 1881, and Warre has evidently written to him questioning his analysis of Homeric epithets. The Premier now maintains that Homer was colour-blind and did not know the difference between solar and lunar light (March 18, 1881). Nine years later Mr. Gladstone is again invited to talk to the boys on his favourite poet, and asks Warre (October 31, 1890) for suggestions : “ shall it be on the religion, the most curious, fruitful and fresh of all the subjects opened up by the poet ? ” Several letters or post-cards (November 26, 1890 ; February 15, 17, 28, March 3, 1891) are occupied with the difficulty of fixing a date for the lecture as well as with the choice of subject :

“ The geography lies, I think, too much in the Odyssey, and my scheme of it is utterly revolutionary, the common ideas, *Baiæ* and so forth, being in my eyes detestable.

¹ I have here departed from chronological sequence in order to group most of Gladstone's letters together.

The materials for commerce—the art of writing—military organisation—are all rather thin [subjects]. The question of character is rich, but I think I have already printed my *say* upon it.”

Finally, the “ Goddess Artemis ” is the selected victim of Mr. Gladstone’s exposition, and “ he will arrive by dinner time ” (he stayed with the Headmaster) “ and come from Slough, for I like best to enter Eton as I used to enter it about seventy years ago.”

Warre must have again criticised the lecturer’s views on colour epithets, for on March 21 Gladstone sticks to his point that “ variety or error in the use of colour-epithets was a marked characteristic of Homer and descended to classical times.” In 1894, but undated, Gladstone, again evidently answering Warre, discusses the meaning of ἀμβροσίη—

“ It is one of a trio, the others being nectar for the drink, and ichor for the blood, of the Immortals. But I think Homer had formed rather an elastic conception, for ambrosia is also provided by the River God Simois as provender for the immortal horses, and is also subcutaneously injected into the veins of Odysseus and his companions against the abominable stench of the seals ; and sometimes, in later Greek, nectar and ambrosia changed places (*see* Liddell and Scott). I have not abandoned [he was 84 !] the idea of a big book on the Olympian religion. . . .”¹

The last Gladstone letter is of May 5, 1896, accompanied by a subscription to the Eton Mission—

¹ I submitted these Gladstoniana on Homer to that great Homeric scholar, my kind friend, Miss Stawell, perhaps in the malicious hope that she would say that the old gentleman knew nothing about the subject ; but her reply runs as follows : “ They indicate a courteous little controversy between Warre and Gladstone on a nice point of scholarship, the latter, it seems, observing the undeniable fact that Homer describes effects of light and colour only in loose and general terms, proclaims himself an adherent of the ‘ ingenious ’ German theory that Homer’s feeling for colour, his *Farbenismus*, was defective. Warre, on the other hand, took the soberer view that the evidence would not bear the weight of this theory and appealed, in defence of Homer, to the vague use of colour words among the ancients generally.”

“ I do not recollect that I was bold enough to send you my translation of the Odes at the moment of their [*sic*] issue, but your letter gives me an opportunity of which I venture on availing myself.”

Warre and Gladstone could meet amicably to discuss points of Homeric scholarship, but the Headmaster's opinion of the politician's later feats¹ will be best understood if I print the following exchanges of epigrams between him and his scholarly neighbour in the West, Mr. Anderson, Vicar of Winsford, Somerset. They appear to belong to December, 1888, when Mr. Gladstone had just gone for a holiday visit to Naples. Anderson writes—

ὁ γέρων ὁ δεινὸς ταῦτὰ πολλάκις λέγει
 ἔωλα, τοῖς αὐτοῖσι τῶν αὐτῶν πέρι,
 ὅς' ἔπαθεν ἄνομος ὑπὸ διαρρόϊας νοσῶν·
 δῖς, φασί, κράμβη θανατὸς, ἀλλ' οὐ ῥήτορι
 ὅς τηλικούτος ζῇ διαρρόϊα λογῶν.

Bon Voyage

“ Qui toties animum mutat mutat quoque cælum—
 Quæ tam magniloquo convenit ora seni ?
 Oblitus patriæ, insanus, mendacia jactans,
 Naviget hic Creten, naviget Anticyram ! ”

Warre's reply is equally witty—

τί δ' οὐ γέροντ' ἐκείνον ὅν σὺ λοιδορεῖς
 ψολοκομπίαις αὐταῖσιν ἀποδημεῖν ἔδς ;
 ἔχουσ' ἔχοι νιν Παρθενόπη, καὶ Παρνόπων
 διαρράγειν πᾶν τὸ Χώριζον γένος·
 ἐγὼ δὲ Κλιτὺν ἐς Βαρωνίαν μολῶν,
 διδασκαλείον καὶ πόνων ἀπαλλαγεῖς
 Ποσειδεῶνος, οἷα δὴ παίζειν πρέπει
 τοιαῦτα παίζων, οὔτι φροντιῷ Λάβης,
 ὁμῶς δὲ καὶ σὺ χαῖρε μήδ' ἄλλως ποίει.

Warre received an interesting letter from Sicily from his old pupil R. R. Farrer, dated April 6, 1883, three

¹ The Headmaster used to say: “ I have no politics, but I always vote Conservative because I think it is safer for the country.”

months before the writer's death, describing the curious effect of small earthquake shocks and noticing how completely the Semitic had mastered the Hellenic type among the inhabitants of the island. The next document in date, and the last before he became Headmaster, is a Latin poem, in December, 1883, to J. P. Carter, whose turn it was to entertain the Ascham Society—

“ Non tecum Aschamicis conviva recumbere lectis
Posse reor, qui, pacis egens, pacemque requirens,
Bellum et adesse et abesse jubes uno ore bilinguis:
Bellum aberit, vallesque Iscæ Clivumque Baronis
Pulvere nitrato quatiet, structaque triremi,
Bellum aberit—vos, Aschamici, dum pace sequestra
Fas epulisque frui, nova fœdera jungite dextris
Fraternisque animis, coeant ut munere justo
Tutores, placidum genus, et firmetur in annos
Gratia. Sic melius vobis florebit Etona.”

In the first summer holidays after his election Warre was asked by the Duke of Beaufort to contribute to the “Badminton Library” book on *Boating*, and wrote, in 1887, the excellent preface, though he did not think Mr. Woodgate's text wholly satisfactory: he was also writing the first draft of his pamphlet on the *Raft of Ulysses*. He returned to Eton, to his old House, for his first half as Headmaster, with Mr. Impey,¹ a young master of six months' standing, to take charge of the boys in the House for that half.¹ On September 22, the birch, tied up with blue ribands, was presented to Warre, according to ancient custom, by the Captain of the School, and he thus became true ‘*Παῖδοῦχος*’, invested with the most sacred symbol of office.² He was busy in getting ready

¹ Who says, “He left me entire control of the boys, but warned me that the most important thing for a young master was to cultivate the power of saying ‘No.’” Compare with this C. H. K. M.'s account of his own *début*: “When I first came to Eton as a master I was his guest for a few days; more than once he gave me the advice ‘Be a beast’!” Neither the giver nor the recipient of this advice was famous for following it:

‘Hence to thy fellows’ (dreadful she began),
‘Go, be a beast!’—I heard and yet was man.
[*Odyssey*, x. 381. Pope.]

² He greatly diminished the practice of flogging: I have found a scrap of paper which records those of his first four years; the

his "prophet's chamber," the little upper room which he used as a study while he remained in Savile House. His first sermon as Head was on September 28: "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind" (2 Cor. xiii. 11). "The sermon," he notes in his diary, "should be about twelve minutes." On October 8 the Captains of the School and of the Oppidans dined with him and "talked over the fagging question"; one would have liked a record of that talk. On November 11 he attended his first meeting, as Head, of the Governing Body, and "explained my schemes, which were well received."

1885. He began this year with his first taste of bitterness *ab extra*. "Jan. 1st, Read ——'s article on Eton in *XIXth Century*, against tutorial system: spiteful in tone? a little indecent in haste?"¹ On January 19 he moved into Savile House *tant bien que mal*, finding it, of course, "a chaos." In February there was a presentation of plate made to him by his old pupils, two hundred in number, at a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern in London—Sir William Anson was the protagonist. Of this, his first Lent Half, he makes, on March 31, a kind of summary—

"A chequered half, over one hundred cases of measles, two of diphtheria, many bad sore throats and scarlatina.

largest total is 59 (in 1886) the lowest 24 (in 1885): the average is 45. "When I first became a master," Warre once told Mr. Bridgeman, "I thought no punishment could be too severe for certain offences, *e.g.* bullying, incipient immorality; but since I became Head I have come to the conclusion that it is easy to be too severe." J. F. C., who often "held down" during Warre's early years, says: "Whatever may have been the emotions of the victim I am sure that Warre himself 'minded' dreadfully." Once, when addressing all the Upper School, at the beginning of his reign, he said: "I shall flog for lyin' and I shall flog for smokin'" (Warre had no final *g* ready to his tongue). "The actual swishing," says L. E. J., "was awful in ceremonial, innocuous in action. The Head raised the birch about a foot, let it fall gently of its own light weight three times, and all was over. There was no homily or 'pi-jaw,' only just a silent and awful ceremony."

¹ In the January number of that review. It is poor fissenless stuff for the most part, but there are one or two sensible ideas in it. There is certainly no attack on the new Headmaster.

Boys very good till Trials, then four cases of copying or asking for help, all flogged and lost remove, one wilful shirking chapel (a bad boy), one lying about a punishment, altogether eight, of which six in the last week. Boys mostly took pains and did well in Trials; punctuality and discipline were good. Newcastle very satisfactory, examiners complimentary, criticising, however, certain things."

This is an unusually long entry for the diary. September 4, "Need for new Latin Grammar."¹ Out of this grew the *Eton Latin Grammar*, Parts I. and II., which was intended to supersede the *Public Schools' Latin Primer*, but apparently failed to do so, for, on July 27, 1901, Warre writes to Mr. Murray—

"My junior masters won't use the Red Grammar, they dislike teaching out of it. All the boys have used the P. S. L. P. before coming here, so I suppose we must give it up" [the new one].

There are a great many letters to Mr. Murray on the subject of this book and on the subject of a series of "Eton" school books in a special form, which Warre projected. He very sensibly suggested that, after due remuneration to the authors, the profits of such books should be vested in trustees for the benefit of a "School Book-Fund."

But, alas! there were no profits. "*Oh dura Sosiorum ilia*," he once remarks. He went into all details of size and type, writing that "the Germans have found out to their cost what it is to have condemned the youth of their nation, this century past, to study on bad print." It was, in fact, the Revised *Primer* of Dr. Kennedy which strangled the infant Hercules, E. L. G., in its cradle.

The same correspondence shows Warre right down to 1894 occupied with revising and seeing through Press

¹ What a pity it was we ever forsook the old Eton Latin Grammar, which taught us Latin in Latin! My own copy is dated 1811, i.e. "3 Keate."

his sister's translation of Dr. von Döllinger's *Studies in European History*¹ (academic addresses delivered at Munich), on the subject of which translation he in due time receives letters of high praise from many people, notably Jowett (October 1, 1890), and Archbishop Benson (February 28, 1891), who says "how heavily he [Döllinger] adds up against Rome in every age."

On March 15, 1890, Warre had written to Gladstone saying that Döllinger was to have written a Preface to this translation, "but now he is dead I do not know that there is anyone who could do this, or anyone from whom such a Preface would come more appropriately, than yourself." On the same day Gladstone replied, "In the *Speaker* newspaper I wrote about Döllinger all that I can with propriety say at the present time, so that I am not in a condition to accede to your kind proposal." He goes on to suggest Lord Acton, or Canon Liddon, and says he has given Mr. Murray an original portrait of Döllinger for a frontispiece. "Let me, in conclusion, say how much pleasure it gives me to hear from time to time of the flourishing condition of Eton under your guidance." Warre is already beginning articles on *NAVIS* and *ΣΧΕΔΙΑ* for the *Dictionary of Antiquities*, as later he wrote those on *SHIP*, *BOAT*, and *OAR* for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Always at the back of his mind is his own hope (expressed to Mr. Murray in a letter of September 28, 1888) that he may some day become the author of a great work on Ancient Ships and Ancient Naval Tactics.

1886 was a peaceful year. Warre notes in December that he met Lord Wolseley at Greenlands (W. H. Smith's) and "had good army talk" (December 17), and a few days later he sends a copy of the new Grammar to his

¹ Late in 1890 the book was published; Dr. Warre sent a copy to the Queen, who was much pleased with it. Dr. von Döllinger died that year and Miss Warre at once began to translate a posthumous collection of his *Academic Addresses*, which was published four years later.

Lordship, who only remarked that it was "twice as thick as the volume from which he had learned his *hic, hæc, hoc* as a boy." The year ended with the Headmasters' Conference at Charterhouse: "very hospitably entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Haig-Brown, dinner in large Hall, very fine rooms." In 1887, besides the important events recorded in the last chapter, there is among the epigrams a charming poem addressed to a clerical friend ¹ "on his promotion to a Canonry"—

"Dear Ainslie, thrice welcome to cassock and bands
As knees are to hassock and cabmen to stands,
When with Royal command of these silks you've a bunch on
I know 'tis no good to invite you to luncheon,
But suppose 'twere convenient here Monday to rest
You should have of our cellar and larder the best,¹
Though perhaps at this season in French you'd say *n'importe*
Such things to a clerk like the Vicar of Langport."²

And in the summer holidays Rev. W. P. Anderson, of Winsford, has been selling two fat sheep at a village bazaar for the benefit of his church. Warre is tickled with the idea, and writes (August 27)—

"Quid non ecclesiæ numerabitur ædificandæ
Pastor ubi pingues pro grege vendit oves?
Vinivadum in loculos sestertia dena remisit;
Pax³ ovat. Hæc Bello nil referente tulit.
Siccine dimittatur asymbolus iste? Vacabit
Lugdunum!⁴ excipiet doctior ara virum."

Anderson replies—

"Enophorus pleno lætatur munere Pacis,
Martia gens quanquam non tulit auxilium;
Sed tamen e tonitru resonet sapientia Belli,
E tonitru Belli lumen et ignis eat.
A Lugdunensi rhetor doctissimus ara
Verba dabit nobis? nil nisi verba dabit?"

¹ The Rev. A. C. Ainslie, Vicar of Langport, 1883-91, Prebendary of Wells, 1870. I cannot find in Crockford that at this date Ainslie received any clerical promotion; he was several times elected Proctor to Convocation.

² Which in the West is always pronounced "Lamport."

³ Mr. Peace was Bursar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, patrons of Winsford, and sent a subscription. Mr. Anderson had been Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel, 1850-1857. *Vinivadum* = Wine's ford.

⁴ The allusions to Lyons are to be traced to Juvenal, i. 43 (see J. E. B. Mayor's long note thereon): "Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram." Drusus founded an altar at Lyons and Caligula instituted rhetorical contests at it.

In February, 1888, his elder daughter was married to George Foljambe, in College Chapel, the Provost and Mr. Slade officiating, and the boys drew the bridal carriage to Slough. In due time grandchildren came to the Headmaster and were the delight of his old age ; he paid frequent visits to his daughter's beautiful Nottinghamshire home. A few days after the wedding, on the invitation of Colonel, now General Sir Edward, Hutton, Warre went to Aldershot and delivered a lecture on the History of Tactics, in the Prince Consort's Library, to the Aldershot Military Society. On Lady Day he preached the evening sermon at St. Paul's, and this is probably the occasion on which he received an undated letter from Anson's old school friend, Canon Scott-Holland, of that cathedral—

“ I will most gladly act host to you on behalf of St. Paul's, though I always feel that I lost your esteem for ever on a fatal day when I steered Pochin and Hall too far out at Upper Hope in the Pulling ¹ . . . The congregation like the preacher to go slow ; they form a compact mass of *excellent Philistines*, solid ranks of tradesmen and wives, the people who ride in 'busses, and they listen readily to the plain gospel.”

In the Easter holidays Warre had been reading Scott, and in the Summer Half he “ offered two prizes for the best papers on Scott's novels which illustrate the period of English and Scottish History 1485–1660.” ² He preaches at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and at King's, Cambridge. An interesting letter of this year from his old friend Col. Wethered, of Marlow (1st Bucks R.V.),

¹ Canon Henry Scott-Holland, afterwards Professor of Divinity (1911–18) at Oxford, was at Eton 1860–64. The Rev. Canon Alleyne Hall and Ashby Pochin were both in the Eton Eight in 1863 (Pochin also in 1862). The race referred to was probably 1862, when Kinglake and Selwyn won ; it was the last year in which coxswains were employed.

² To a Scottophilist the selection he makes is curious : *Woodstock*, *Nigel*, *Fair Maid*, *Kenilworth*, *Abbot*, *Monastery*, and he overlooks the fact that the *Fair Maid* illustrates a period earlier than that named.

must have appealed to Warre, who had a true conception of the greatness of "Corporal John": the writer, whose battalion is in camp at Blenheim Park, suggests on July 23 "a field day in which the features of Marlborough's own share of the famous battle are to be reproduced; the town of Woodstock to stand for the village of Blenheim, the Palace for that of Oberklaw, the park fence for the Danube." *Hac ibat Simois*, here ran the little river Nebel, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, here are Tallard's quarters.¹ Warre's answer has not been preserved.

In September he entertained the members of the International Geological Congress in College Hall, and addressed them in French; Warre was always deeply interested in geology and was no mean amateur at it. Early in November the *Directeur* and several teachers of the *École Monge* also visited Eton (the dates are obscure and I suspect a letter of being misdated) and were entertained by Warre. The *Directeur* wrote a letter of warm thanks, speaking of the reforms which he was introducing "pour rapprocher notre régime à celui des Collèges Anglais au point de vue physique et au point de vue moral." On November 11 Warre preached the Sunday evening sermon to undergraduates in St. Mary's, Oxford. On December 12—

"the Dean of Windsor showed me one of the vertebræ of Charles I. [with] his beard and a tooth, which Sir H. Halford, in 1813, had taken out of the King's coffin when it was opened by order of the Prince Regent, and which are now to be restored to the coffin, the Prince of Wales having recovered them from Halford's family."²

¹ Ovid, *Epp. Her.* i. 33. *Esmond*, cap. xi. See also *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. One is irresistibly reminded of Macaulay's poetaster:

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast,
Into the [*Park-fence*] they were pushed by shoals."

² George IV. had a gruesome passion for digging up his predecessors to see how they were getting on; but I shall presently have to record something more serious of the same kind. Mr. Coleridge in *Eton in the Forties* has a glaringly inaccurate version of the opening of the coffin by the Prince Regent.

The year ended with the usual Headmasters' Conference—at Winchester.

In 1889 Warre, paying his spring visit to Balliol, "found the Master (Jowett) rather feeble in health." But he had a delightful reminder of his own undergraduate days when Lord Justice Bowen, writing to announce to him that he had been put on the Governing Body, in place of Sir G. Rickards deceased, sends him his Oxford Virgil "in memory of their youthful days" (October 18). It was in this year that the Queen, who admired his simplicity in the pulpit, wanted to make him one of her Chaplains-in-Ordinary, but as the Eton Statutes prohibited the acceptance of any office to which emolument was attached, Warre had to tell H.M. that he begged to be allowed to remain her Honorary Chaplain only. Perhaps it was à propos of the recent French visit that Warre received in June a letter from Rev. T. H. Gill, British Chaplain at Paris, containing—

"a proposal to have an international athletic competition between French and English schoolboys. I have been asked to write to our leading Public Schools for their sanction and whether they would each allow two or three of their best athletes to compete . . . the date proposed is June 25 or 26 . . . the idea has been warmly received here by both nations."

It was warmly received by Warre in another sense of the words: he wrote the good Chaplain what a school-boy would have called a "snorter," ending up "I strongly deprecate international competitions of boys; besides the interruption to work and the excitement, they are delicate and dangerous things. The Horatian maxim is not without wisdom—

"*Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen et iram,
Ira truces inimicitias et funebre bellum.*"

[*Epist. I. xix. 49.*]

1890 opened with a fierce epidemic of influenza, and Warre considered it advisable to defer the assembling of the School for the Lent Half for at least a week.

Leave from the Governing Body had to be obtained, and was obtained with some difficulty, for it is not easy to telegraph to a "body." There are many interesting letters of this year. On January 5, Mr. J. Heatley Lewis writes, with a proposal to restore to Eton the swishing block which had been stolen many years before by the famous Lord Waterford, and gives an account of the annual dinners of the "Block Club," of which his relative, "Mr. J. H. Jesse had been the last survivor: on these occasions the block used to be brought from Curraghmore and placed in the centre of the dining table." On February 10 Arthur Walter asks Warre to find him a sub-editor for the *Times*, "an Eton and Oxford man." In the same month is the first letter I have found from the eccentric Scottish scholar Gavin Hamilton, who had sent him his book on "Moods."¹ There are two or three Latin epigrams of Warre's to him and many letters between 1890 and 1892 inclusive.

¹ *Moods of the English Bible, the same as in Latin and Greek* (1889). The author's subsequent (1894) work, *Classic Moods, Latin, Greek and English, their Meaning and Mutual Relation*, is simply a later edition of the above with a new title. Mr. Hamilton, a native of Greenock, and as early as 1857 a teacher at the Greenock Academy, afterwards of the Elgin Academy, was a member of the Senate of the University of Glasgow, and a candidate for the Chair of Humanity in Edinburgh in 1891 and 1895. He was a "bonny fighter" on behalf of his theories of the meaning of *Mh*, of *si* and *qui*, and attacked all grammarians from Priscian down to Madvig and Zumpt for accusing Virgil and Cicero of bad Latin in order to bolster up their own theories. There was a touch of Browning's Grammarian, who "settled $\beta\tau\iota$'s business," in him. But he bored every one with his theories, he was an unlucky speculator in the starting of schools; and it is to be feared that he once garbled a testimonial which Warre somewhat innocently gave him, and that Warre discovered the fact; for on October 17, Warre, reading Hamilton's printed testimonials in a newspaper, found attributed to himself the statement that Hamilton was the "Victor of Priscian and of Professor Zumpt of Berlin and Madvig of Copenhagen." Against this he enters in his diary "non ita scripsi," and to Hamilton (I don't know if he sent it):

"Oh, Gavine Hamilton, *modis sinistris*
Non belle uteris, Acta ut in Diurna
Prodis nomina negligentiorum,
Quo sint discipuli frequentiores."

Warre, however, must have forgiven him for, (?) when Hamilton

Warre was probably attracted to his correspondent by the fact of his being a staunch champion of his own pet idea that "the education of youth ought to be developed in a straight trunk [classical] line before it bifurcates." Poor Hamilton has to confess that while Warre's University had been *alma mater* to him, Warre, his own had been *dura noverca* to him, Hamilton.

In February Colonel Clery (author of *Minor Tactics*) writes to thank him for copies of his lectures "which help to sweep away the cobwebs that too surely keep on establishing themselves round professional soldiers." In the same month Lord Wolseley tells him that "the Volunteer movement will be remembered as the great event of Victoria's reign, as the Armada was of Elizabeth's."

In March his old pupil, F. J. Bruce, writes from Seaton House, Arbroath, to tell him that his present home stands upon the very ground upon which Scott makes his *Antiquary* live and move, almost on the site of *Monkbarns*. On April 18 Sidney Peel, just back from Syracuse,

"gratefully recalls your lessons on Livy and Polybius. I saw an instrument for drawing water exactly like that with which Archimedes lifted up the Roman triremes and dashed them down.¹ The town was lit with electric light, which was worthy of the City of Archimedes."

The vast and affectionate correspondence of the most loyal and constant of all Warre's pupils, Sir John Edwards-Moss, Bart., is nearly all too intimate for reproduction, but I must be allowed Sir John's quotation from his own father (whose death he has been describing was setting up a school in Kilgraston Road, Edinburgh, Warre felicitously adapts Horace, *Ep.* II. ii. 99 :

"Discedo Alcæus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?
Quis nisi Callimachus ? Sic est : cupio omnia quæ vis,
Ingenium, famamque bonam, docilesque *modorum*
Discipulos, faciles somnos, lætamque senectam
Degere, nec cithara nec deficiente crumena."

[January 1, 1892.]

¹ The references are probably to Livy, xxiv. 34, and Polybius, viii. 5-9 (esp. 8). Polybius is more detailed than his copyist.

to Warre) of April 30. "I have only one complaint against Warre: I sometimes think that he has more influence with my two sons than I have myself." In May we have the Horatian Ode to the Vice-Provost, John Wilder, *ætat.* 88 (who was celebrating the jubilee of his election as a Fellow of Eton) beginning—

"Pocimur. Maio redunte festus
It dies."

It became famous among modern Sapphics; but, as it was touched by other hands than the Headmaster's, I do not quote it. It was printed in the *Chronicle* on June 4, together with an English version by Warre's old friend, Harvey Gem. On July 25 we have a very naïve letter from a Parisian gentleman who is anxious to get boarders

"after ending studies at your college. I am fifty old, and married. Pupils live with me and my wife as familiarly as if be our own children. While I fatherly have at heart both their teaching and moral direction, my wife motherly looks to all particulars concerning material attendance. . . . Please, Rev. Headmaster, forgive me for having done with you so indiscreetly and troubled you so long with my concernments."

Next month (August 16) a Japanese student, dating his letter from Morgantown, West Va., U.S.A., writes to "The President, University of Eton," as follows:—

"Dear Sir, I have horror¹ to write to you. I am a Japanese student studying law in the University of West Virginia, and it is my intention to go to English University to pursue more the course of law. Now I am in request to get the knowledge of your University's Catalogue. Will you if possible send me a copy of the catalogue of your Law Department?"

In the summer holidays the Vicar of Winsford, wanting a new roof to his church, knows how to get a subscription from a *vir doctissimus*—

¹ *Sic.* Satis lepide Dns. Franciscus Hervey, *honor*, modo Americane scripseris.

" Si te Vinivadi [Wine'sford] salubris aura,
 Umbrosoque juvat nemus recessu,
 Et fontes gelidi loquacis Iscæ, [the Exe]
 Et saltus latebræ Cunicularis, [Burrow Wood]
 Cervorum leporumque nota sedes,
 Si crater tibi dulcis Inferorum, [Devil's punchbowl]
 Et vaccinia nigra [whortleberry], nigriorque
 Pullus, purpureas amans ericas, [blackcock, locally 'heathpoult']
 Si prolem tibi Phasiana mater
 Servavit per agros Cavi Salicti, [Withycombe]
 Quercus denique si benigna Regis [Royal Oak Inn]
 Te fessum hospitio suo recepit ;
 Vir doctissime, fronte non severa,
 Nostris hendecasyllabis faveto,
 Et da Vinivadensibus colonis,
 Qui templi reparant vetusta tecta,
 Disponuntque sedilia aptiora
 Sacris officiis Deique honori,
 Da cultoribus haud pecuniosis
 Quod sperant inopes, precamur, aurum."

Warre's answer is prompt and to the point (August 26)—

" Carminis en pretium libras tibi quinque remitto,
 Laus etiam fiant sartaque tecta Deo."

In September the President of Magdalen, after congratulating Warre on the excellent results at Eton of the Certificate Examination, asks him to recommend him a candidate for the Headmastership of Clifton.

October of this busy year produces Warre's rendering of Isaac Williams's great hymn " Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide," sent to Rev. W. A. Carter, Bursar of Eton and father of Warre's dear friend, the first Eton Missioner of Hackney Wick, now Archbishop of Cape-town—

Θεὸς ἀγεμονεύει

" Sis mihi tu custos, sis dux, quocumque feremur,
 Et mihi præsidio rite vocatus ades.
 Lubrica ne fallant trepidum vestigia, serva,
 Neve cadam, dextra præveniente leva.
 Quod calcamus iter circum invida turba, Libido,
 Gloriaque, et multi criminis Auctor eunt ;
 Tu, mihi ne noceant animæ mala numina, functos
 Qui potes ex ipsa morte ciere, vide.
 Proinde etiam externi si quid peccare docebit,
 (Illecebris tantum fraus speciosa valet),
 Tu, Domine, accipiant certum ne pectora damnum,
 Excubias intus militis instar age.

Sic detur vigilare mihi et certare precando,
 Vincere sic rerum non opis esse meae,
 Ut si forte viam Tentans obsederit Hostis
 Nesciat insidiis prævaluisse suis." ¹

In the same month (October) his great friend the Dean, now Archbishop of Canterbury, gives him private notice that he has accepted the bishoprick of Rochester, and must leave Windsor.

In February, 1891, an old Balliol rowing friend, M. H. Irving (the son of the famous Edward, founder of the Sect of "Irvingites"), asks Warre whether he can get him a place on the Umpire's boat to see the University boatrace; "I am going back to the East next day. I am going down to Oxford on Sunday to see the dear old Master of Balliol; do you know he actually remembered my coming down from London to row with you and Lonsdale in '54." ² On June 3 of that year Mrs. Hornby died, and the festivities of the Fourth had to be deferred, but the 450th anniversary of the Foundation of the College was celebrated on 24th with a beautiful service in School Yard. Warre read the prayers, the Bishop of Oxford gave the blessing; Dr. Fearon stepped forward and presented an address from Winchester College. Then there was a procession down Keate's Lane to the new Lower Chapel, at the consecration of which the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Durnford) gave an address, "a wonderful performance for a man of eighty-eight." There was a dinner in the Drill Hall, with Mr. Balfour as the guest of the evening (the Headmaster was unable

¹ Warre must also have translated, "Oh God, our help in ages past," but of this only one stanza survives. It is undated, but on it is written: "The missing stanza, done this morning between 3 and 5 a.m."

"Ceum cedunt longæ breviora crepuscula nocti
 Ante oculos abeunt sæcula mille tuos,
 Aut veluti excubiis noctem fugat ocior hora
 Cum rapidis veniens sol procul afflat equis."

² Query, '55? Mr. Irving's date at Balliol was 1848-53, but it was not uncommon, till a much later date, for a B.A. to come up and row in the Eight. "The East" must be taken to mean Victoria, Australia, Mr. Irving's home till 1892. He died in England in 1912; his son, E. H. Irving, 1875-78, was also in the Balliol Eight.

to be present), and then a procession of boats with fireworks. Three days later was an O.E. dinner in London to celebrate the same event. Warre returned thanks in a speech "delivered under considerable pressure of time, as he had to catch a train."

In July, Mr. Arthur Godley, from the India Office, writes to explain the principles upon which in India boots are issued to Mr. Atkins on active service; the writer was regrettably ignorant of the English language as written at the War Office, for he should, of course, have spoken of Private Atkins *being issued with boots*.

Warre was disturbed, that September, by reading Mr. Cecil Torr's ¹ strictures on his article "Navis" in the *Dictionary of Antiquities*. "He hits me some negligences and ignorances, but nothing of importance, and his tone is not pleasant."

In February, 1892, Warre was elected Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference for that year. He goes to Oxford to see the performance of *The Frogs* and thinks some of the acting admirable. He finds the Master of Balliol failing.² In March he has one of his tussles with Bodley, the architect of the great Church at the Eton

¹ Mr. Cecil Torr (author of *Ancient Ships*, Cambridge, 1894) has shown how slender are the materials on which to build any account of the subject: "the best of the written evidence comes from inscriptions and those that remain are shattered and defaced in many places; nearly all other evidence is second-hand and has been copied by writer after writer." In Mr. Torr's very curious little book, *Small Talk at Wreyland*, Cambridge, 1918, pp. 109-10, there is rather a sharp indictment of Warre's *Navis*: "the writer gives himself away by copying misprints, . . ." and he goes on to cite four passages in which Warre has cited authorities wrongly referenced in another book from which he was taking his information (*vide infra*, p. 283).

² In a charming Latin letter, too long to quote, Warre's old tutor, Edwin Palmer, then Archdeacon of Oxford, had written to him in the previous December: "Magister Cherubicus, diu inter vitam mortemque suspensus, jam videtur re vera Balliolensibus suis redonatus esse, non quod aut corpore unquam aut mente iis defuerit. Scilicet morbo gravi oppressus tironum aliquem partem, qui mense Octobri collegio adgregantur, ad se inspiciendos vocavit, nuperrime vero refectis plus minus viribus, pueros qui scholasticorum locum petebant in domum suam arcessivit." Jowett just lived to admit Warre's third son as a Commoner of Balliol.

Mission, and is also worried about the plans for his new house in Cloisters. At the beginning of the summer holidays he is preaching at Wells (of which Cathedral he was to become Prebend in 1899) when he hears of the death of Wilder, the aged Vice-Provost, "a noble, generous and kindly old man," and attends his funeral at Sulham near Reading. At the end of the year (December 10) an American priest, the Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D., asked Warre to be a member of the "Advisory Council on Religious Congresses of the World, a Congress Auxiliary to the World's Columbian Exposition [*sic*] of 1893." It was proposed to hold a "Parliament of Religions" in Chicago: Buddhism, Shintoism, Islam, Confucianism, were all to be represented in "this truly Œcumenical Conference." Even Christianity was not to be left without its exponents. Mr. Gladstone's name heads the list of those who have "accepted the honour of being members of the Advisory Council": Dr. Blodget of Peking and Dr. Bunker of Burmah have likewise accepted, as well as "the editors of leading religious newspapers." Warre politely declined to be enrolled; if there was one thing he disliked more than religious newspapers it was their editors.

1893 opens with a letter from Sir Arthur Godley (now Lord Kilbracken, then head of the India Office) thanking Warre for congratulations on his knighthood—

"I hope you will continue to regard me as *tout à fait respectable quoique décoré*: I feel that I am making you a bad return in sending you some Latin verses, which I hope your [Balliol] patriotism will persuade you to read, as mine persuaded me to write them. Send me up for good if you can."

Follows an exquisite Latin translation of Tennyson's poem to the Master of Balliol.

There is a long correspondence this year with the Governing Body about letting boys in exceptional cases stay till after they are nineteen. Warre wanted either

to be able to use his discretion *without* giving reasons, or to have no discretion in the matter at all. Other small matters come into the correspondence, the Provost of King's¹ hinting that Warre has been an expensive Headmaster, what with his new buildings, his own house, his Choir School, the new organ, etc.; and now he, Warre, is wanting to found a number of entrance exhibitions for Oppidans; "it can't be done; we have no more money." Warre also thought it wrong that rich parents should take advantage of the benefits of College; but the Governing Body wisely looked only to the intellectual qualifications of the candidates for College. The Provost of King's rightly urges Warre to make the (Oppidans') entrance examination more of a reality ("there never would be boys wanting to fill the places of those plucked"); but that is just what (for some inscrutable reason) no Headmaster has been able to do. Warre at least gets consent to the rule that a boy who is not in Fifth Form by sixteen or in Upper Division by eighteen shall be superannuated. Anson, who is all against boys staying too long at school, says (July 19)—

"Men play at being boys now till they are nearly twenty; it is the same at the Universities and at the private schools; each period is unduly prolonged. I try to get my Law students to finish their [Oxford] career in three years. . . . This is an illustrious neighbourhood [Hawkhurst]; the Captain of the Boats lives a mile from me, and the champion bulldog of England is two and a half miles on the other side: the truly great are always modest, and I find that both these celebrated creatures are extremely affable."

In June was the unveiling by the Bishop of Chichester, in the central bay of the west wall of the Antechapel, of the statue of William Waynflete, first Headmaster and second Provost of Eton; this statue was the gift of Sussex Old Etonians. Waynflete may

¹ Rev. A. Austen-Leigh.

have been a time-server in politics, but it was at least he who saved Eton from Yorkist greed and he who drew up the *amicabilis concordia* with our dear Wykehamist brothers which has endured ever since. So it was fitting that, a fortnight later, Hornby, Warre, the Senior Assistant Master, and the two Captains, should go to Winchester and present an address of congratulation on its quingentenary. In September Warre received two curious notes from his friend Auberon Herbert, an eccentric thinker but a man of real originality, on—

“the attractive yet terrible idea that thought lives outside the brain as well as in it, and that you and I, the saint and the murderer (I did not mean that to describe us), all people the air with thought-forms that act upon us all. . . . When you return to Eton do see that all the schoolrooms get the proper amount of air” :

indeed this last was a necessary caution.

Warre’s “three Indian Governors,” Lords Wenlock, Harris, and Elgin, all write to him in October : Elgin (October 18) is just going as Viceroy, and says—

“If all that is said be true we shall have need of the old watchword ‘Together,’ and of the staunch spirit you instilled in us. . . . I am leaving my boys behind at much the same age as I was left thirty years ago.”

Sir Arthur Godley (October 22) is delighted at the prospect of Elgin—

“I quite share your confidence in him ; the Government is lucky to have got so good a man.”

Wenlock at Madras says (October 30)—

“Now that Elgin is coming out I think you should pay us a visit. We could arrange some central spot at which we could all meet and you could then hold pupil-room. I am afraid I should be found terribly shaky in my Greek and you would be perfectly justified in condemning me to write out and translate the lesson three times.”

And Harris from Bombay (October 31)—

“I took occasion, in an educational speech, to refer to the fact that Elgin, Wenlock, and myself had all been at your House and to the pride we took in it and in the old School.”

Another old friend, Bishop Kennion of Adelaide, is going back to a worse exile, and writes to take leave of Warre (December 6).

But the most important personal event of this year for the Headmaster was Jowett's death, at the house of Warre's old Balliol contemporary, Mr. Justice Wright, on October 1. There is a large sheaf of letters to Warre in connection with the necessary *sequelæ* to this event, but it would not become one who was not a Balliol man to write about the subsequent election; I may, however, quote a letter from F. de Paravicini, October 30, sounding Warre as to his possible acceptance of the Mastership. “Jowett left behind him a memorandum of the names of certain persons whom he thought eligible to fill his place; one of these names was your own.” I do not think it is a matter for regret that Warre, who had still much of his best work to do for Eton, was unwilling to become a candidate; what every one now regrets is that James Leigh Strachan-Davidson (Master, 1908–17) had to wait another fifteen years for the succession. The most lively discussions at once began on the subject of a fitting Balliol memorial to the great Master. Warre, who was incessantly consulted, supported the idea of a Jowett Scholarship in Philosophy and Greek, and also an increase of the (very low) stipends of the College Tutors.¹ He also pressed, at an informal meeting held at the Speaker's House in London, for the paying off of the debt on the

¹ Balliol always appears to have done double the work of any other Oxford College on about half the needful endowment; but in the most recent years it has been liberally endowed by its own sons.

College buildings. In December "Jowett Trustees" were appointed, Warre being one. These met annually in early summer, and the Headmaster was thus brought back into direct and official communication with his beloved College. He was the most regular of attendants at these meetings, and it was on these occasions that he delighted to pour forth his *répertoire* of old Balliol stories (*see* p. 23). Some £10,500 was ultimately raised by the Trustees, and Warre's first item was more than realised, for among other memorials, two "Jowett Lectureships" in Greek Language, Literature, and Philosophy were founded.

In December of this year, after a long and gallant fight against typhoid fever, died the best loved of all Warre's pupils, T. C. Edwards-Moss ("Cottie")—the finest Eton and Oxford oarsman, not only of his own day but probably of all days. His own last letter to Warre is dated October 22; his elder brother writes almost daily, as hope and fear fluctuated during the struggle, a series of letters far too touching and intimate for publication.

Two other Eton deaths in 1894 affected Warre very much, those of Rev. E. Hale¹ in July, and of Thomas Dalton, Senior Mathematical Master, in October. Hale was one of his own closest friends and was universally beloved; he had been the first Quartermaster of the E.C.R.V., and his "opening snore" in camp had been celebrated in excellent rhyme by Kynaston. Of Dalton, who had come to Eton four halves after Warre, the latter writes (October 8): "Have no one like-minded to fill his place, or rather his many places, filled with uniform success." He had been the architect of the "Time-Table" of Schools, a task needing much knowledge of "Permutations and Combinations"; even the

¹ Hale had begun as one of S. Hawtrey's assistants, a mathematical master, in 1850; but in 1873, when, by order of the Governing Body, physical science was first officially taught, he was wholly transferred to that subject.

problem of arranging seats in chapel had no terrors for Dalton. The everlasting difficulty of the date of the Easter holidays bothered Warre this year and necessitated, what he very much disliked, the writing of a letter to the *Times*. A leading article in this paper insinuated that "Eton and Harrow blocked the way" to a fixed date. The Headmasters' Conference had, in 1888, resolved that a fixed date, in disregard of Easter Day, was desirable. Warre simply wrote (April 7) that—

"as long as Parliament, the Law Courts, and the Universities, continued to observe the varying date of Easter, many parents would have good reason for objecting to a change; but if there is a desire on the part of parents for a change I shall be quite prepared to submit the evidence of such desire to the Governing Body with whom the decision upon all such matters ultimately rests."

The Headmaster of Harrow, whose letter followed two days later, was either more in favour of the change, or else more inclined to insinuate that at least it was not Harrow that "blocked the way."

It is possible, but it does not follow, that Warre was a guest during "May Week" at Cambridge in this year; for there is extant a humorous skit (in a little periodical called *The Cambridge ABC*, No. 4, June 4, 1894) called "A Water-party on the Cam" in which Warre, under the name of *Dr. Atlantic*, is represented as "cross-questioning Jupiter on the structure of the catapults used by the Olympians in the war against the Titans."¹ But from Warre himself I have only two *jeux d'esprit* for this year. On April 2, at Baron's Down, when out riding with E. R. W., Warre met his own keeper, too evidently returning from the public house called "The Rock." So he wrote in his diary—

¹ "Jupiter is at first somewhat embarrassed; but the moment he begins to attempt an explanation, Dr. Atlantic breaks in and explains it for him, and his embarrassment melts into smiles" (p. 70).

τῷ σκυθρώπῳ ἠντήσαμεν
παρ' πότον ἀμβαίνοντι Πετράν τ' εὖ ναιεταούσαν
οὐκ οἶψ' ἄμὰ τῷ γε κύων καὶ σκλόππος ἔποντο,
θάμβησεν δὲ ἰδὼν ἵππους αὐτοὺς τε κέλητας.¹

The second (December 31) is to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer of Kew, and is one of the earliest in date of the gardening letters² to him and others. Sir William has been sending asters—

ἀστέρες εἰ λάμψουσιν ἐμὸν κατὰ κήπον, ὀρῶντι
ὥρανὸς οὐκ ἄλλως ἔσται ἐπιχθόνιος.

In 1895 there is a Latin Epigram headed *περὶ βόθρων* ("about the trenches") which, as it is early in October, may refer to some of the digging operations on Agar's Plough—

Dic Domino terræ quæ sint fastigia quærat
Ipse suis scrobibus³; sit sua cuique sequi.

Earlier in the year (April 28) Warre has preserved a copy of his answer to Lord Roberts, who has consulted him as to the meaning of a line in Juvenal (the closing passage of Satire X.): "The quotation is correctly given in your letter—

"Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia; nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cæloque locamus."

"I have not Mayor's edition here (Baron's Down), but I do not find in the one I have any notice of a variant 'abest' . . . 'Where Prudence rules there Fortune has no sway,' is obviously the meaning of what has gone before."⁴

¹ Mr. Smith was known to the family as "the Scythrop" or "the gloomy one." *σκλόππος* and the Latin *schloppus* (Italian *schioppo*), for a gun, are found in some old dictionaries. For *ἵππους* I suggest *v. l. ἱππεῖς*.

² Of the same year (October) is a long Latin letter, in answer to a letter of Dyer's in the same language, as a result of his visit to Kew on October 18 in company with Mr. Luxmoore. He begs for plants for both gardens, Eton and Baron's Down.

³ This is an adaptation of Georgic II. 288.

⁴ One MS., not of good authority, has *abest*. Dr. Johnson's excellent emendation, *adest nū*, is quoted in G. B. Hill's note (Boswell, iv. 180).

On January 1, 1896, he sent to Archbishop Benson, evidently with a copy of verses, now lost, a present of a "Woolly Bear" ¹ a *laneus ursus*, as he liked to call it. The Archbishop replied in really beautiful and humorous, if difficult, Greek elegiacs—

ΠΡΟΣ ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΝ ΚΑΝΤΟΥΑΡΙΕΥΣ

Κλεινὸς [ἐρετμ]οσύνη τε φιλοφροσύνη τ' ἐρατεινὸς
 στήθεσιν οὐ σθεναροῖς ὡς φίλα δῶρα δίδοις.
 Μνημοσύνη δὲ φίλος καὶ τρὶς τρισὶ θυγατέρεςσιν
 ἄσματα πρὸς δῶροις τρὶς τριπόθата θροεῖς.
 τοῖόν σ' ἐν τοίῳ ἔργ' Ἑσιοδεῖα χιτῶν
 δρᾶν ἰδὼν, ἀλλ' ὑμνεῖν αἰὲν Ὀμήρου ἔπος.
 τοῖον ἀμαλλοδέτην στάχυσ σε βαλεῖν ἐφ' ἄμαξαν,
 τοῖον δουρότομον μυρία κᾶλα νέειν.
 πᾶρ δέ σοι, ὦ Πτολεμαῖε, φίλῳ ἐθεάσάμεθ' ἄρκτω
 νῶτοισιν πονέειν, χεῖλεσιν ἡδὺ γελᾶν.
 τοῖον ἐπὶ Σλούγῳ σε καθιππάζοντα ποδωκεῖς
 εἰς ἀγκῶν' ἐλάφους οὐκ ἰδὼν ἀλλ' ἔκλυνον·
 καὶ σὺ δ' ἔμ', ὦ Πτολεμαῖε, μεθεὶς πτεροέσση ἐφ' ἵππῳ
 κρημνόθεν αὐλῶνας, κλίματ' ἔδειξας, ὄρη.
 ὡς ἰδὼν, ὡς ἐχάρην· τάχ' ἔπειτα φιλόξενον οἶκον
 ἰκόμενοι χρόνιοι δαιτὶ παρεζόμεθα·
 ἔως ποτ' ἀκούοντος ροδοδαφνᾶων ψιθύρισμα,
 ρεῖ' ὑπνῶσσοντος, Σνῶρον ὕπειχε κᾶρα.
 καὶ μαλὰ Τετραδίου πρῶ μεμνήμαι ποθέοντος
 ῥήματα θεῖ' αὐδᾶν, ῥήματα θεῖα κλύειν.
 ὅσσον τοι θαλερὸν βιότον, θαλπτήριον ὅσσον,
 ὅσσον ἔην ὅσιον, πᾶν τόδ' ὁδωδὲ Χιτῶν.

And Warre soon re-replied as follows:—

ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΝΤΟΥΑΡΙΕΑ ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ

κόσσυφον ἐν θάμνοις κίχλην θ' ὑπακούομεν ἥδη
 ἴσχν' ἀναβαλλομένους ἥρος ἐπερχομένου·
 αἱ δὲ τεαὶ λαλαγοῦσιν ἀηδόνες,² οὐδὲ ποτ' αὐτῶν
 χείματος ἵς κατέχει ποικιλότραυλα μέλη.
 χαῖρε καὶ εὐφράνθητι γέρων Μουσαῖσι φίλιστος,
 οὐδέ ποτ' οὐκ ᾤδῃς αὐτὸς ἄμοιρος ἔσει.

¹ A "woolly bear" was a warm wrap of Shetland wool, otherwise called a "pussy waistcoat." Mrs. Warre used to buy them direct from Shetland for presents to the Headmaster's friends.

² Cf. Callimachus, αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζῶουσιν ἀηδόνες, Epigram 2, Mackail, *Anthology*, 187.

At the end of that month Mr. Goschen, who was First Lord of the Admiralty, consulted Warre on the question of getting boys from the Public Schools into the Navy. Warre went to London and discussed the point with the Captain of the *Britannia* (then the training ship for Cadets), and his Chief Instructor. The result, two years later, was an attempt at a "Navy Class" at Eton, but this was an exotic which never throve there. On March 10 Warre writes to his sister, "I have just had a great honour conferred upon me, being elected an Honorary Fellow of Balliol"—indeed, nothing that came to the recipient in all his life was so gratifying as this honour. The sequels of the Jameson raid disturbed every one a good deal in that spring; and it was a correspondent with every means of knowing who wrote from Capetown to Warre on March 23—

"You are right in supposing that nothing that can be disclosed at the trial can justify Jameson's action, but I think he was but the knife in the hand of the operator. The letter about the women and children was a fraud written long before. They were never in danger and no one ever supposed they were."

At Henley Regatta of this year (1896) Warre had two sons in the Eton and one in the Balliol Eight, which crews met in the Final for the Ladies' Plate, and his old friend, Rev. W. Hardy Wood asks him (July 13), "How did you feel? You could not wish Eton to lose or be very anxious for Balliol to win: would a dead heat have pleased you best?" Mr. Luxmoore is anxious (September 1) about the choice of a representative of the Assistant Masters on the Governing Body: "How unsatisfactory is its composition! for the busy people do not attend the meetings." At the end of this year began, and till July, 1897, continued, a controversy on the subject of a third day for the Eton and Harrow match.¹ It seems to have been

¹ The arguments were not only that, with only two days, the match was not infrequently drawn, but that the boys were obliged

started by genuine devotees of cricket, who yet, some of them being members of the M.C.C., were not wholly without an eye to the funds of that body : and they seem to have persuaded the Headmaster of Harrow to support the claim for a third day. Every instinct of Warre was against this, and his rival appeared (November 4) to acquiesce in his view. Then suddenly, without consulting Warre, on July 16, 1897, Dr. Welldon wrote a letter to the *Times*, which Warre considered to be throwing on him the *onus* of refusing the cry for three days. Warre answered this letter privately the same day, and on July 19 his public letter appeared in the *Times* accepting this *onus*, but showing how unfairly, after it had been allowed to slumber since the end of 1896, the matter had again been sprung upon him. There are many letters preserved, even from men who had wanted the third day, congratulating Warre on the firmness of his refusal.

The shadows of coming wars are marked by two strong letters from the War Office, in October from Lord Wolseley, in November from Sir Evelyn Wood, to Dr. James of Rugby, as Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference, on the necessity of forming Cadet Corps in all large schools.

The fountain of classical wit, which had spouted so merrily down to about 1896, is now rather dried up until after Warre's retirement. The *Chronicle* contains a pretty birthday greeting for the completion of the Headmaster's sixtieth year ; in this the happy note is twice expressed that Warre was—

“ Great, not caring to be great.”

And that

to play, under conditions very trying to body and nerves, for too long hours. Apparently no one would listen to the two reasonable alternatives, of playing the match alternately on the grounds of the two schools, as the Winchester match is now played, or of playing it at Lords at the beginning of the summer holidays, as both it and the Winchester match used to be played. Indeed, in 1877, the Governors of Harrow had proposed this solution to the Governing Body of Eton, but had met with a refusal.

“ You have loved the doing best
Careless if the honour came.”

In January Warre's nephew, Captain Slade, writes from H.M.S. *Cockatrice* at Constantinople giving a lurid account of the way the Sultan's government was carried on—

“ The whole country is ripe for revolution, and if the army and the civilians were to combine, it would go very hard with the Sultan and his favourites. Also there are periodical scares of massacres and suchlike unpleasant things.”

William Carter, then Bishop of Zululand (June 4), writes from “ Isandhlwana via Rorke's Drift ” (a historic address !) looking forward with dread to Zululand coming under the Colonial administration ; for “ Colonials only exploit natives ; the Imperial Government cares for them.”

In July Sydney James [now Archdeacon] writes a letter of passionate affection at parting from his Eton mastership to become Head of Malvern College—

“ For eighteen years you have shown me the truest and most consistent kindness that one man could show to another . . . in my new sphere my highest aim will be to act in such a spirit as I have seen you display throughout my experience of you.”

The praise is the more valuable because Eton was not the school of the writer's boyhood.

For 1898 the diary is almost wholly devoid of interest, and I have only one letter of importance to quote. Warre was always deeply interested in missionary work, in the genuine old-fashioned gospel-preaching to the “ heathen,” of which he had learned so much from the two successive Bishops Selwyn and others, and I am afraid he would have reckoned all the ancient religions of the East as definitely heathen as Mumbo-Jumbo. One of his most faithful correspondents is the Rev. A. Polhill ¹ (Polhill-

¹ There is nothing for which a clergyman will not ask : on June 8, 1903, this same excellent worker suggests that a fitting religious memorial of the S. African War would be to build him a chapel at a place called Shu-Ting, in China.

Turner at Eton) who was labouring gallantly in "heathen" China. His letters last till 1911, and the best of all is of September of this year 1898. It describes his visit to Peking in a very critical week—

"I saw the camels laden with brick-tea start from the Great Wall for Siberia and Russia, passing over 1000 of them in one day" [as he came towards Peking]. "During my week in the capital most remarkable political events happened each day. On Sept. 20 the Emperor was reported to be putting on foreign dress and cutting off his pigtail. On Sept. 21 he abdicated in favour of the ex-Empress. On Sept. 22 she was installed as an anti-reformer; trains were all stopped for the day. On Sept. 23 the Emperor reported to be ill from the effects of poison. Later, Britain and Germany insist on restoration of Emperor. A busy week."

1899 is also a year comparatively barren of correspondence. On April 26 the Head dined with the Goldsmiths Company to meet Lord Elgin, K.G., on his return from India. Egypt is hardly finished with before South Africa begins; for on March 20 Major H. G. Fitton, D.S.O., from Omdurman, sends a Dervish flag to the School and writes to Warre—

"The country is already beginning to revive south of this place, but as long as the Khalifa remains at large we shall have disaffection; by the end of this year I hope we shall have put a stop to Mahdism for ever."

And then, on September 30, the Adjutant of E.C.R.V., Major Myers, writes from s.s. *Kinfauns Castle* to excuse himself for—

"running away from Eton to serve in South Africa [where he died] as a Volunteer. I have told Lowry [then C.O. of E.C.R.V.] that if you strongly disapprove of the step I am taking I will return from Madeira, at the expense of my own feelings." ¹

¹ Compare this with a letter dated September 5, 1914, from an Eton master "somewhere in France": "I hear the O.T.C. is being fiercely kept at home . . . I don't know whether I have

What a tribute this is to Warre; for here is a man, trusting something far dearer than his life, his own private honour, to the Headmaster's judgment. Warre endorsed it "the last letter I received from him." On August 16 Warre notes "Sent off revise of Selwyn MS. to publisher"; of this manuscript some account will be found below (*see* p. 214); four days later there is a pretty little epitaph, written for a young cousin's dog who was killed by a reaping machine—

"Hic jaceo catulus claro cognomine Tatters,
Idem in morte fui qui modo vivus eram;
Dumnonia de stirpe satus Clivoque Baronis
Bellorum colui sedulus usque domum.
Durius ¹ et Thamesis nostros novere labores,
Regnorum ² emeriti nunc ager ossa tenet.
Abreptum Dorothea ³ dolet, mæretque Philippus,
Flet desiderio Ginger et ipse meo.

On October 28, 1899, Bishop Kennion, who has now exchanged his Australian exile for Bath and Wells, collated Warre to the "prebend or canonry of Wormestre or Warminster in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew at Wells, vacant by the death of Walter Hook." The Headmaster was deeply gratified, for he loved the beautiful church, and if he had ever delighted in preaching anywhere (which he did not) it would have been there. He read, not long after this, a paper at the Wells Diocesan Conference, and he therein sadly stated, as a sign of the times, that, of boys leaving Eton, less than five per cent. expressed to him any intention of taking Holy Orders.

The war fills all thoughts in 1900; and even the Bishop, whom Warre has just rewarded for his Prebend with a New Year's present of a "woolly bear," says, in behaved badly to Eton [in running away to fight] . . . anyhow, here I am, and I thank God I have been able to come out."

¹ The Douro.

² If any scholar can throw light on *Regnorum* his explanation will be thankfully received. Penerley, where *Tatters* was buried, is in the New Forest.

³ Warre once rightly scolded his biographer for *Rēgñaldus* (the name has no connection with *regina*); I humbly submit that, if we look to the derivation of the name, he has made an almost equally false quantity in *Dōrothea*.

acknowledging it, à propos of our strategy in South Africa, "I wish you would disclose your own position for I always look on you as a master of military tactics and I want to know if you think we are on the right track."¹ I am permitted to quote a few words from Lady Roberts's letter, after her only son's death, at which he earned the highest decoration the Sovereign can give. The letter is undated, but "Freddy" died of his wound received at Colenso on December 17, 1899. "I feel sure, dear Dr. Warre, that you helped to make him what he was. . . . The Queen sent me his Cross the other day with a beautiful tender letter." On June 18 Warre, for the School, despatched the following telegram to the Commander-in-Chief: "To Lord Roberts, Front. Gratulatur Etona Imperatori suo Pretoria [why not Pretoriam?] suo die obtinenti. Warre." On September 7 Lord Chesham, who has also lost his elder son, writes from Mafeking—

"His last words were 'We'll stick to it' . . . We have marched after de Wet 180 miles in 9 days with 5 whole days' fighting thrown in. Our Brigade has now marched 1200 miles and had 21 engagements. This war has been prolonged by our initial stupidity and want of knowledge of what we were taking on. Why we have so many unbusinesslike men in high places in the Army or connected with the Army is curious. I suppose it is because the Army is not treated as a *business* profession . . . certainly for all mounted troops no one ought to be *in the field* who is over 50, and I'd have no one in the *active Army* over 55. I am very glad you are pleased about the Volunteers, but can well imagine the red tape that besets them. We copy the Germans in their training, *i.e.* to make our units component parts of a *huge* machine; but our machine is

¹ In a letter to his daughter in the previous November, Warre put his finger on the weak point of the early strategy of the war: "Ladysmith ought never to have been held without a strong place and dépôt at Colenso, which has good command of ground and a river running in front of it; I fear Ladysmith will soon be encircled."

not huge, and our units, being voluntary, want more liberal training and less red tape formalities."

I have quoted this at some length because the writer's words might well be applied to 1914 as well as to 1900. In November Warre's old pupil, St. John Brodrick [now Earl of Midleton], writes, on his own appointment as Secretary of State for War—

"there is a sore job ahead of me; army, people, Court, all pulling different ways; much unpopularity to face and quite a possibility of failure, but I shall try to pull through and it will always be a support to me to feel that you believe in me."

Warre was very sorry to lose Mr. Lowry, who went in August to be Headmaster of Sedbergh, and writes—

"I carry away my second leaving-book with very mingled feelings, very much gratitude to you, and a fervent hope that what I have learned from you and others may bear fruit."

The sadness of this year 1900 cannot be alleviated even by the following (May 16) from one of your real "prize" Americans, the Librarian of the Mechanics Institute of New York. I give it verbatim—

"Can you, as custodian of Gray's Elegy, give me any information as to another poem which, as I understand, entered into competition with above, and for a time quite as celebrated."

Warre consulted Mr. Tovey, a great Gray scholar, who thought the poor man was perhaps on the track of Blair's rather grim poem *The Grave* (1743), which had a considerable sale when published.

In 1901 Dr. Fearon, who is going to resign Winchester, asks Warre (January 18), "Can you supply us with the right man for my successor? I doubt whether we have a Wykehamist at command." On February 25 his old pupil, Mr. H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, sends him a copy of

his *Evolution of the English Bible*, just published by Mr. Murray [a second edition came out in 1911], saying—

“ Will you accept the accompanying symbol of an indiscretion for which I can at least plead ‘ first fault ’ ? To whom may I give it if not to ‘ My Tutor,’ and when ‘ My Tutor ’ represents and embodies so worthily the best traditions of the great School which we both look up to as our common Mother, to whom could I give it more gladly ? ”

In September Warre is busy writing the address he is going to deliver at Giggleswick School on the opening of the new chapel, which has been given to that Yorkshire foundation by his old friend Walter Morrison. He sent copies of this address, after its delivery, to many friends including a very high dignitary of the Church, who professed in reply never to have heard of Giggleswick. In the same month he received a touching letter from R. A. H. Mitchell, saying that he was too ill to come back to Eton next half—“ problem, how to get a man ” ? In October there begins a long correspondence with an Indian Maharajah who wants to find a tutor for his sons till they are old enough for Eton, for which school His Highness appears to have received some vague promise of vacancies.¹ Of the same date is a most humorous (and yet pathetic) application from the headmaster of a Negro school in Jamaica, addressed, “ The Headmaster of the Eton Public Schools, Eton, Buckinghamshire, M.C.,² England.” He asks for “ cricketing equipment ”—

“ You cannot conceive how hard it is to buy even a bat in Jamaica ; we do not ask for newly manufactured

¹ These promises were not fulfilled, perhaps because, like the hero and heroine of the “ Baby’s Début ” in *Rejected Addresses*, the two younger boys do not seem to have come into the world at periods sufficiently remote from each other to satisfy Western ideas of domestic morality. [R. P. L. B.]

² Query, “ Midland Counties ” ? Perhaps the gentleman doth protest too much when he says that “ Jamaica rejoices in having been freed by the England ; she ever remains loyal to her benefactor. Every school with its native teacher teaches this duty.”

things but we promise to be satisfied with what token of love and difference [*sic*] your benevolence may cast on us. I know my boys are quite expectant to hear whether England is still smart and kind, godfearing and charitable. And humbly ask that permission be given to us and your boys to correspond occasionally. I on behalf of my school send happy greeting to the white brothers under your unimpeachable care."

Warre evidently answered it very kindly and sent the school some pictures of Eton, and on December 13 his correspondent replied that "the gratitude of the boys is inexpressible say nothing of mine . . . the present from you intoxicated the whole school of 90 children with joy." The poor fellow goes on into what becomes a begging letter for himself and his brother, tragically describing the difficulties of education for his race.¹

November was a busy month for Warre. There was the Lord Mayor's Banquet to which he felt obliged to go, "as he (Sir J. Dimsdale) is the first Eton Lord Mayor for 140 years." And he is disturbed by a man called Quilter who has been vilifying Eton in some obscure periodical, and who, being asked to issue a *démenti*, merely says he will correct in his next issue any things in which he can be proved wrong. The man quotes "an Army Tutor" (without giving his name) as saying that the "Eton boys who come to him to be crammed are the most backward and the most troublesome." At the end of the year the Head was refreshed by a long letter (dated December 16) from his old pupil, Lord Minto, then Governor-General of Canada—

"I met an old schoolfellow of yours, T. C. Patteson of Toronto (*vide infra*, 1906); he is an old friend of

¹ I have been informed by a friend, recently returned from Jamaica, that this is all true. He thought the letter most genuine and most pathetic, and said, to my surprise, that it would be quite impossible for boys at such a school to provide themselves with material for games.

mine, too, a clever, rather eccentric man. He told me he had been writing to you about Henley. I should be strongly against throwing it open to all the world; but, for the sake of imperial sentiment, it would be a good move to accept school and college crews from the Colonies.”¹

The writer then says that he had recently met Hanlon (the famous sculler), sculling on the River Gatineau, a great heavy river,

“One of my friends asked if he might go out in Hanlon’s boat . . . he knew nothing about sculling and we had to rescue him in a canoe. I then humbly asked if I might try. Governors and those sort of people are supposed to know nothing about boats, but after some persuasion I was allowed to embark and drown myself if I liked. Of course everything seemed exactly the same as in old days [when ‘Melgund was second in the sculling,’ *vide supra*, p. 55]. I felt quite young again and sculled away gaily up-stream. You never saw people so astonished; at first they gaped in silence and then broke into wild applause.”

There is a second letter from Lord Minto, August 30, 1903, expressing his grief about the fire—“but one thing stood out pre-eminently, the splendid behaviour of the boys.” Both letters have much valuable comment on the feeling of Canadians of both races, and on the danger of American capital and immigration undermining the connection with Britain.

The last letter (December 29) of 1901, from a man of letters, then in France, previously quite unknown to Warre, complains of the admission to Eton of the “sons of aliens not always of a desirable class.” The writer objects, not only to cosmopolitan Jews (citing an instance of a Russo-Parisian Jewess who was having one son educated as a Frenchman and the other as an “English gentle-

¹ Warre, who was so much against general foreign entries—*e.g.* for the Grand, the Diamonds, etc.,—at the Regatta, thoroughly approved of this proposal, but I am not aware that it was ever carried out.

man " at Eton), but to American plutocrats doing the same. He is quite right, but it is an unpleasant self-advertising letter. No answer has been preserved.

In March, 1902, Arthur Rickards, an early C.O. of E.C.R.V., after a visit to Eton at which he failed to catch the Headmaster, writes—

"I do so much congratulate you on all I saw, and if you can without regret feel yourself as happy at Eton as you would have been on the Woolsack (which years ago I prophesied as your future, if you would care for it), why then you must be the happiest man in the world after yours sincerely, A. R."

In October Warre received from Switzerland on an illustrated (Danish) postcard, the following effusion—

"Will you kindly send me your fees, prospectus, and latest school-roll? Is there any unnecessary fagging or bullying? If so my son would be taken away at once. Please put right amount of stamps on. I had to pay 6 francs yesterday because some one did not."

In December a gentleman from Bedford asks whether the Headmaster can recommend any signs to be used in writing or printing (beyond those of the alphabet) to express emotions; and Warre suggests the use of ancient Egyptian, or modern Chinese, characters. I do not think that such eccentric questionings bothered Warre much (and perhaps they acted rather as counter-irritants), but he certainly spent, as the Duke of Wellington also spent, valuable time in writing answers to "superfluous" persons. The same year, 1902-3, was marked by one of the periodical onslaughts of the Humanitarian League on the Eton Beagles. The League first tackled the Governing Body, which referred them to the Headmaster, and the Headmaster snubbed them courteously.

In 1903 we have a sheaf of letters from Lord Cadogan, who has had six sons at Eton and wishes to present the

School with a bust of Queen Victoria, which she, the Queen, had presented to him, Cadogan. It was not quite completed by the sculptor, but was being completed and it is to be placed in the Memorial Hall when that building is erected. Warre sends the donor the draft of the inscription which he proposes to place on the pedestal of the bust. In March Sir Clements Markham, who has invited Warre to dine at the Geographical Society's meeting, for the Elizabethan Commemoration Festival, says—

“In my address I shall have occasion to refer both to Eton and Westminster, for Mr. Oughtred (the inventor of the horological ring and demonstrator of the principle of spherical triangles) was an Eton boy. Can you tell me of any other Eton boys of Elizabeth's time who were connected with geography or exploration? The only one of her time of whom I know much was Sir John Harington, her witty godson, who made a great many puns but was no geographer.”

In this spring Warre evidently had a scheme for giving a series of “talks” to the Captains of Houses, and to what one of his correspondents calls (though disliking the term) “House Committees,” on various points of school discipline, morals, etc.

“I should suggest your taking them in groups of about twenty-five in Chambers, but you know best what is most effective . . . they will get, what they prize very much, a sort of personal interview with you (I have sometimes heard O.E.'s regret that they had never changed words with you except in taking leave). . . . I think no line can be too strong to take against our abuses, and it is right and sound to make a fearless distinction between telling [*i.e.* revealing private knowledge] about corruption and telling about other things. Also I want Masters to be urged to put responsibilities, in small ways, on Captains of Lower Boys, Keepers of Lower Games, etc., so as to prepare a generation more ready for authority than the present.”

Warre always applauded the good schoolboy tradition that, except in the two instances of corruption of morals or theft, no boy should ever "give away" another to a master. When towards the end of Lent Half, 1902, a number of the keyholes to the schoolrooms were discovered at early school to be effectually blocked (with some composition resembling plaster of Paris), he was very angry, and stopped all leave all over the school till the culprit or culprits should give themselves up. No one did so (the opinion was widely held that the delightful mischief must have been the work of some O.E. rather than of any boys), and next half (May 17), when it became clear that no one would do so, Warre removed his ban and told the School he was at least glad that no boy had "sneaked" on another.

Some sentences from a portrait recently drawn of the Headmaster, as he appeared to a Sixth Form boy in his later years, may perhaps be inserted here—

"When Warre took his walks abroad he wore a tall hat so big that there was a legend that two lower boys had got their heads into it at once when it was being repaired at Devereux's shop. His spacious black coat hung loosely from his huge shoulders, and his voluminous trousers fell in folds over his enormous boots; they were not ungainly nor policeman-like boots, but only the Head could have wielded them (and 'wield' is the only verb that fits the case). In short, everything about him, including his name, seemed to magnify him in our eyes. He had what is called 'presence' in the highest degree. We thought him an enormous man, though actually he was not far above middle height. When he sailed into a room, with his head thrown back and a crunching stride, with flowing gown and a very broad silk band round his middle, he seemed hardly mortal in his bigness. His voice, too, was tremendous; it came out of the depths of him and vibrated. When addressing the School he made great play with this voice; first you heard a low rumbling inside him, then almost a shout on the middle note, and finally he broke

off with an unexpectedly high note. This vibration had an effect on one's spine like that of the fiddles in the overture to *Tristan*. He articulated in a way all his own, using his lips a great deal and dropping all his final g's. He would throw back his head and gaze at a high window while waiting to begin his speech; and then his face was stern, yet it had a high look of aloofness and impartial justice. All this awe-inspiring voice and presence, when combined (as it was) with great gentleness and warmheartedness, was a combination well calculated to attract boys; and whatever the secret of it was, we certainly thought the world of him. We did not think the less of him because he could, and on occasions did, display emotion in public; he was so much a man that he could afford, at moments, to be almost a child. And those of us who were fortunate enough to be counted among his friends, will certainly think the world of him to the world's end." [L. E. J.]

But to return to 1903: the most important of the minor incidents in the Headmaster's life in that year was the publication in December of "The Selwyn Manuscript."¹ It is one of the best, if not the best, of Warre's contributions to literature. The history of the manuscript is curious. It consisted originally of four parts, the third of which is missing. The fourth part was entrusted, in 1874, by the Bishop of Lichfield, the aged brother of the long-dead author, to Mr. Blake-Humfrey (now Mason), who had been Captain of the Boats in 1860-1. This gentleman transcribed it (which it is to be feared few Captains of the Boats could now do) and sent it to Warre, whose first letter about it is dated, "Bindon, September 1, 1874." His second letter is without year, but is dated Bindon, March 29, and may fairly be assigned to 1875. Warre writes as a scholar to a scholar. He is correcting the text, not without (a very few) conjectural emendations, and consults Mr. Blake-Humfrey about a translation, what notes there should be, and what type:

¹ *Eton in 1829-30. A Diary of Boating and Other Events written in Greek by Thomas Kynaston Selwyn, Newcastle Scholar 1830.*

"the accents are often wrong . . . there are two or three *loci insanabiles*," and so on. In March, 1877, he writes that he is in hopes of finding the missing portions, and is in correspondence with the Bishop about them. Eventually, in 1889, Parts I. and II. came into his hands from the Selwyn family. Warre had once expressed the view that it would be difficult to publish while Coleridge was alive; ¹ yet there is nothing in the text but the most good-humoured fun about Coleridge, who, in fact, is throughout made to appear as the champion of the boys, and of licensed boating, against Keate. Perhaps Warre was too busy, or perhaps he was always hoping to recover Part III.; but in either case he put the book aside till 1902, in which year occur frequent entries in his diary, "worked at Selwyn MS." His translation is quite admirable; his notes and preface are only too short; and the book had a great reception.

A refreshing breath from the New World was a letter dated September 20, 1903, from an old Etonian, W. Runciman, from "Waiotapu Camp, Rotorua, New Zealand," a forestry camp, twenty-one miles from the next house, asking for books or papers, "including a Greek Testament and [*sic*] a 'Scott and Liddell' "—just the sort of request with which Warre delighted to comply, and I have little doubt that he did so.

1904-5 may be treated as one year. Heavy as it is with the important events recorded in the last chapter there is little of lighter interest. Warre was exceedingly pleased in February, 1905, with the visit of a Japanese student, whom in that and in later years he frequently quoted in addresses and letters:

"I was deeply touched," this gentleman wrote to him on February 27, "at finding the names of the great ones of your country on the wooden wall, who have been

¹ Rev. W. Selwyn to Warre, July 30, 1889: "I imagine that the death of our good old friend, Coleridge, removes the chief obstacle to their production." Yet Edward Coleridge died in May, 1883.

educated in your College. Recently I have heard that 'Bushido Society' was born among your College boys. . . . I should be very much obliged if you would kindly write to me about it."

In December, 1904, and January, 1905, are two letters from Lord Cranley [now Earl of Onslow] on behalf of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, the first asking, and the second thanking, for a photograph, to hang in the Embassy, of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's picture in College Hall. The writer throws interesting light on the awful conditions of Russia at that critical date in the reign of its last Tsar :—

"This country gets deeper and deeper into the mire every day. When I went on leave three months ago the prospects of any active revolt against the so-called Government seemed very remote ; now this has greatly changed. The change has been brought about by the mobilisation of the three last Army Corps . . . there is no provision for the families of the reservists called up, and nothing but starvation for them to look forward to . . . but the people are so accustomed to be treated like dogs that they know no better. All depends on the Baltic Fleet : if Rojestvensky succeeds in smashing Togo, the Japs will be smashed by having their communications cut : if the other way, the war may last for years."

A month later—

"The fall of Port Arthur has been accepted with astonishing resignation by people here, though there is a good deal of feeling against Stoessel. . . . The Reform party are thoroughly discontented with the Emperor's manifesto ; in a country where each minister breaks the law or obeys it as seems good in his own eyes, laws are of no use without a guarantee that they will be carried out. We are now curious to know what will happen to Rojestvensky ; it is said he will wait about in the Indian Ocean till the third squadron, now being got ready, arrives, but that can't be for three months, and even with it I expect Togo will render a good account of him."

The beautiful Alcaics written and presented to Warre, on the occasion of the Winchester match in his last summer half, by Leslie Hunter, who was "Prefect of Hall" in that year [afterwards Fellow of Magdalen and of New College, killed in action at Pozières in August, 1916], were printed in full, together with Warre's answer in the same metre, both in the *Chronicle* and the *Wykehamist*. Warre's happiest stanza is perhaps that in which he says that the love of the two foundations for each other, of "the junctas Sorores compede amabili," is of such nature—

"Qualem neque Aulæ insania Candidæ,
Nec Corporum olim vis Dominantium,
Restinguat aut Crispinus Actis
Irrita vociferans Diurnis."

The letters received by Warre when his resignation was announced, and when it was finally effected, might well fill a volume; and a biographer may well be puzzled over the task of selecting any of them for quotation. Lord Rosebery's is pretty: "As I listened to your farewell sermon yesterday I almost felt as if the boys were ghosts, and had always been ghosts, that my generation were ghosts as well as all the others, and that the chapel in which we were assembled was the only real substance." And Lord Minto's (then Viceroy of India): "You must come to India. Too old? I never heard of such a thing!" The Headmaster of Winchester [now Bishop of Oxford]: "We ought all of us only to feel intense gratitude for the work you have done and the standard you have kept waving all these years." And he of Westminster [Dr. Gow]: "You will be missed in our profession much more than you know." The Master of Trinity [his old friend, Butler, once of Harrow]: "You have had the delight of 'seeing Jerusalem in prosperity all your life long,' and you cannot but be greatly conscious that much of it has been due to your own faithful service . . . it is responsibility, not work, that is the real *sarcina*; and, except in a

campaign it is seldom heavier than in a post like yours. . . . much has happened to both of us since 1843" [read "1845"]. And the Bishop of Bath and Wells: "Arnold was not more to Rugby than you to Eton." And the Bishop of Zululand: "You will give up your work with every Etonian thanking you for all you have been enabled, under God, to be and to do."

Of colleagues and ex-colleagues, one will speak of the Head's "irresistible power of inspiring loyalty," another of "the eight happiest years of my life spent under you," a third will tell him, "I was never afraid of disagreeing with you, for I know you never resented any expression of opinion between us." A fourth says (not without experience of other schools), "You gave us the one priceless gift of freedom which is non-existent elsewhere." A fifth, "When you are gone people will recognise even more than now what they have lost." A sixth, "You will surely have to be commemorated among our most important benefactors, for you have rebuilt a stable edifice on the old foundations." Others say: "We can all realise what it must cost you to resign . . . to resign now, when you still feel there is a crowning work to be done, seems to me greater than all the rest." "I do think there has been a largeness, and nobility, and manliness, and honesty, and kindliness, and true goodness—the goodness of an honest Christian—in all your dealings with us."

Lastly, I will give the last of three stanzas of a poem (which perhaps may have brought the tears to Warre's eyes) from a very finished scholar and old colleague, now dead, E. D. Stone—

"Ah yes, I know : so much remained to do
That must be left undone ; though men may praise,
And justly, thou dost strain an eagle gaze
To more complete achievement ; wouldst renew
Thy youth, and tread the old familiar ways
With surer step, oh warrior strong and true ! "

Like all simple and honest men, Warre loved and

valued honest praise from the right people ; and I have not discovered one jarring note in the mass of letters referring to his retirement.

If I have been unsuccessful in drawing in these two chapters the portrait of a great Headmaster the fault must be understood to lie in the biographer, not in the subject. If I were asked to sum up my own opinion in a few words, it would be to the effect that Edmond Warre, often puzzled, occasionally puzzling to others, over small things, rose quite above them in all big things. He was greater than any of the details of his life would lead any one who did not know him to suppose. To some extent it was an indefinable greatness. One colleague speaks of " the moral atmosphere in which he lived and which he diffused around him," and also of " his infectious capacity for work which made all of us ashamed not to do our best." Another, harping on his tenderness and generosity, says—

" I don't think he was capable of inflicting a deliberate wound. If ever anything he had said, even in harmless fun, seemed to miscarry, he would instantly sit down and write something to put that straight which had very likely never been awry. He was as nearly absolutely just as it is possible for a man to be ; and whereas most very just people fail in sympathy, Warre overflowed with this last quality, which was the very magnet that attracted so many people to him."

The late Bursar (whom God long preserve in his happy retirement) did not know him as a boy, but speaks of the affectionate friendship that grew up between them after his appointment to the office—

" I think it was sometimes a help to him to have some one at hand not directly concerned with school discipline, to whom he could yet talk freely of his difficulties and his projects. He had an inductive mind ; his instinct was to tackle a problem at first by one or more details, work up through them to the heart of the

matter, and then go back and see how all the details could be co-ordinated. He had that helpful gift of the born administrator, the faculty of discarding the irrelevant. Moreover, his confidence, once given, was given entirely, and you simply had to live up to it."

Finally, says H. E. L.—

"Warre changed the conception of a schoolmaster by putting away the buckram and the mask, and the shy or pretentious aloofness of earlier Heads, and by coming among us as he really was. He made Eton a still greater name than it had been all over the world ; it takes real greatness to do that."

CHAPTER XI

CLOSING YEARS

‘Ἡ μὲν τοῦ σώματος ἰσχὺς γηράσκει, ἡ δὲ τῆς ψυχῆς βώμη τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀγήρατός ἐστιν.—Xenophon, *Agésilais*, xi. 14.

FOURTEEN and a half years of life yet lay before this veteran, the last six to be passed in an ever-increasing condition of invalidism. No good fellow, however much he may aver it to the world, ever acknowledges to himself that “his work is done,” and Warre did not. Yet, except for the fine example which he gave of refusing such acknowledgment, Warre’s real life work was at an end in 1905, and the account of his closing years must be severely compressed. That he utterly refused to be “on a shelf” is manifest from the almost fierce energy which he displayed in journeying, to preach or to pay visits, all over southern England, at the call of his friends,¹ in the four years during which Finchampstead (“Finch,” as he always called it) was his only home. He had taken possession of this house at the end of July, 1904, and in spite of the zealous kindness of his landlord, Mr. Walter, he was never wholly at his ease there. The house had been built for a Rectory, but had been found too large; Warre was its first occupant. There was a very fine open view in front, and there was a garden all to make;²

¹ But there is often some such addition as “unwilling but could not refuse” appended to the entries of these activities in the diary.

² To Mrs. Foljambe, April 14, 1905: “Garden here still chaos, though faint wee sounds of order, like those in the overture to Haydn’s *Creation*, are beginning to be perceptible.”

by Warre's indomitable energy it was made. There were endless difficulties of the water-supply even after "Ixion," as he called his water-wheel, was fixed;¹ and Ixion was apt to emit fearful skreels. There were "Eagle stoves" which did not always behave; and so one day (Christmas Eve, 1904) we have the note of a "controversy cum coqua, quæ post paullo in interiorem culinam indignabunda refugit, de focus Aquilinis scire se quidquid sciendum est professâ." Next year (was it the same cook?) Warre meditates in a distich on the untidiness of the dustheap by the back door—

"Chartas, et cineres, et quicquid inutile raptim
Projicitur! surdam quis amat monuisse culinam?"

Housemaids and "tweenies" disarranged his books: and so: "a.d. xvii. [no month] MCMVIII. Exit vetus, intrat nova mediastina [excellent word for a 'tweeny']

"Ordines longos inimica genti
Phyllis humanæ male complicavit,
Pulveris flatu furiosa et acri
Gausape victrix: [gausape=duster]
Certa, quos sursum tulit, hos deorsum
Reddere, et justam seriem evagari, et
Callida invitis sociis remiscere
Ultima primis."

There was a piggery, christened "Porchester Villas," and a path to it known as "Piggadilly"; there was a fowl-run which became "Gallipoli," "Eggham" was applied to both; there were two puppies (poor substitutes for the beloved Dan), called Hebe and Rustum (otherwise "Buster"); they barked at, and otherwise tormented, the new sow, *Sus-anna*, when she was in an interesting condition, and produced from their master (April 29, 1907) the excellent epigram—

"Intempesta sui desit latratibus Hebe
Ne sua deficiat spes properata suem."

¹ To Mrs. Foljambe, December 11, 1905: "I have told my landlord that, when the question of water-supply has been successfully solved, I shall put up over the front door, 'Rest and be tank-ful.'"

Another day he notes that the puppies were "venatic and surd"; these qualities were not diminished when they became dogs; they were always running away. Buster would return in the small hours and yelp under Warre's window till Warre went and let him in; he was also given to "gallicide," "pullicide," and every kind of 'cide, and a good deal of Warre's correspondence is full of apologies for the misdeeds of both dogs. I doubt whether he *could* beat a dog so as to hurt him.

But in return for such minor troubles Warre had, if ever man had,

All that should accompany old age
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

together with that rarest of the gifts of the gods, perfect happiness with all his own large family. He loved to "visit the sick"; there were plenty of poor neighbours at Finchampstead, but the poorest or the richest neighbour alike had only to be ill or in trouble and Warre would put everything aside to come and comfort him, to read to him, and, if need were, to pray with him. No one ever had his religion less on the surface—there are no "religious musings" in the diary, as there are in Thring's—but it lay, absolutely ready for use, all round his enormous heart. The Psalms¹ were one of his favourite books of the Bible; and "read the Psalms with him" is a constant entry, when he is noting his visits to some sick poor neighbour. Three friendships, not new but now much more at his disposal, were those with his old friend, Sir William Farrer, of Sandhurst Lodge, who had had three sons in his House; with Sir Arthur Godley, then living at Minley, and with Sir John Watson,² a distinguished cavalry soldier, who had won

¹ "At once the breviary and the *viaticum* of humanity . . . a promptuary of effort, a summary of devotion, a manual of prayer and praise . . . a mirror in which each man sees the motions of his own soul."—*The Psalms in Human Life*, R. E. Prothero, p. 2. Warre's favourite Psalm was the 104th, his "Prebendal" Psalm at Wells.

² There is much about him in Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

the V.C. in the Mutiny ; another retired soldier, Colonel Powlett, lived close by. The Military College was within an easy run, and Aldershot with all its activities was also near.¹ Above all, there was Warre's new toy, the motor car, given him on his retirement by his old House-pupils, and at once christened "The Blue Lion." Its monthly run is recorded on the blank pages of the diary until August, 1910, and its yearly distances varied between four and five thousand miles. His first ride in it was December 7, 1905. It was by no means unaccompanied by anxiety, for, even in those early days of motors, in spite of infinite pains spent on its construction by the donors, few of its species can have suffered from such a complicated series of diseases, external and internal ; and the number of its "thorough overhauls" must have gone far to make the fortune of sundry repairers.² The chauffeur, who only appears in the diary as "Billy," may have been an inexperienced, he was certainly an unpunctual, person. It is, however, clear that Warre rather enjoyed the vagaries of his new toy ; his spirits perhaps rose at the notion of a little danger. The Blue Lion brought Eton within half an hour, Kew Gardens within an hour, Sir John Edwards-Moss, at Henley, within little over the hour, and Warre's beloved Balliol within two hours. Eton, above all ; where his treasure had been there his heart remained. It is impossible to

¹ July 24, 1907, "Battle of Finchampstead, rearguard action, artillery behind the house. Long talk with Sir J. French, sent him by request *Elementary Tactical Unit*."

² In his last year at "Finch" he was obliged to write to his new friend, Canon Ellacombe, of Bitton, Gloucestershire, to explain that :—

"Cæruleum tædet procul ægrotare Leonem
 Oblitasque viæ dissociasse rotas ;
 Membra dolet Cyclopum injecta ardere caminis,
 Vix putat in formam posse redire suam.
 Sed, positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
 Quandoque exierit, grande lebetis opus,
 Quid magis optabit quam te, venerande, tuisque
 Auspiciis hortos visere Bittonidum ?"

[September 15, 1909.]

suppose that he could have put out of his mind his own very probable succession to the Provostship, though he was far too fine a gentleman ever to acknowledge to himself, even in the secrecy of his diary, anything of the kind. He loved to run over to Eton, even for an hour; once he went (May 29, 1907) into the new Memorial Building: "am rather in doubt whether I like it or not; *boys did not recognise me, 'so soon it passeth away,' lateat abditus agro, positus armis.*" But this was just what he could not do, and the nearness of "Finch" to Eton rather tragically prevented him from doing it with tranquillity. Once he humorously tells Mrs. Foljambe that he is "like the old carriage-horse who, when he saw the carriage being drawn into the yard, went and placed himself beside the pole" (December, 11, 1907). He went to see Queen's Eyot, by water, in June, 1908, and was much pleased with all he saw. In November he went to the opening of the Memorial Building, and was invited to the play at the Castle in the evening; but he adds, "dull and tired," and makes no mention of King Edward's great speech at the ceremony of the opening. Masters are continually coming and going between Eton and "Finch;" their comments on recent changes are seldom heartening and not always discreet. Warre covers these all up in Latin in the tiniest characters in his diary. In May, 1909, he preaches in Lower Chapel.

The Presentation to the School of Warre's fine portrait by Sargent took place on November 30, 1906; Warre had been giving sittings during the spring and summer of that year, and many undated notes of the artist remain; the only dated one, March 19, asks him to bring a *faded* Oxford scarlet gown, "for the new ones are terrible." This portrait was the outcome of a subscription by more than 1500 old Etonians, and from the same fund was presented to Warre himself a *replica* of the Ladies' Plate and an illuminated address in a beautifully bound book with the signatures of all the

subscribers. The inscription on the frame of the portrait was—

EDMONDUS WARRE, S.T.P. C.B.¹

per xxi annos Informator.
Hanc effigiem viri illustris
inter parietes hujus aulæ
ab ipso potissimum inchoatæ
ponendam curaverunt
Etonenses.

At the base of the Ladies' Plate were engraved the following lines :—

Edmondo Warre,
Remigi, Remigum Doctori.

Hoc tibi Etonenses : forma referente tropæum
Consilio toties quod meruere tuo ;
Omne sic fausto remex, plausuque secundo,
Ad finem placido flumine vectus eas.

The Chairman of the Committee which organised the subscription was Lord Harris; the Secretary, Mr. Hamilton-Hoare. The address was signed in the first place by Lords Rosebery, Harris, and Elgin. The Provost took the chair at the Presentation, and Lord Elgin made the presentation speech; he dwelt on the contrast between the feelings of a boy who is being spoken to by the Headmaster and those of a boy speaking to the Headmaster and telling him what the world thought of him—"the very embodiment of the spirit of Eton, that spirit which we are all proud to acknowledge, and which has been one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, influence in any success we may have had in life." Warre, in his reply, dwelt on "the kindness of dear old Dr. Goodford and Dr. Balston, men whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of all who knew them," and then went on to eulogise his "true and staunch friend the Provost." . . . "As for you 'boys,' no father could desire a good son to do more for him or show him more affection than you have done."

¹ Warre's D.C.L. was not conferred by the University of Oxford until the ensuing year, 1907.

There is a charming letter, dated October 9, from Mr. Hamilton-Hoare, explaining to Warre the form and order of the coming ceremony, which—

“ will not take long, indeed must not, for November 30 is a busy Eton day for athletes. When it is over, our Committee will fade away into the infinite azure and its Senior Hon. Sec. will be left with a very delightful recollection of a labour of love.”

So universal was the response to the request for subscriptions that a sum of fourteen hundred pounds was left over, and a cheque for this balance given to Warre. A portrait of R. A. H. Mitchell was also being prepared for presentation, and Lord Harris had written on October 5, “ The picture of dear Mike will I expect hang this winter near yours, and that also I think will please you.” The only note in the diary in reference to the presentation is “ To Eton, great meeting in Upper School, many old pupils and friends, Elgin’s good speech, difficult to reply; presentation of picture to College in trust for School, altogether unique occasion, all went off well without a single jarring note.” Another presentation had taken place in the early summer of that year: “ May 11, to Sir Redvers Buller to lunch; 25 officers of King’s Royal Rifles presented me with a Jacobean Cup. Buller made affectionate speech, E. W. responded.” There are two letters from Sir Redvers, April 12 and 16, 1906, telling him about this, and asking for a drawing of his coat-of-arms to be engraved on the cup.

The other public “ functions ” in which Warre took a part in these intervening years would not greatly interest my readers; now he is presiding at the annual dinner of the St. John’s (Leatherhead) Foundation School for Sons of Clergy, now at the Pepys celebration at Magdalene, Cambridge; preaching for Dr. Gray at Bradfield, for Dr. Kynaston at Durham; unveiling a memorial to

Canon Huntingford¹ at Winchester, dining with the Royal Academy as Sir Thomas Jackson's guest,² presenting prizes for Mr. Sydney James at Malvern, preaching at Clifton, at Shrewsbury (where he also coached the School Eight), at Christ's Hospital,³ at All Souls and at Magdalen, Oxford. On June 5, 1907, there is a great dinner for the Church Lads Brigade, a noble institution of which Warre was a perpetual Vice-President; his friend, Lord Methuen, was then "Commandant." At the end of that month he was at Oxford, lodging, with some of his family, at his own old (1859) lodgings at 16, Broad Street; he saw the famous Oxford "Pageant" of that year and received the Hon. D.C.L. degree from Lord Curzon (who as newly elected Chancellor presided at the *Encænïa*). Then he is down in Suffolk giving prizes at Ipswich Grammar School and opening a bazaar (at which he made a very humorous speech) for an old Colleger, Lawrence Bland of Copdock. He had recently met for the first time, at Kew, the venerable gardener, Canon Ellacombe, *ætat* 85, and in September he pays his first visit to Bitton. Bitton is not very far from Bath, where Warre went several times for treatment⁴ in the autumn or spring, and the "Blue Lion" would be at hand to take him to Bitton, to the Luttrells at Dunster, to Maurice Pope at Ashwicke, and to several other friends' houses.

¹ Huntingford had been a master at Warre's private school at Hammersmith, and succeeded to its Headship.

² Sir Thomas proposed him as a standing guest, and he attended the dinner several times.

³ Here he curiously notices the predominance of light hair among the boys, as a contrast to Eton.

⁴ It was on one of these (later) visits to Bath, at which place he often felt very old and lonely, that he wrote in his diary (March 6, 1910)—

Dum taceo tacui; nec erat quod dicere vellem,
Dum loquor est olim quod tacuisse velim.

I find this an expression of so unusual a sentiment on his part, that I have wondered whether he was quoting; but I cannot find the distich anywhere else.

On February 22, 1908—

“opened the General’s [his uncle, Sir William Warre’s] old box,¹ bundle of letters from him to his father, 1808–12. Began by transcribing one and think I must do the whole series if they are worthy of being published.”

The result appeared on October 11, 1909, as *Letters from the Peninsula, 1808–1812, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Warre, C.B., K.T.S.*, edited by his nephew, Rev. Edmond Warre (Murray).

The Preface is of the briefest, and the Memoir has only five pages. The General’s dates were 1784–1853. Warre spent infinite pains on the task of editing the Letters, and it was a great enjoyment to him for a year and a half. One may perhaps regret the almost entire absence of notes; and there was at least one lively passage suppressed by the Editor. But taken all round it is a most workmanlike performance, and the substance of the letters will always be valuable for a most important period of English history.

A month later Warre is speaking for Lord Roberts at a National Service League meeting at Wokingham. In June he is shocked at seeing thirty thousand screaming suffragettes in Hyde Park. In July he is addressing Dulwich College,² and then cruising with Sir John Edwards-Moss in *Florinda* at Torquay. In August he pays his last visit to Scotland, to Mr. Gerard Sellar, at Ardtornish, fishes a little on a loch and cruises in a yacht. He saw, perhaps for the first time, Loch Hourne, whose gloom and splendour impressed him greatly. In June, 1909, he is at the jubilee dinner of the Oxford University

¹ The box and its contents were entrusted to Warre by his own father shortly before his death in 1875.

² His speech at Dulwich contains a fierce denunciation of the “record-breaking” spirit, the advertisement spirit, in modern games, the “Olympic Agony,” as Warre called it. “Even in intellectual competitions the race in examinations is disastrous; examination is becoming the master and tyrant of education instead of the servant.”

Volunteers, which had just become the "O.U. Officers Training Corps"—there was a "great ovation of undergrads to Ronnie Maclachlan, the adjutant, very striking, and real affection for him evident."¹ In July he is at the jubilee dinner of the N.R.A. in London (*vide supra*, p. 44).

The period is not particularly rich in letters of interest; perhaps Warre, as years went on, was less careful in preserving such things. In August, 1905, the present Bishop of Oxford thanks him for the gift of a desk:² "I do not need any reminder of the friendship you have so generously showed me from the first." In 1906 Sir Thomas Jackson sends him a delightful pen-and-ink drawing of the monks of Cleeve Abbey (near Dunster), which they had more than once visited together, being awakened by the cats on the roof; and also narrates a fascinating rowing trip down the Great Ouse which he has recently taken, with his two sons, from Bedford to Ely. The Bishop of Bath and Wells (November 15) is "hungering for a talk with him," thinking anxiously of the outlook for the Church of England: "I feel as if I were on a steamer running into a bank of fog with the hooting of many steamers all round me . . . but Randall Cantuar is equal to most things, and I thoroughly trust him."

To the same year, 1906, belong two letters from Mr. Patteson of Toronto, to whom Lord Minto had referred in the letter quoted above on p. 209. In the former of these the writer says—

"I hear you are seventy years young, and very vigorous. I can do as good a day's work in my garden as I did forty years ago. The development of Canada is more than double what I expected to live to see. Not

¹ And no wonder. Maclachlan, of the Rifle Brigade, was the maker of that fine generation of civilian-soldiers of the University which flew to the field in 1914. He was killed, as a Brigadier-General, in August, 1917.

² The Bishop recently showed me this desk at Cuddesdon, still in constant use.

many of *our* old Division survive.¹ Fancy Swinburne's [the poet's] anatomy being good for the Psalmist's limit ! ”

And in the latter, “ I will find you some queer seeds for you to try. *Agricola serit arbores* (Delectus).” He goes on to contrast the climates of Canada and Britain—

“ There is often a difference of 100° between the air outside and inside our front-door. It frightens me even to think of being in English houses in January : the real dogged stick-in-the-mud unreceptive Britisher *prefers* damp sheets, a house with ground-floor on the ground, and to have his feet toasted at an indifferent fire while his spine is shivering ; this is what frightens me off the proposed visit ‘ home.’ ”

In 1907 (October 9), Dr. James Murray, editor of the *New Oxford Dictionary*, writes, asking the origin of the word *Præpostor* as used at Eton. This letter is endorsed in Warre's hand, “ Sent answer in full, which was never even acknowledged.”

There are also two Australian correspondents of whom some mention must be made, one of them, F. Halcombe, an old antagonist of Warre's (for the Goblets) at Henley, and like the second, E. G. Blackmore, C.M.G., a Somerset man. Both, but especially the latter, were voluminous writers on all conceivable subjects, but especially upon that of Australian rowing, in which Warre, who organised the presentation of a cup for competition between the Australian Universities, was much interested. Their letters date back to the year 1895, but Mr. Blackmore's became a positive deluge in the years 1907-8. They are written on the thinnest paper, and often crossed ; Warre must have had infinite patience to answer them all, as he evidently did, by return of mail.² Both

¹ Patteson's dates at Eton were almost the same as Warre's, and he appears next below Warre in the list of Election 1853. He was a Collegier and then a Postmaster of Merton.

² Mr. Blackmore was Warre's exact contemporary in age, emigrated early to New Zealand, became Clerk to the House of Assembly in South Australia in 1864, and subsequently first Clerk of the Parliaments to the Federal Government. He was a

Halcombe and Blackmore were also staunch Churchmen. Perhaps the most interesting thing in their letters is when the latter says that "the reading of Greek and Roman History helps one to understand Colonial affairs ; but we have no such real patriots or such a sense of public duty now in the Colonies as Greece and Rome had." On the whole, the picture of Colonial Democracy as drawn by these correspondents of Warre's is a lurid one, and a wholesome corrective to the sort of nonsense that is often talked about it, especially by clergymen and bishops. Blackmore is also great on gardening, and sends seeds, thus touching Warre's affections at a third point. He died in 1909.

If, however, these intervening years are poor in correspondence they, and particularly the eve of the Provostship, are rich in good epigrams. In 1907 we have an unusual, and rather obscure, comment on the fact that the Rector (at Finchampstead) "preached on the Good Shepherd."

"Ah ! quales curas optime Pastor, oves ;
Credimus in dubiis, dubitamus credere quando
Credendis dubias implicat Ille vices."—[April 14.]

And on December 1, apropos of the gloomy political outlook—

"Quid pariet nobis sequitur qui proximus annus ?
Cauda movet sese docta movere canem."

Undated, but of 1908, are the following to Lord Cromer :—

ἔτλης ἀλλοδαπός περ ἔων αὐτοχθόνι λάφῃ
ἔργα λιπεῖν αὐτῶν μείζονα Πυραμίδων,
ἔρμασιν ἀρρήκτοισι μένος Νείλοιο κατασχὼν
καὶ δουλῶν παραδοὺς παισὶν ἐλευθερίην

Idem Latine redditum.

Anglicus indigenæ potuisti linquere genti
Pyramidum saxis altius auctor opus,
Molibus invictis Nili cohibere tumores,
Et dare servorum libera jura regi.

specialist in parliamentary procedure, and wrote manuals on it. He was also a great sportsman and a friend of Adam Lindsay Gordon's.

Warre, returning from the summer gaudy at Balliol, sends (June 29, 1908) a Sapphic Ode to the Master—

Gratias, dilecte, agimus, Magister
Hospiti tecum memoresque Gaudi,
Quo domus de Balliolo receptos
Jussit alumnos

Laudibus Primi meritis Ministri
Et dape instructa celebrare honores,
Unde, quod verum est, sua mox rediret
Gloria Matri.

Venimus lautis epulis frequentes,
Audiit justas pia turba laudes,
Altius gratis animis sacramus
Matris honorem.

Who will interpret the allusion in the last line of the following quatrain written to Canon Ellacombe, who has sent to Finchampstead a basket of green figs ?

Gratia plena redit ; ficus matrona receptas
Laudat, et ingenuo filia dente premit :
Quid pater ? ah virides grossos ex melle vorando
Cognomen metuit, Brute, referre tuum.¹—[Sept. 17.]

In the following very bleak March (1909) he again addresses Ellacombe—

Oblivioso mersa silentio
Celant amicos tempora quid struat
Invictus ævo sive libris
Sive senex operatus hortis.

Quid Martiis si Jupiter Idibus
Dulces alumnos, heu, nive conspuat,
Floræque neglectis querellis
Sævât Hiemps inimica Veri ?

Quid si Duelli pectora obiverit
Anhela tussis (convuluit, neque
Pituita pulmonem latratu
Assiduo mala jam fatigat).

Noli tabellis parcere ; fac tua
Nos lætiores reddat epistola ;
Rescribe ; te recte valentem
Scire velim recreatus ipse.

¹ Grossos ex melle ("green figs made of honey"), which looks an awkward construction, is warranted by Plautus and by Celsus. The sense of the last line seems to be "I, papa, am afraid I shall make a *Brute* of myself over them," but I think there is something more subtle than that intended.

The whole story of the discovery of the art of flight attracted and astonished Warre very much, and although two of his effusions on it are of subsequent years, I shall print them all three together.

1909, July 29, on Blériot's cross-Channel flight.

ἀεροβατῶμεν

Pennis non homini datis
 Expertus vacuum Bleriot æthera
 Transcendit freta Gallica, et
 Anglorum incolumis finibus advena
 Exultat. Velut Icarus
 Cursus aerios, nec minus impiger,
 Tentans, alter ¹ aquis viam
 Armatis oculis sensit inutilem.
 Quid tu, Magna Britannia,
 Sentis ? littora nunc dissociabili
 Non jam sufficiunt mari.
 Præcincta aerio Marte tuebere
 Urbem, et quicquid habes opum ;
 Expergiscere ! ne prægravia occupent
 Infortunia desidem et
 Amissum imperium serius, heu ! gemas.

1910, September 24, *Decano Volatili* ²

Avius ire, aviumque vias visisse volando,
 Utque aviam doceas, esse aviador aves ;
 Cane Decane cave, ter care Decane caveto,
 Dædalus ut fias Icarus esse potes.

1911, Dec. 23. In reply to a postcard from Ella-combe asking whether Warre considers that "Satanas was the first aviator," Warre sends a most melodious and even majestic translation of *Paradise Lost*, II. 927 *sqq.*, which many a scholar of less than seventy-four years might envy :—

¹ The construction is doubtful. *Cauté* Aluredus Godley, "Velut Icarus, nec minus impiger, [Lathamus], cursus aerios tentans, armatis oculis viam [tentans], sensit inutilem [esse viam]." "Alter" must undoubtedly be Latham. Blériot crossed at dawn, July 25. Latham (also a Frenchman) had tried on the 19th, but had fallen in the sea ; no one quite knows why he did not start with, or immediately after, Blériot on the 25th ; he tried again on the 27th, but again fell in the water.

² This must almost certainly be Warre's old friend, Ernald Lane, the late Dean of Rochester ; and we must suppose that he had expressed an ardent wish to go up in an aeroplane. The puns in the epigram are excellent, also the alliteration and rhythm.

Continuo Satanas vannorum ingentia vela
 Explicat ire parans, interque volumina fumi
 Elatus pede pulsat humum, longoque volatu
 Ceu cathedra fultus nebulosa, audacior alte
 Evehitur; mox instabili fulcimine præceps
 In vacuum et vastum fertur, frustraue caducas
 Hic illic agitat pennas, devolvitur ultro
 Millia multa pedum.

The little skit of September 4, 1909, on the (imaginary) race for the North Pole between Peary and Cook will fall flat after that, but I do not like to omit it :

Pieri, quid sentis? num toto te prior anno
 Investigato constitit axe Cocus?
 Non rediisse sat est, non Acta Diurna referre [*sic*, ? replere]
 Vocibus—emensæ da, Coce, signa viæ!

The most famous of all Warre's *jeux d'esprit*—I have called it above (p. 78) "the most perfectly humorous Greek epigram written in modern England"—is dated October 11, 1909. Warre sent it on that day to the President of Magdalen¹ with the simple heading "Newcastle." It ran round the Universities and other learned circles like wild-fire; it "caught on," if one may use a colloquialism. The allusion was to a speech against landowners made, a few days before, by the present Prime Minister of England, then Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

Ἐν ταῖς Ἀχαρναῖς δημαγωγικὸν τέρας
 Τοὺς γῆν ἔχοντας λοιδορεῖ γεωργὸς ὧν.

¹ It is possible that the President struck the tuning fork which gave the note for this delightful distich. He writes to me: "The Vicecancellarian Oration of a few days before contained an allusion to the Newcastle speech: 'Qua de rixa nescio an comicum quoddam fragmentum ἀδέσποτον sit laudandum' "*Ταμίς Γεωργὸς ληκὺθιον ἀπώλεσεν.*" I sent Warre this oration and received the epigram within a few days. But before I had shown it to any one a friend showed me a copy of it, and attributed it to Mr. Asquith. The fact was it had flown *per ora virum* and had become public property." Warre was a little discomposed at finding that it had got into print (in the *Spectator*), and that it was wrongly believed to refer to an even more famous speech on the same subject made at Limehouse by the same politician. This would be to miss the greatest point of the epigram, for the Acharnian "Deme" of Athens was the district that produced charcoal; Ἀχαρναί was the "Newcastle" of Attica.

It seems to me and to the President probable that Warre himself accidentally put it in circulation in his talk.

On October 26, 1909, Warre notes "Provost reported ill"; on November 3 (when he is at All Souls) "News of the Provost's death: a good and old friend of forty years' standing passed away." "November 6, to Provost's funeral at Eton and took part in the service." "November 18, A Ministro Principali (Mr. Asquith) de Præp. Et. literæ relatæ satis gratæ et honorificæ." November 25, "News of appointment to Provostship: ¹ sheafs of letters and telegrams all the morning." December 1, "Total 229 answered so far." ² December 2, "To Eton to be admitted Provost . . . at 1.45 gate of schoolyard opened for me [he had to knock in accordance with precedent]. Captain of School and Captain of Oppidans [no, Dr. Warre, this is an error, only the former spoke] delivered orations *ad portas* to which I replied in Latin. . . ."

"When Warre returned as Provost," says A. B. R., "there was a new generation of boys. Assembled in School Yard they waited with some anxiety but without expecting anything unusual. There entered to them *a man as big as a house*, and the universal astonishment produced a silence that could be heard! They hardly dared to breathe in that immense presence as he advanced up the centre and received the Captain's oration." And L. S. R. B. says, "As the great figure came forward the other dignitaries simply vanished—there was no one but himself and the boys."

The Captain of the School spoke, in obedience to the latest invention of priggery, in the new pronunciation

¹ It is surely not without humour that a clerk in the Home Office has thereon to write to Warre saying that the "warrant for his appointment will be forwarded to him when it has been impressed with a ten-shilling stamp, as required by the Stamp Act, 54 & 55 Victoria, c. 39. I am to request that you will be so good as to forward to this department the sum of ten shillings." The warrant, when it did arrive, spelt his name Edmund instead of Edmond.

² No wonder that Warre wrote to his sister on December 24: "I have written so much of late that I am getting stale, as the trainers say, and cannot form my letters." This is true; and this letter is one of the first that shows evidence of the failing hand, the characters are all becoming thin, squeezed, and narrow.

which Warre abhorred. The *Chronicle* rightly says (December 9), "The Provost's reply to the welcome was spoken in the old pronunciation,¹ which rendered his speech *much more intelligible* than that of the Captain of the School." But, alas, even H. E. L. had to note the old almost as a novelty: "in his sonorous Latin answer to the Latin welcome his old-fashioned long vowels for short were delightful, but they 'dated' him."

"Reditus in gremium Matris dilectissimæ," that was the first note he struck, and what more do you want? The rest was just the simplest, prettiest imaginable, tribute to the virtues and learning of the old friend whose place he had taken and after whom he "would try to model his conduct." On the following Sunday came the installation in Chapel, according to the "Lincoln Use" (a Latin service dating from before the Reformation). On December 6 he "inspected the Lodge and found the rooms, except study, drawing-room, and dining-room, indescribable, . . . a queer and gloomy house facing north and east and hardly seeing the sun, staircases and passages a regular jungle." The Provost at once set his fourth son, a pupil of Sir Thomas Jackson, to work to prepare plans for making the great house habitable. The alterations occupied a year, and during that period Warre occupied first Mr. Rawlins's house, Weston's (at the north corner of Weston's yard), and afterwards Colenorton, Mr. Austen Leigh's house, to which he retired after his resignation of the Provostship in 1918, and where he died.

As the work of alteration proceeded, hidden treasures of architecture were revealed, among others five Tudor fireplaces, in the various rooms; also on either side of the Great Parlour windows were opened, from which can now be seen the octagonal turret of the *Ostiarium*,

¹ It is with unfeigned delight, as well as with unconcealed malice towards all modern pedantry, that I record that the present learned occupant of the office of Provost followed, on his admission, Warre's example and spoke in the old pronunciation from the Chapel steps.

disembarrassed of the staircase which had strangled it, and darkened the fifteenth-sixteenth century kitchen. "Magna Parlura" is, however, a passage-room, and Warre chose as his study a room contiguous to the Bursary and opening directly on to the Gallery. He did not frequent the large libraries on the ground floor except when in search of a book. Election Hall became the dining-room, and as a fireplace was necessary, a room was removed from the south end of this Hall and this, incidentally, restored the original plan of the building. There was a flat plaster roof whose timbers were much decayed; the College, therefore, authorised the insertion of the present oak roof. Some buttressing was also necessary, as the south end of the Hall, and even Lupton's Tower, were found to be threatened by the side-thrust of the arch spanning the passage into Cloisters. The effect of the whole, if perhaps a trifle heavy, is decidedly stately.

On December 15 Warre presided for the first time at a meeting of the Provost and Fellows, and four days later preached his first sermon as Provost in College Chapel. The Provost of Eton and the Dean of Christ Church are *ex officio* members of the Convocation of Canterbury, and on February 22 Warre, who had been selected for the task, had to preach in St. Paul's the Latin sermon with which the meetings of that body are always opened. This was the sermon to which reference was made above (p. 78). On December 5 the Dean of Christ Church (now Bishop of Ripon) had written to him à propos of Convocation :

"General Elections come and go, but you and I go on, *sine ambitu et repulsa*. . . . It is the oddest body with the oddest set of rules. . . . I hope you will come to its meetings; Hornby never came."

The senior member of the said body also wrote, Dr. Kaye, Archdeacon of Lincoln—

"I hope to meet you at Convocation, of which I, in my eighty-eighth year, am titularly 'the Father:'"

I do not remember seeing Dr. Hawtrey or Dr. Hornby there, but Dr. Goodford was a frequent attendant. I am one of the few living Etonians who can say they were at the School when Dr. Goodall was Provost."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Warre's old and affectionate friend, Dr. Davidson, writes—

"My heart leaps to think of you back in your old surroundings . . . you have also an official and unique place in the Councils of the Church : a few weeks hence you will be receiving a huge parchment summons to Convocation, and I hope you will make your position there a reality. A whiff of robustness there is sometimes wanted."

Three weeks later the Archbishop sends him some advice about his coming sermon. So the Provost took heart and sent the Dean of Windsor the following :—

Quid prædicantes ista Convocatio
Poscit, Latine si loquuntur ? ut breves
Fiant, brevis sit barbara eloquentia !
Amice, quicquid præcipies esto brevis !
Solatium inde meticulosioribus
Fiet. Decanus addidit solatium !
Taceo, sed intus in breve me cogi reor.

I might select letters of congratulation on the Provostship from a dozen or a hundred famous people ; for as the Bishop of Bath and Wells said, "From Calcutta to Canada, from the Shetlands to New Zealand, your appointment will give the keenest joy to all O. E.'s, and to all sensible men ;" or as the Master of Trinity said, "It is not Etonians alone who will feel that you are on your rightful throne." But I prefer to choose three and only three.

The first, on a veritable sheet of "no-rule," is written just like a fourth-form copy of verses, and is headed :—

"T. Bunbury.¹

"Eton's Welcome.

"Nunc redit in proprium regnum Caput Ipse Magister,
Tutoremque meum rursus Etona tenet ;

¹ Lord Rathdonnell, Warre's cousin and old pupil, cannot recall writing the verses here attributed to him, and thinks that some one must have taken his name in vain.

Dant Thamesis Bello et Ludentia Prata salutem,
 Murus et exclamat ' Dulce redire domum ' ;
 Gaudet Etona omnis ; Domini puerique juvantur ;
 Nunc Ursoe ¹ [*sic*] redeunt in sua tecta duo.

Please, sir, I hadn't time to do any more."

The second is from Warre's old rowing friend, the Rev. J. Arkell, and is dated from Ham Rectory, Hungerford, December 14. After warm congratulations he says—

" For some time after you gave up the Headmastership I could not cease wondering what on earth Prime Ministers and other august personages could be about that you did not forthwith blossom out into My Lord Bishop of *Somewhere*. But I have come to the conclusion now that, having your present post in view, you have preferred to wait for it and may perhaps have refused, one after another, nearly half the bishopricks in the kingdom.² . . . May you long live to enjoy its *otium cum dignitate*, though it does not seem *like you* to settle down to much of the first, however much you may deserve and will adorn the second. By the way, if the picture of you I saw in the *Sphere* lately is a true representation of your present appearance you could not now give me the bucketing you did when I once rowed behind you in Duffers about forty years ago."

The third is from the late beloved Master of Balliol, "conveying the congratulations of all the Fellows"—

" It seems more like the Eton we knew now that you will be there again ; the news came on St. Catherine's Day, and in proposing the ' Domus de Balliolo,' I told how we had entertained you and your predecessor twenty-five years ago, and how he had pointed out the use of a Provost of Eton, as a *memento mori* to an energetic Headmaster, to show him what he had got to come to."

There is little more to record. The years ran on, and it must be admitted that Warre grew older than his mere years warranted, with every month of them.

¹ Warre's two youngest sons were known as "The Bears" (see p. 114), a nickname which emphatically had *no* reference to their dispositions.

² From private information it is known that Warre's name was suggested to Mr. Disraeli for a bishoprick before his Headmastership.

The death of King Edward affected him painfully, but he assisted at the Proclamation of King George at Windsor Bridge on May 11, 1910. He had a talk about Eton with King George on June 16, when he went up to be invested with his C.V.O. He began by degrees to move into parts of the Lodge, to a temporary study in May. In September he went "on progress" with the Bursar round the College estates in Norfolk and South Lincolnshire, and surprised farmers by his knowledge of ploughing and of sheep; he loved to tell them the tragedy of his own Exmoor flock (*vide supra*, p. 112).

"The better ordering of business at College meetings," says the late Bursar, "gave him much to do and to think about, and alike as Headmaster and as Provost he laboured whole-heartedly to remove the causes, and as far as possible the traces, of the old-time jealousy and mistrust of the 'College' entertained by many of the Masters."¹

He inspected the E.C.O.T.C.; he attended a dinner of sixty-one old pupils. His old friend Kynaston's death on August 1 was a blow to him. On November 4 there is the most curious of all entries in his whole diary; and, still more strange, it is in English—

"Deanery, 10.45, summoned to witness with Provost of King's and Professor of Anatomy of Cambridge [Dr. Macalister],² opening of grave in St. George's Chapel,

¹ The same Bursar tells a good story of Warre's methodical habits: "One day he wanted to write a letter in my room: I sat him down to my table and he wrote it, tore up the one to which it was an answer, and looked about for my waste-paper basket. I showed it him, and he said: 'Why, you've got it on the wrong side,' and then broke into a joyous laugh that was good to hear."

² Were also present the Dean and Canons of Windsor, Sir W. St. John-Hope, Mr. Harold Breakspear, Mr. Nutt, the architect of Windsor Castle, Mr. Evans, the verger of St. George's. The digging was at the second arch on the south side of the Presbytery. This had been marked on Hollar's plan of the chapel (1674) as "Sepulchrum Regis Henrici 6." There is an account of the transaction in *Archæologia*, vol. lxii. pp. 533 *sqq.*, the paper there printed having been read by St. John-Hope to the Society of Antiquaries on May 11, 1911. A diagram of the "find" is there given; and it appears that two of these sacrilegious persons had already had a preliminary dig in January, 1910.

to determine whether Henry VI. our Founder was buried there. He was taken after his death to Chertsey and lay there from 1471 to 1485 when he was removed to Windsor by order of King Henry VII. After digging some way down, came upon leaden box, about 4 feet long, by 1 foot 6 inches broad, by 1 foot deep. The two Provosts of the two Royal Colleges lifted off the top. Found enclosed in a wooden box bones of a man about 5 feet 7 inches, and about 40 years of age, as declared by ex-professor [*sic*]. The bones had all been dislocated before putting in the box, the bottom of the lead had corroded and burst owing to the acid in oak box. One bone of an animal found among the rest, the bones nearly complete except fore-arm missing. Opinion unanimous that the remains were those of Henry VI. Disinterment ordered for some reason of State, otherwise ought not to have been done to satisfy curiosity." ¹

¹ The last sentence is Warre's way of "putting the question by." No conceivable "reason of State" could be alleged for such sacrilege; but I am informed that the whole thing was due to the "antiquarian zeal" of one of the Canons of Windsor and of another gentleman present; the former got the King's leave. Warre's sight could not be at its best in such conditions, but his account is fairly accurate. It was, however, Richard III. who (pretending not to be responsible for the murder) translated the body from Chertsey, August 12, 1484 [see Sir J. Ramsay, *Lancaster and York*, ii. 527, quoting two contemporary authorities]. That is certain. What was doubtful was whether the body had afterwards been removed to *Westminster* by Henry VII., who clearly planned the chapel, which there bears his name, as a shrine for Henry VI. His will, dated March 31, 1509, speaks of his intention "shortly to translate" the remains to Westminster. He was negotiating with the Pope for our Founder's canonisation; but this was never accomplished, and in all probability the translation was also unaccomplished, although the Abbot and Convent of Westminster offered to pay £500 towards the projected shrine. There are also some minor inaccuracies in Warre's diary. Prof. Macalister said: "A man between 45 and 55 years, at least 5 feet 9 inches high, skull small in proportion to stature, all bones of right arm missing." To one of the pieces of the skull was some hair attached, brown in colour, save in one place where it was much darker and apparently matted with blood. "The animal (pig) bone was very small, such as a man might have been eating when he was killed; a blow on the back of the head (and there is an old tradition that the King was at supper when he was struck from behind) might have caused him to swallow it." The monks of Chertsey had no doubt kept back the right arm, as a possibly valuable relic, when the body was first translated; King Richard III. would not be in a position to inquire too closely into this, for his crown was already shaking

For deciphering the last volume of Warre's diary (1911) even a powerful magnifying glass is of little use. We can just make out that he was not pleased when an enterprising publisher wrote to ask him for a volume of his "Reminiscences"; indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything that would have appealed less to the aged Provost. Ominous of forthcoming events is the note that in March, General (now Field Marshal Sir Henry) Wilson "gave a lecture in the Drill Hall on frontier, France and Germany, excellent." In June Warre entertained twenty-three old wet-bobs, including Lord Minto and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to dinner. In July he received a small contingent of Australian troops—the first to visit England as a body. In the same month there was a magnificent dinner in School-Hall to celebrate the centenary of "Pop"; over four hundred old members, out of 1310 living, of the Eton Society, were present; Lord Rosebery took the chair, and, when he had to retire, the Provost took it and had to return thanks for *Floreat Etona*. In August and September there was a large family party at Sneaton Castle, about a mile from Whitby; and there on August 6 the Provost and his wife kept their golden-wedding day, with all their seven children, their two daughters-in-law and four (out of six) grandchildren. At the end of the month he once more went on Bursarial Progress in Oxon and Northants. In October he took part in the funeral

on his head. The whole of the remains were now wrapped in white silk by the Provost of King's and Canon Dalton, placed in a new oak box, and that again in a new leaden chest. This was lowered into the original grave which was then filled up. Powerful evidence in favour of its being the body of the Founder is afforded by: (1) the absence of any record of any other person being buried in this part of St. George's Chapel, (2) the will of King Henry VIII., dated December 30, 1546, ordering his own tomb to be prepared in the Choir, "and that the tombs and altars of King Henry VI. and King Edward IV. be made more princely, in the same place where they now be, at our charge." The Chapel has twice been repaved since that date, and it is quite probable that the repaving in 1789 had obliterated all surface indications of the tomb.

service for his old friend Sir William Farrer of Sandhurst Lodge ; seventy-one years before Sir William had been in the Eleven and in the Select for the Newcastle. On All Souls' Day he once more returned thanks in his old College for the Quondams. On December 12 came the unveiling of Lord Roberts's picture in the Memorial Hall, and the Field-Marshal wrote next day to express his gratitude

"for your great kindness to me ; first about the Sword of Honour thirty years ago, and now about the portrait. I should have been sad if I had been prevented from taking part in the ceremony of yesterday. I can't tell you how much it appealed to me, and I felt all the time that I owed it all to you."

The year closed with the gift of a golden loving-cup to Dr. and Mrs. Warre, as a golden-wedding present from fifty colleagues and ex-colleagues. It was sent by F. H. Rawlins, then Lower Master, with a very pretty letter, which Warre acknowledged, signing himself "your affectionate friend."

Among the last of the undictated letters that I have found (May 27, 1912) is one to Mrs. Foljambe, saying "My sermon yesterday was a failure ; I was much troubled at not being able to decipher my own handwriting, and I fear you will hardly be able to decipher this scrawl." Warre had consented to preach in July at the "Middle Sunday" service at Bisley Camp, but was obliged to tell Lord Cheylesmore that he was not well enough to come. None among the 175 sermons that have come into my possession are later than February, 1912 ; but of these, twelve in all were preached as Provost. All his other normal activities, including his motor rides, were kept up until the beginning of the war, soon after which date a Bath chair had to be substituted ; and, wet or fine, the pathetic figure of the Provost might be seen being drawn through the Playing Fields, or along the Slough Road or Datchet Lane. The war with all

its horrors—*ad confligendum venientibus undique Pœnis*—and especially the enormous losses early sustained by Eton, shook him to the core, but no written words of his remain to indicate his hopes or fears. My own recollection of him at that date is that, while he was extraordinarily tender, and always prayerful, for those who had suffered, on the grave dangers ahead of us he was almost dumb. To the last he loved receiving letters and dictating the answers;¹ and on his eightieth birthday, February 12, 1917, he received shoals of congratulations. The one that appealed to him most was from the boys of the House which had inherited his old House Colours. In response he said that he “felt sure that these colours would bring good luck so long as the spirit which animated their previous holders continued along with them.” Of the other letters received on this occasion I must quote only that of the aged Master of Trinity, so near his own honoured end:

“My thoughts carry me back a long way—to Wickham’s in 1845–6. I think I may claim the high honour of being almost ‘the oldest friend.’ The war, with all its horrors, has at least thrown fresh lustre on our great historic Schools; Wellesley and Wellington would be proud of their Eton.”

Edward Austen-Leigh, Francis Warre-Cornish, and Edward Stone had died during the previous six months. F. St. John Thackeray, who had been next above Warre as a young master, was eighty-four and was to go before him. One very old correspondent (whose first letter is dated 1896), five years older than himself, kept on writing till his own death—Monsieur Roublot, for twenty-two years French master at Eton (1868–90); and his letters, from which I give a few extracts, are valuable

¹ To the last, too, there were flashes of the old Classical spirit. Dr. Amsler having, on one of his frequent visits, said that he had an *Erica* in bloom in his garden (it was mid-winter) was electrified by the voice in which his patient roared “*Erica*” at him.

as memorials of the feelings of a French gentleman during the war, and also as warnings to those who would now spare Germany the consequences of her crime :

October 24, 1914. " We were staggered at first, now the whole nation is in arms, and I see no signs of discouragement. When Essen and Stettin, the two laboratories of death and misery, have been destroyed we may hope for an eternal peace. . . . While fighting for right, justice, civilisation, your honour and the liberty of the whole world, magnanimous England has already conquered and annexed us all for ever."

November 27, 1914. " I think I hear [on Founder's Day] your deep voice proclaiming the names of your Eton heroes who have suffered for the holy cause. I lost one nephew [M. Roublot was a bachelor] on October 5, three more are now at the front, and two are shortly going."

September 7, 1915. " I have two nephews killed, one badly wounded, one on sick leave with blood-poisoning, and four more at the front ; the fifty artillery-men who were billeted on us for nine months have been sent to the front."

He includes an extract from a newspaper to the effect that Eton has presented two motor-ambulances to the *Chasseurs Alpins*, and concludes with a passionate expression of affection and admiration for the Etonians who have fallen.

January 19, 1918. He "sends a small subscription to the Eton Memorial Fund," and adds " All but one of my nephews have now been killed or badly wounded, and that one is fighting in Italy."

So the night gradually closed down on Edmond Warre. The present Headmaster says—

" When I returned as Head in January, 1917, he welcomed me with an affection that was almost fatherly. He was never out of his bed when I saw him, but both in the Lodge and at Colenorton, he was always ready to hear anything about the School. Such decisions as I

had to ask him, as Provost, to make were always clear and wise, but he was in no condition to be troubled about details."

"I do not care to think of the infinite pity of the end," says A. B. R., who had just become Lower Master, "he encouraged me in my new work while I sat at his bedside. Sometimes he would make me walk round the room and look at the photographs on the walls, and tell me stories about them. He always asked how the Lower Boys were doing—often just saying 'jolly little fellows' in answer to my report. But I found it very difficult towards the end to keep my eyes dry."

Warre liked, in fact, a five or ten minutes' visit from his old friends; often his voice was so low that it was difficult to hear his still rapid speech; but I think the visitor must have had a hard heart who did not come away from that bedroom feeling morally better for the few kindly words. It was seldom that he parted from any old friend without saying, "I always remember you in my prayers;" and he would lay special emphasis on this sentence in speaking to those who had lost relatives in the war.

He resigned the Provostship¹ in July, 1918, receiving a beautiful letter from the Provost of King's (whom the Crown soon afterwards nominated as his successor), on behalf of the Provost and Fellows, saying, among many other expressions of gratitude and affection, "how sorely we have missed your counsel and guidance in difficult times." Warre was able to dictate an equally beautiful answer, closing with the words, "May the blessing of God rest upon them, and upon the College and the School." No wonder that his daughter can say that during his last years "his room seemed a holy place."

The end came at Colenorton on January 22, 1920; and at the funeral service on 26th Edmond Warre's own

¹ The leave of the Visitor had to be obtained for the resignation.

favourite hymn, "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,"¹ was sung in College Chapel, "Rock of Ages" as the procession passed to the cemetery in Dorney Road, and "God of the Living" at the grave. The Corps which he had created lined the route with arms reversed, in torrents of rain as thick as those which had fallen on the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington in 1852. On the coffin was a silk banner with the Eton coat-of-arms. The fine inscription on his grave runs as follows :—

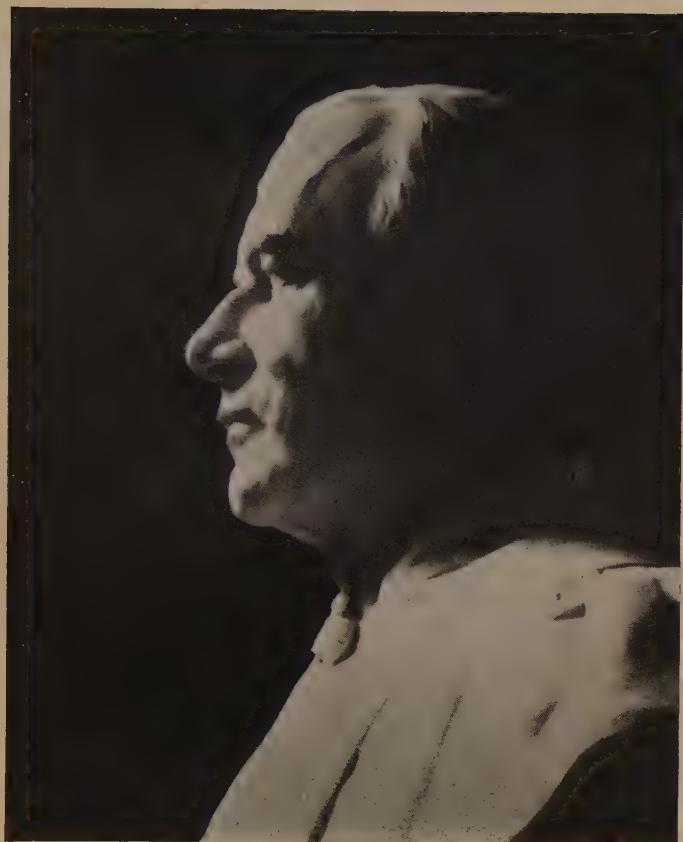
EDMONDVS · WARRE · S.T.P., D.C.L., C.B., C.V.O., V.D.,
NAT. MDCCCXXXVII. OB. MCMXX. PVER · INFOR-
MATOR · PRÆPOSITVS · SCHOLÆ · PATRIÆ · DEO · IN-
SERVIENS · LITERATVS · MILES · REMEX · AGRICOLA ·
EGREGIIS · ANIMI · CORPORISQVE · VIRIBVS · RES ·
AVXIT · ETONENSIVM.

Preaching, in the interval between the death and the funeral, the present Headmaster paid his noble tribute—

" . . . the School, as it is to-day, is his Memorial ; you could hardly exaggerate the extent to which he has left his impress on its ordinary life. . . . But more than by any single creation it is in the spirit of the place that his spirit found its expression, and in it that he lives. . . . We knew, as one of my colleagues writes to me, that he would never fail us. And, perhaps, next to his love of Eton, the secret of his influence lay in his noble simplicity—*sancta simplicitas*, as he would like me to call it—which kept in him to the end his sympathy with boys, which ennobled his successes, and kept his failures from any touch of littleness. He had, indeed, that 'honest and good heart,' which, as the Gospel tells us, is the most fruitful soil on which the word can fall.

¹ Charles Wesley's

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.



DR. WARRE.

From the bust by Hope Pinker, 1907.

His love of God was the foundation of his love for this place. He was too humble to claim intimacy with God ; it is even possible that some portions of my sermon this morning would have seemed to him overbold, or unreal, but he lived in God's sight, and the prayers in which, as I know, he remembered all his old friends, were a real expression of his inmost self. . . . His favourite hymn tells in a parable the story of his own religious life, a wrestling, and perhaps a wrestling in the dark, but with the confidence that one day the dawn would break, and that what the day revealed would be the omnipotence and the omnipresence of the Love of God."

CHAPTER XII

PREACHER, SOLDIER, OARSMAN, GARDENER

IT remains to say a few words about Dr. Warre's activities in four special directions, the first three of which are, though the fourth is not, closely connected with his profession as a schoolmaster.

I. AS PREACHER

Boswell : Sir, I suppose that, as the Church in England was anterior in time to the State, you would allow that the Churchman ought to be preferred in honour to the soldier or the sailor ?

Johnson : Sir, not only for the mean reason which you assign, would it have been fitting, when you and I were conversant with the world, to prefer the Churchman. But now, as from the intelligence that derives hither I discern, through an inspissated gloom, that Church and State alike are in ruins, it is no great matter which you prefer.”

Johnson in Elysium.

The consensus of opinion among Warre's contemporaries is that he was not an inspiring preacher. If that was true it was not from want of pains. Some hundred and seventy of his sermons remain in manuscript, and something under a dozen in print ; and each one, whether for Fourth Form Chapel at Eton, for a Somerset village church, for St. Paul's Cathedral, or for the Chapel Royal at St. James's, shows an equal amount of labour. Each is written out in long hand, each is copiously corrected (as a rule first in pencil, then in ink, or in an ink of colour differing from that used in the text), and the pointing words are underlined. The

extraordinary thing is that when he had to repeat a sermon, as every clergyman must frequently do, he almost always copied it out again in full, even if he made but very slight alterations.¹

"He dreaded preaching," says H. E. L., "and has often told me how much his coming sermon in chapel weighed on his spirits." And H. V. M.—

"His lectures on the Catechism, given to the whole school in the Confirmation half, were difficult to follow; he thoroughly disliked the task and realised that he did it badly, but he believed that it was part of his duty, and he was too conscientious to lay on others a burden which he thought he ought to bear himself."

When ardent younger masters suggested special services—*e.g.* of preparation for Communion, or for the beginning of each half—Warre held back, partly because he belonged to a generation to which such services were unfamiliar,² partly because he dreaded any appeal to the emotions. "Yet once," says H. V. M., "when he was prevailed on to take one of the former kind of services, the address he gave has remained on my mind as one of the most beautiful series of thoughts to which I ever listened."

No doubt he kept on repeating his ideas on religious topics—it seems to me childish to build this into a hostile criticism. For what chief pastor can address one hundred and ten sermons³ in a period of twenty-one years, to a flock almost exactly similar, without repeating himself? He was dominated by a few great and

¹ I only found four instances in which the same copy of a sermon was marked as having been used at more than one place, or on more than one date.

² Or, more likely, because he had been so much choked with his mother's Puseyism in his boyhood; and it must be remembered that the Puseyism of the 'fifties was honest Protestantism compared with the brand that prevailed during Warre's Headmastership, and prevails to-day.

³ Probably all that he preached as Headmaster have survived. There are also twenty-five preached at Eton between 1868 and 1884, and twelve as Provost, 1909–12.

simple truths of plain Bible Christianity ; he believed that by their acceptance or rejection of these truths boys would rise or fall, and so he drove those truths home in perfectly plain language. And once or twice, when he was really angry with the School, he let himself go with magnificent effect, and the audience veritably trembled. But he did not grow as a preacher, he did not expand his ideas, he never rose beyond his old conception of the faith ? No, he did not ; and his answer would be that the Christian faith also did not grow ; that it was always one and the same : or rather perhaps (for he was an acute critic of other people's sermons) that he was only capable of presenting it to others as it presented itself to his own mental vision. And this vision, if simple, was never narrow. God's "commandment was exceeding broad " to Warre ; it contained all the rules of life ; it pointed the path beyond this life. If that were so why use art ? Why seek to tickle the ears of the groundlings ?

A far more valid criticism would be that he repeated his illustrations, his tropes and metaphors, and his few quotations. Either he genuinely forgot that he had used them before, or he felt that they were just the one thing that would drive home the truth he was wishing to expound. So they came perhaps at times to weary the older members of his congregation. But it was to the boys that he was really speaking, and it was not likely that any individual boy heard the same illustration more than once in his Eton career. I do not, however, defend the practice, and I freely admit that it detracted from Warre's effectiveness as a preacher. Another possible criticism would be that Warre expected too much of his boy congregations. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil cannot always be sent to the right-about in twelve or fifteen minutes, but Warre would always do his best to attack them all along the line. It was not that he underrated their power. On the

contrary, he seems at times to insist almost too much on the presence of "Sin," with a big S. The sermon more often than not closes on a note of warning rather than of hope. "Look into your own hearts, you who are leaving: have you been good here?" And one very constant theme is the scars that sin, even after pardon, leave upon the soul. I don't know whether that is an original idea, but it is a very great truth. "Every one of you is his brother's keeper; every one is responsible for the tone of the community; if one of you does or suffers evil, the whole community suffers." And then he would end with an appeal to the great name and the great traditions of the school, to the *λαμπαδηφορία*. He told the boys quite straight that public schools were on their trial, that "secondary education" would undermine us if we did not do our best to set our beacon on a hill and keep it brightly burning. He told us of our responsibility to the poor and suffering, and his "charity sermons," when he had to ask the alms of the congregation, were always straight to the point. In his first sermon as Headmaster (September 28, 1884) he pointed out how St. Paul, knowing that all was not morally well with his Corinthian flock, yet began by almost excessive tenderness towards them. "He sought to evolve all that was good and noble in them; and he treated them as a free community which could, unquestionably, make its choice between good and evil." And then the preacher turned to his favourite theme (mentioned a few lines previously) of the power of the community, which lives not by mechanical rules but by the individual effort of each, for the good of all, to set up and maintain a high standard of truth and purity.

He had certain favourites in the Bible; perhaps Job, the Psalms, and St. Paul occupied the first places in his heart. One of his finest sermons (December 18, 1904) is on St. Paul as a Christian gentleman—how unwilling he was to remember the ills that he had

suffered at Philippi ten years before he wrote his Epistle to the Christians of that city; how firmly, but how courteously, he had behaved under these ills—deducing from the story the lesson of self-control. For the taste of some of us he was too fond of “God’s ancient people”; the whole history of Israel, from Abraham onwards, was intensely real to him, and he was quite sure that it was written, with a Divine purpose, for our example. But then it was because we could learn from it something of the answer to the great questions, “What is Wisdom? What is Truth?” Like other clergymen, he gets into trouble when he tries (and he tried twice) to explain away the monstrous treatment of Esau. And yet he can say (in 1901), “The Bible was not meant to teach scientific truths about the origin of the material world, but to be a mirror of human life in its relation to God and in man’s relation to his brother man.” He indicated the daily reading of the Bible as one of the first of religious duties, and he practised it himself. I do not think that he regarded isolated texts in it as being of Divine authority in themselves, but it must be confessed that he too often used them as if they were. Compared to other preachers in school chapels he quoted little secular literature; Tennyson is his most frequent source; Wordsworth’s Ode to Duty and Intimations of Immortality each occur once; Plato is frequent (τέλος οὐ γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πράξις); Aristotle is more rare. Once (October 16, 1887), in a discourse bidding us govern our tongues, he told a strange incident of his own life in which his unguarded words had wrought cruel wrong. Once, getting entirely out of his usual vein, and thrusting hard at those who thought they were going to be the “swells” in the School, he told the fine stories of St. Bernard apostrophising Satan in the middle of his own sermon, and of Wesley telling the lady who praised him, “Yes, ma’am, the Devil said the same thing to me not a quarter of an hour ago.” In the same connection

Warre once actually used to these big boys the rowing maxim "Clear the water, but keep your feather low." This was, so far as I am aware, his only use of colloquial language in the pulpit.

Another very favourite subject was the trials of the Church in the first two or three centuries, and the lessons for our own time that we can draw from them, the Roman Government in its blind honesty of purpose being shown as in direct conflict with the spiritual ideal which was to undermine it; and in similar vein he would point the contrast between the blank wall which at the end of life confronted even the best of the Pagans and the infinity of hope held out to the Christian world: "Yet God never left Himself wholly without witness even to Pagans, though it is only a Christian who can realise that 'through the ages an increasing purpose runs.' " But dear above all to Warre's heart was the text, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty." He had heard, when he was a boy in Sixth Form, Bishop Selwyn, on his first return from his diocese of New Zealand, preach on this theme, and no less than eight times (four times at Eton) he recurs to the impression left on his mind by that sermon: "Liberty is a high and holy thing," he says, "only to be enjoyed by such countries, such communities, as are fit for it; the moral cowardice of opportunism can never safely guard the liberties of a nation." The same idea is developed, with the same reference to Selwyn, in Warre's fine (1910) Latin sermon before the Convocation of Canterbury in St. Paul's; and he there can reinforce it by the noble words of Döllinger that "the English Church was the best witness and guardian of Christian liberty throughout the world." So, as we have an "inheritance and a blessing [Eton July, 1908], let us be sure that we use it aright."

It remains to say something of his preaching outside the walls of Eton Chapel. He usually paid at least one

annual visit to his old College, Balliol, at the very beginning of the Oxford summer term, and twelve sermons of those dates preached in Balliol Chapel have been preserved; only one survives from All Souls (1874), one from Magdalen (1906); and one, perhaps the finest of all, was preached in St. Mary's, Oxford,¹ as the "University Sermon," on May 21, 1899; it is the one in which he speaks of the "sacrament of creation," and, comparing Job on his dunghill with King Lear amid the howling of the storm, brings in the magnificent quotation, "Let the great Gods, that keep this dreadful pothor o'er our heads, find out their enemies now." "God and Nature are one. Wisdom is to know them. Wisdom is the fear of the Lord." At Balliol the more frequent themes are the danger of indifference to the great truths and facts of life:

"All life should be a training to develop the faculty of self-judgment. Faith is not an intellectual gift; it is wholly a gift of Grace, but Grace can be won by the practical performance of the duties of life in a spirit of love. It was *life* that Christ came to give, not a system of philosophy."

Warre perhaps hardly realised how narrow was the escape of the early Church from having its faith turned into a system of philosophy.

He repeats some of these ideas to congregations at Westminster Abbey in 1875 and 1877 (telling on the latter occasion the fine story of Linnæus thanking God on his knees for allowing him to see the whin-bush in full flower), at St. Paul's in 1890 and 1895, on several occasions at Wells Cathedral (where he always felt happy), and in the Chapel Royal at St. James's. Once at the last of these places he gave a straight talk about morality in commerce. On the whole, he probably felt ill at ease before a London

¹ He had preached an evening sermon at St. Mary's, to undergraduates, November 11, 1888, but it has not been preserved.

congregation ; it was often dark, and he never read with ease in any pulpit, not even at Eton. He was happier on two occasions at Rochester, on the former of which he preached on the Centenary of Trafalgar, taking Duty for his watchword, and quoting Pericles's funeral oration with admirable effect. In a country church, such as those of his brother's three successive parishes, or at King's Brompton (wherein is Baron's Down), or at various friends' churches, he would turn his thoughts to the analogy between spring and the Resurrection, to our Lord's miracles of healing, to the virtues of compassion and gratitude. One of the best of all is on the Harvest Thanksgiving at King's Brompton : " We are fellow labourers with God."

I have not found any sermon later than February, 1912 ; if he preached later than that he did not preserve his manuscript. There are two of that month ; one at Wells, on February 18, very short and written in a very much cramped and a shaky hand. It is nominally on the life of David ; but he goes off to point out the dangers ahead of our corrupt politics, and of the mad race for wealth and pleasure. That of February 4 must, I think, have been his last at Eton : it is on the boyhood of Christ as an example for ours—" keep innocence and do the thing that is right."

Almost to be ranked as a sermon is Warre's very unusual address on " Sympathy " delivered to the medical students of St. George's Hospital, October 15, 1903. He had undertaken to distribute the prizes, and was naturally asked to say " a few words." I have reason to believe that he himself thought the address then given the best thing of the kind he ever did. He chose the subject himself, having, as he said in West Country phrase, " no stag harboured for him to rouse," and he began by showing how the idea of sympathy had changed between Platonic and early Christian times :

"The groundwork of sympathy is perhaps purely physical; we yawn when our neighbour yawns; we give a little involuntary kick to help a high-jumper over the bar.¹ We weep with those that weep and rejoice with the joyful. But soul and body are not really divisible, and if our first sight of a severe operation seems to react only on our bodies, it nevertheless hits our minds as well. You here all know how you have to repress the passive nausea of the body and can repress it; beware lest in doing so you lose the active sympathy of the soul or mind. No surgeon or physician can be great without this; and all the best men in that profession live largely by cultivating a sympathetic understanding of the moral and mental side, as well as of the physical side, of those they rightly call their 'patients.' Sympathy² is in fact the key and the only key to knowledge of mankind."

Perhaps the most remarkable of his "addresses" is that delivered at the Bath and Wells Diocesan Conference, October 5, 1899, on "The Supply and Training of the Clergy." He boldly begins by saying the economic question "is one which must be faced. . . . the average supply will depend, in this as in other callings, upon the average rate of wages." But then he goes on to say that it is not merely in quantity but in quality that the supply is falling off, and calls attention to

"the gradual dwindling of the number of men, for instance, who as Assistant Masters in Public Schools are willing to take Holy Orders. These men are in most instances eminently qualified for such a step: men of cultured minds and blameless lives; religious-minded men, and the majority of them, I believe, regular communicants.

"And of the boys, when they come to me as Headmaster to take leave, very few—barely three or four a year—intend to take Orders."

¹ See Darwin, *The Expression of the Emotions*, pp. 7, etc.

² I.e. sympathy as divorced from "sentimentality"; one of Warre's favourite sayings was "If this country is ever utterly ruined it will be from an excess of sentimentality."

He argues that the economic limit can't be pleaded strongly here : for in the Army the chances of pecuniary success are quite as low as in the Church ; yet one hundred boys are going to be soldiers for every one that is going to be a clergyman. " No doubt there are intellectual difficulties,"—but over this point Warre passes lightly. Whether he ever grasped how great those intellectual difficulties have become I have never quite been able to discover—he hated to allude to the subject—trampled it down, as it were. And so he goes on to mark another cause : if young men

" see those of their fellows who go, as they call it, ' into the Church,' dressing singularly, altering their habits, becoming mediævalised in mode and manner, it is not wonderful if the change strikes them as something untoward and uninviting." ¹

" Clericalism " in its outward as in its inward shape, was as much " the enemy " to this pious, old-fashioned Christian as it is to the most radical unbeliever. Lastly, he says—

" Our unhappy divisions—look at the ' parties ' in the Church and how we trumpet their discordances in the newspapers : the effect upon the educated youth of England is deep and far-reaching. They say, as

¹ In July, 1900, a good Suffolk clergyman wrote to Warre saying that he had been reading words of his on this subject quoted by the Bishop of Winchester (now Archbishop of Canterbury), and " wishes they could be written in letters of gold and blazoned from the house-tops ; for it [the reluctance to take Orders] is not only a question of money, it is a question of *caste* ; the Athenian mind shrinks from the rude Corinthian garb, the melancholy coat, the white (?) collar, the peculiar hat, the mediæval air, the absence of virility in the clergy." And in the same month Warre writes to another clerical correspondent from Gloucestershire, that " while he deprecates any attempt on the part of masters to influence boys towards taking Orders, he regrets much that more masters do not take Orders themselves, but thinks it is the outward and visible signs of the clerical profession that discourage them : anything that tends to widen the gulf between the educated classes and the Church is to be deplored, and I am afraid that the clergy, without perhaps being conscious of it, have, during the last thirty years, done something in this direction."

Ulysses said to his helmsman steering between Scylla and Charybdis—

τούτου μὲν καπνοῦ καὶ κύματος ἐκτὸς ἔεργε
νῆα.¹

Then he passes to the question of the training necessary, and says that over and above "the knowledge which a liberal education imparts," a "clergyman needs (1) a knowledge of books; (2) a knowledge of himself; (3) a knowledge of men," and points out how the theological colleges fail to supply these things:

"They inevitably tend to 'professionalise' the young clergyman before he knows either his books, himself, or men. The extreme differentiation of the clergy from the laity seems to me to be a danger of to-day. It tends to destroy the Christian simplicity which is of the first importance in the relation of a pastor to his flock. . . . We of the English race have before us, if only our eyes were open to see it, the promise and potentiality of true Catholic Christianity such as Rome never had, nor Constantinople, nor any other centre of civilised life, and one of the first steps towards realising it, which should be the object of all faithful people, is the intelligent grasp of that greater truth, before which all our petty dissensions and differences must pale and fade away, the law of the spirit of Love which is in Christ, the spirit of true unity, the bond of peace."

He would prefer that a candidate for Orders "should place himself under the advice of a wise pastor engaged in a cure of souls who was fit to be a *pastor parvorum*," and, while pursuing his studies in the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the history of Christianity, he should get

"some experience of practical work among the poor, first perhaps in a country, and then in a town parish, under wise supervision . . . with a full consciousness of a high and holy mission for good, and on higher lines than those indicated by a merely theological or clerical training."

¹ *Odyssey*, xii. 219.

Warre was deeply interested in missionary work all over the Empire and beyond its limits—witness his large correspondence with William Carter in Africa, Arthur Polhill in China, E. G. Blackmore in Australia; and so one is not surprised to find that he ends this address with a plea that a wider and simpler training of the English clergy would not only “extend the usefulness of the Church at home, but also help to build up the great and world-wide future which, by the Grace of God, she has before her in the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the habitable globe.”

It was a week after this address that Bishop Kennion offered Warre his Prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral.¹

II. SOLDIER

Quid enim illo quincunce speciosius, qui, in quaecunque partem spectaveris, rectus est. [Quintilian, viii. 3.]

Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has taken infinite pains to help me with this part of my task, renewed his acquaintance² with Dr. Warre at the date of the latter's attachment to the 4th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles (of which Sir Edward was then adjutant), at Winchester in the Christmas holidays of 1871.

“The battalion,” he says, “was then in the hands of that great and remarkable man, Colonel (afterwards General) Hawley, and Warre was able to learn his drill and study the tactics and administration of an infantry regiment on the lines which Hawley perfected during his thirteen years of command; and it was Hawley's system which, thirty years later, became the system of

¹ No emolument was attached to the Prebend. In September, 1903, Rev. W. Selwyn wrote to Warre to explain that he, a Prebendary of Hereford, received a penny loaf at his installation as “a token of the temporalities of the Prebend.”

² The General's Eton years, as a boy, were 1862–6, and he spent nearly two of them in Warre's Division. More than once in after years he delivered, at Warre's request, lectures to the boys on military subjects.

the British Army.¹ Since that date I was, at intervals, in close touch with Warre, more especially when I was at Aldershot on the Staff, between the years 1878 and 1892. I started the 'Military Society' there, and Warre's remarkable lecture (February 23, 1888)² was one of the first that I arranged. His study of military subjects and his knowledge of Greek and Roman History,³ made him a valuable counsellor for me in the matter of those reforms which I was a humble instrument in effecting for successive Commanders at Aldershot. His ideas and those of Lord Kingsburgh,⁴ one of the most prominent promoters of the Volunteer movement, were far in advance of contemporary military opinion, and were of the greatest value to us in Lord Wolseley's days."

German military critics used to tell us (and, long after the Great War began, continued to tell themselves) that, whatever number of men the British Empire might raise in an emergency, it could never provide the officers to train them :

"It was towards the solution of this problem," Sir Edward goes on, "that Warre devoted a great portion of his life. It was due in a conspicuous degree to his personal influence that the requisite spirit in our Public Schools was gradually created, and this led to the universal adoption of Volunteer Rifle Corps—now called by their true name 'Officers' Training Corps'—in all the leading schools in England. It was not a chance selection that produced the man capable of so great an achievement ; it was rather very special circumstances of character and environment which brought forth the soldier-scholar equal to such a task."

¹ "Rapidity of movement—silence in manœuvre—open formation—taking cover—perfect fire discipline—assiduous care for the physical well-being and for the mental improvement of his men—to inculcate forgetfulness of self and of self-interest—these were Hawley's strong points."

² On the History of Tactics.

³ "He early realised the immutable nature of the principles governing both strategy and tactics. This was new ground to many of us at the date of his first lecture."

⁴ Lord-Advocate for Scotland and afterwards Lord-Justice-Clerk.

I think Sir Edward's judgment is very near the truth ; and if it is true, it is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. If it is true, the British Empire owes to Warre a debt which no length of time would enable it to repay to his memory. Yet when we come to details, it is extraordinarily difficult for a civilian biographer to disentangle from the mass of letters and papers left by Warre on military subjects, or from his few pronouncements on them, any very clear idea of what his main principles of training were. I have given above (*see* p. 103) a few of the estimates formed of him as a Field Officer by those who served under him ; they are nearly all favourable but not extravagantly or uniformly laudatory. And if we were to test him by the two earlier of the three printed lectures which he left behind him, we should have to say of *The History of Tactics* that it is more (as indeed its last sentence declares) a cry for such a history than even an outline of one. It is, indeed, a confused document, for it starts, rightly enough (according to the lights of the year 1888), with a distinction between strategy and tactics, and then fails to adhere to the distinction as it goes on. It ranges over history from Joshua to Cetewayo, and mentions a lot of obscure Greek and Roman treatises by obscure authors, but, while giving due honour to Xenophon, Cæsar, and Polybius, it strangely omits one of the few great works of antiquity written by a professional soldier, the *Res Gestæ* of Ammianus Marcellinus. It dismisses the Emperor Leo with a word, and, for the rest, entirely ignores the Byzantine principles of warfare. When the author comes to later days he once names Guibert, but only as a follower of Guichard in the line-*versus*-column controversy.¹

¹ Our whole ideas of military history in the period between Frederick and Napoleon have been revolutionised since Warre's lecture was delivered, by two great French writers, Arthur Chuquet and Armand Colin. Warre does mention *la grande tactique*, and realises that it is on the borderland of strategy, but he appears to have no inkling of the extent to which Napoleon

The second lecture is on the *Elementary Tactical Unit*, and was never delivered. But it was taken quite seriously by many first-rate thinkers, and criticised, on the whole more favourably than unfavourably, as the years went on. Warre continually retouched it, and as late as 1909 was distributing it to his friends in the Army and the Auxiliary forces. It is an attempt to wrestle with one of the most important of tactical problems, namely, how best to "unite the survivors of the first part of a struggle into a tactical formation capable of being under control and used with effect at a critical moment." For this purpose Warre will adopt the unit that lay at the base of all formations of the Macedonian *Phalanx*, a squad, namely, of eight men, the *quincunx*, as he loved to call it, which could move in any direction, front, flank, rear, in open or close order, straight or diagonally, in file or in fours, under a corporal and a steady old private as group leaders. Each group of eight is to be inseparable, at bed and board, on parade and fatigue, in peace and in war; so will they learn to have perfect confidence in each other. It sounds an extremely reasonable unit; though a civilian is tempted to say, "If eight, why not ten or twelve?" and to fancy that Warre must have been drawn to the mystic eight simply because it *was* of Macedonian origin. I have said the criticisms on it varied. General Hawley, for instance (July 31, 1888), thoroughly approves of it on active service, but (oddly enough) not on peace parades. Lord Wolseley (on the same day) is wholly favourable: "Your principle has been preached for years by Mr. Macdonald [the Lord Advocate above mentioned]; he works entirely in groups of eight and I wish you could persuade the Commander-in-Chief to allow the Army to follow the lead of the Lord Advocate's

was influenced by the galaxy of brilliant French soldier-scholars who had studied the weaknesses as well as the strengths of Frederick, and rightly resolved that they would teach France to "go one better."

Volunteer Regiment." Colonel Gascoigne, on the other hand, commanding a battalion of Guards at Windsor, and writing to thank Warre for letting his men bathe at Cuckoo Weir in the holidays, being, as he says himself, "a man with a great deal of experience in all matters of drill," thinks "nothing so fatal as to teach men of little experience various kinds of loose drill." The Colonel is evidently a champion of "'Shun" and "H-owl'," as the *alpha* and *omega* of the military art.¹ Sir Edward Hutton (July 15, 1888) approves of the smallness of the unit, but disapproves of the idea of its moving in diagonal formation. Colonel Chermside, R.E. (September 26, 1890) thinks it too small; "it means the delegation of responsibility to too large a number of group-leaders." Something very like the group of eight had actually been employed in the drilling of the Defence Force of South Australia as we learn (January 5, 1897) from Colonel Fergusson, then Professor of Tactics at Sandhurst.

Warre stuck to his guns. In October, 1900, he wrote to his daughter—

"I have been giving an exposition of my new drill in the Drill Hall. I asked the C.O. if eight boys would come, and lo! not eight, but sixty-four came, all eager to hear and learn."

On December 17 of the same year Captain Glyn, adjutant of a battalion of Grenadiers, says that the great objection to it is the "enormous number of words of command which would be heard all over the field." There follows a long gap in the letters concerning the *quincunx* till 1909; and then in January, General Baden Powell writes (to L. Philips) that he has been unconsciously following Warre's lead with the group of eight:

¹ I do not venture to say that he was wrong: "In the Retreat of August, 1914" (perhaps the cruellest ordeal to which a fine unbroken army was ever exposed), wrote one who went through it, "it was those regiments that had been most fiercely drilled on peace parades that did best."

"It is now the unit in the cavalry and was entirely so in my South African forces, both military and police, with the best results. I grieve to see that what I have been learning by experience all my soldiering life I might have picked up at school had I paid more attention to Greek History."

In April, General Anthony Tucker, of the Staff College, sends on Warre's re-edited lecture to General (now F.-M. Sir Henry) Wilson. In June Warre writes a long letter to Lord Roberts, pleading once more for the group of eight, or rather pleading for some fundamental or scientific bedrock of a system of drill:

"Hitherto we have had many systems—I suppose I have learnt, in my own Volunteer service, six or seven; and many more must have been learned by the regulars. We have hitherto always worked downwards from Divisions to Sections, and sections have represented an indefinite number of files; and so we have never *had* an elementary tactical unit. But now is the critical moment, with the formation of this Territorial Army, to effect the change."

Finally, in July, Sir Ian Hamilton tries to prove to Warre that "the principles you advocate are actually adopted in our infantry; for the squad is one-eighth of the company; it corresponds to the Greek λόχος and is the unit on which all recruit instruction is carried out; its organisation is maintained both in barracks and field." "Yes," answers Warre next day, "but the company may be large or small, and the numbers of the squad will vary accordingly."

Let no one say "avec votre Huit vous commencez à m'ennuyer;" for as my readers have seen, the thing was treated as of serious importance by specialists during a period of twenty-one years. It was, however, in itself a detail, and I suppose that no one, on the strength of it, and still less on the strength of *The History of Tactics*, would claim Warre as anything more than a

vigorous original thinker on military problems, "a brilliant amateur," as Mr. Fortescue calls William III. And so, for a confirmation of Sir Edward Hutton's verdict we must look mainly to the spirit which Warre breathed into Public School life, to the call that he incessantly made to young England to fit itself for that Armageddon which was ever before his eyes, which he lived to see won by that very spirit. This is insisted on in the third of his lectures which survives, one delivered at the Royal United Services Institution on June 27, 1900, when the first disasters of the South African War had to some extent opened British eyes.

It is entitled *On the Relation of Public Secondary Schools to the National Defence*. It begins with a plea that we should not only open, but keep open, our eyes ; it analyses the high proportion of casualties suffered by officers during the last eight months ; it exposes the great shortage of officers in the Militia and Volunteers (not in the Yeomanry). And it then goes on to state what steps the lecturer himself had taken to test the opinion of his profession on the question of some means of enabling the Schools to feed the Regulars and the Auxiliary forces with officers. He had, in fact (on February 15, 1900), got a committee of the Headmasters' Conference to pass a unanimous vote that "all persons in *statu pupillari* at the Universities or the Public Schools above fifteen years of age, able ['and willing : ' these words were a later insertion] to bear arms, should be enrolled for the purposes of drill and manœuvre and the use of arms." This was submitted by letter to the 102 members of the Headmasters' Conference, and a directly affirmative answer was received from 83 of them. Warre thereon approached the War Office itself, and that august building, perhaps feeling its foundations a little shaky, asked him to put his proposals in the form of a Memorandum to be submitted to the Secretary of State for War (Lord Lansdowne). In this Memorandum Warre

asked for a short Act of Parliament, whose preamble should be more or less in the words of the above Resolution; the Act should then follow the lines of the Volunteer Act as regards the number of drills required for efficiency, but should go on to make provision for much higher training, in the shape of certificates (i.) of efficiency (which should be of the standard required of sergeants), and (ii.) of proficiency (of the standard required of a subaltern on getting his commission). Further, the forces so enrolled should not form part of the territorial system, nor be included in the local distribution of brigades for Home Defence, but should be regarded *wholly as Instructional Corps*, and be placed under a separate A.A.G. at the War Office.

Then, and I think unfortunately, Warre went on to overload his most excellently bred camel, for the instruction was to include a number of military subjects (spread, it is true, over three, and in the case of boys who remained at school till nineteen, over four, years) such as the elementary theory of projectiles, theory of explosives, elements of strategy, tactics of the three arms.¹

To any British Government the sting of this Memorandum was in its tail, for it asks for the provision of Sergeant-Instructors, arms and ammunition, ranges, capitation grants (for all efficient above seventeen years), and extra grants for those who obtain certificates of efficiency and proficiency—all this for, perhaps, some eighty schools, who had as yet no Volunteer Corps at all! Warre suggests that if the courses mentioned above could even be begun at school “Sandhurst, as it now is, (both a waste of money and of time)” might be turned into a sort of “Military University, in which each officer would take his degree, and those that gained honours would gain also the advancement and the emoluments

¹ “Elementary surveying, scouting, the writing of reports, range-finding,” are perhaps more within the reasonable limits of what a cadet officer in a Public School Corps may fairly be asked to study.

that ought to accompany them"; the Staff College would be reserved for still higher courses of, let us say, "post-graduate study." The lecture concludes with a plea for some more human manuals or primers, on Tactics, Musketry, Military Topography, Military Engineering.

Well, the Government had, a month before this lecture was delivered (May 14, 1900), answered with a demurrer on the ground of expense, also with a much more reasonable criticism of the amount of instruction proposed, as being far too heavy for schoolboys; but it encouraged Warre to lay his whole scheme before the next Headmasters' Conference in December. In the interval there was much discussion of the lecture and the scheme in the public prints—on the whole favourable. But the *Times* thought it a mistake to ask for an Act; thought that the School Corps might spring up of themselves, and manage themselves; and it also rather wisely asked, "Do you not fear too much War Office control if you get your Act?" And, indeed, until in 1907 the Officers' Training Corps became an integral part of the new Territorial scheme, there was real fear of "departmentalism" getting hold of the School Corps. Sir Frederick Maurice, in July, 1900, thought it a mistake to trench so much on the field already occupied by Woolwich and Sandhurst. On the other hand, a good deal of the opinion expressed was hostile to the insertion of the words "and willing," in the original resolution; "the scheme would be felt less burdensome if it became universal and compulsory."

When the Conference met (at Bradfield) on December 21 it carried unanimously the appointment of a small committee to negotiate with the War Office on behalf of the scheme; besides Warre, Dr. Lyttelton of Haileybury, Doctor Gow of Westminster, with not less than four and not more than seven C.O.'s of Public School Corps, were to be on this committee. The august building was, however, too much for them; it

seems to have countered them by appointing another committee on which Warre was asked to serve "as a trustee for the scholastic world," under the chairmanship of Mr. Akers-Douglas. And so, on October 19, 1901, Col. Fergusson wrote to tell Warre that he feared that the Government would not, on the score of expense, be favourable to the scheme. On February 20, 1902, Warre developed, in a long letter to Lord Roberts, the subject of his famous Memorandum; but he also had become aware of the dangers of departmentalism—

The Government is quite keen to demand, and is demanding, increased efficiency from Volunteer Corps, but if they demand too much from Public School Corps it will kill them. What I would have for them is a wholly different standard of efficiency from that required from other Volunteer battalions—an intellectual as well as a physical standard."

He does not use the words "Officers' Training Corps," but he hit on the special idea of such corps in perfectly plain language. Lord Roberts (March 6), being then at the Horse Guards, can only answer that he regrets the turning down of Warre's great scheme "owing to the many urgent services for which money is required."

The war was over, but neither the British public, nor even the War Office, wholly closed eyes again. In 1903 there was an "Advisory Board" at the War Office considering the question of military education; Warre had a seat on this Board.¹ There was also a Consulting Committee of the Board of Education in touch with this Advisory Board. Between them hovered the Civil Service Commissioners, whose duty it was to conduct the examinations for the Army as well as for the Civil Service. These several bodies do not seem to have "hit it off" among themselves particularly well. The avenue to commissions in the Army through the Militia was a bone of contention; and another was the "privi-

¹ *Vide supra*, p. 167.

leged candidates" (persons for whom wholesale jobs were done, with a lower standard of marks, under such names as "King's Cadets"). It would not be altogether well to stir the dust of such ancient-recent controversies, or run the risk of offending many worthy persons, whom Warre and some of his correspondents stripped pretty bare between 1902 and 1909. Of better augury, and fruitful of more direct results was the draft of proposals for making the Universities' Corps a reality, submitted to Warre for his criticism by Lord Esher in April, 1905. The gist of these proposals was that these corps might be so remodelled as both to feed the Auxiliary Forces and also to create a *Reserve of Officers*; for the former were 4000 officers short, and the latter (to be created) would need 6000. Warre's comment on it is that the scheme is excellent, but that the "catchment area" of the Universities is too small to effect its purpose; let it be so widened as to include all the leading Public School Corps, and you will get your Reserve—he might have said your Reservoir—of officers. All holders of certificates of efficiency and proficiency should then be registered in their own military districts. And this was a distinct step forward towards the Territorial Army, the name of which is connected with Lord Haldane's tenure of the War Office. The only remaining activity of Warre in connection with military matters was that in April, 1911, he was placed on a War Office Committee for considering the scheme of nominating candidates, specially qualified by intelligence and keenness, but unable to "get marks" in an examination for cadetships at Sandhurst. In order to avoid canvassing the names of the committee are to be kept secret. Warre attended at least once (perhaps oftener), but in January, 1912, his health compelled him to resign. It is to be remembered that this scheme bore fruit during the Great War, and some excellent officers were thereby obtained.

III. OARSMAN

Ταῦτά τέ μοι τελέσαι πῆξαι τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἔρετμον,
 Τῷ καὶ ζωὸς ἔρυσσον ἔων μετ' ἐμοῖς ἐτάροισιν.

Odyssey, xi. 77, 78.

“ I do not think Warre ever had his equal in judging of oarsmanship, or of what is interfering with the pace of a boat ; he could tell you exactly where the fault lay and how it could be cured.” So Sir John Edwards-Moss ; and to him, to Mr. Felix Warre, to Mr. R. S. de Havilland and to Professor Bourne, two of them ex-Captains of the Boats and two of them ex-Presidents of O.U.B.C., I am wholly (and most gratefully) indebted for the materials of this section. I have given above (in Chapters II., IV.) a brief summary of Warre’s rowing career as boy and undergraduate, but we have now to trace his history as a great instructor in rowing until he became the oracle and prophet of the Aquatic World. The earliest University crews had been trained by watermen, and it was perhaps Mr. Justice Chitty (stroke of the Oxford crew in 1852) who first distinguished himself as an amateur coach. It needed a very earnest request of R. H. Blake-Humfrey,¹ Captain of the Boats, in Warre’s first (1860) summer half as Master, to persuade Warre to undertake regular instruction of the Eight. It was, in fact, a “ new idea ” for masters to take any regular interest in boys’ games at all. And Warre was scrupulously anxious never to abuse his position. He maintained to the end his attitude of *adviser only* to the Captain of the Boats ; it was the latter who made up the crew (although it would no doubt have been difficult as well as foolish for him to neglect Warre’s advice), and Warre never went down to coach without having been invited by the Captain on the actual day,² never

¹ Now R. H. Mason, of Necton Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk, author of *The Eton Boating Book*.

² When at very rare intervals the Captain forgot to ask him, the Eight had no coach that day.

entered the Eight Room at the Brocas without knocking. His tact must have been perfect, for in the quarter of a century during which he regularly and solely coached the Eight there is no record of any friction between him and successive Captains. Nor is there any evidence that he ever favoured his own house in advising the selection of crews.¹

The Westminster race came into being again (for a few years only) in 1860, and about a month's practice—the month of July—was allowed. The germ of "Duffers" appears in 1860 in a "Second Eight to pull in front, and so to accustom the School crew to a back-wash." It is greatly to be regretted that "Water" at Westminster had already become a plant so difficult to keep alive that in the four races rowed in the early sixties the Pink crews never had a serious chance against the Light Blue. Better tests, however, were in store for our boys: in 1861 Warre obtained from Dr. Goodford leave for the crew to row at Henley Regatta,² and further for an occasional bill off absence to be granted to any crew that could row within sight of Cookham Lock. Henceforth the Eight entered regularly for the Ladies' Plate and occasionally for the Grand Challenge Cup. They drove over each day in a brake from Eton to Henley, and were no doubt severely handicapped, if it were hot weather, by the fifteen-mile drive.

I do not know whether Warre's advice was ever asked before the year 1880 with regard to the Oxford University crew (it was asked and taken on several occasions after that date), but in 1869 he had the delightful task of coaching that which he called "the best four that ever sat in a boat." This (an Oxford)

¹ My readers will realise, if they turn back to my chapter on the "House," that it was only for a very few years that it was largely represented in the Eight.

² A sort of treaty was made, an orgy known as "Oppidan Dinner," and also the Check-nights (on which all boating, except for the crews of the "Boats" proper, was suspended) being given up, in return for the concession of Henley.

crew ¹ came and stayed at Black Potts that summer to train for a race against Harvard. Mr. Tinné says :

“ One day Warre had taken us for a row round ‘ Rushes ’ : from Lower Hope to Windsor Bridge on the way down he remained quite silent, and at the bridge said, ‘ Easy all : this is the first time I have ever seen perfect rowing.’ ”

There was an interesting correspondence in the *Field* in the spring of 1867, in which one writer, signing himself *Etonensis*, quarrelled not only with the style of rowing that Warre taught, but with the fact that he coached the boys at all. “ The charm of independence was gone, and, being ‘ regimented,’ boys no longer cared to go boating.” “ True,” answered Mr. W. W. Wood (signing his name), “ the boys whose object was loafing about in big gigs and smoking in osier beds ” found themselves countered ; while as for Eton style being decayed or bad, “ there are actually five Eton men in the Oxford Eight which will row against Cambridge to-morrow.” *Etonensis* had also alleged that “ responsibility was taken away from boys by the appointment of a River-master.” “ Well,” answers his opponent, “ in 1864 upwards of £700 had to be administered by the Captain of the Oppidans alone, and my colleague, the Captain of the Boats, had to raise and account for at least £450.” *Etonensis* returned to the charge and said much about “ the emasculating influence of nursing.” He made much of the fact that the Harrow eleven had for years been “ nursed ” by two old Harrovians, while the captain of the Eton eleven had no such assistance ; and so (in his opinion), cricket remained popular at Eton while boating declined. This last statement was really without foundation ; and so far from Warre’s coaching of the Eight being in any way resented in the School,

¹ F. Willan, A. C. Yarborough, J. C. Tinné, S. D. Darbishire, F. H. Hall, cox. Mr. Morrison took over the coaching on the tideway, and the Oxford crew won with consummate ease.

it actually led to Mr. Dupuis taking up and carrying out for some years the coaching of the Eleven, in which task he had several able and genial successors, above all others R. A. H. Mitchell.¹

With regard to Warre's treatment of the School crew, Professor Bourne is impressed chiefly with the small amount of coaching it got compared to the effectiveness thereof:

"Two days after School sculling² Warre would come down to the Brocas after four, and two trial crews of aspirants were submitted to him for choice. He steered each of them up to Sandbank and back; he was then closeted for a time with the Captain of the Boats. On the following Monday the Eight went below locks (with the old choices and the new ones he had picked from the two trial crews) in a heavy boat, made heavier by his fourteen or fifteen stone in the stern. He stood up and made us row hard between the bridges;³ and on these occasions we got plenty of individual instruction; 'slackers' were quickly eliminated. Say we had a week of this grind and then got into our light boat, already a crew provisionally made up. Thenceforward Duffers and the Eight started every evening at 6.30 from the Brocas for the Victoria Bridge, Duffers⁴ just ahead of us, and Warre coaching us from its stroke

¹ Incidentally Warre's new task led to his being able to go about "in change," a straw hat and flannels. The older generation of masters thought this terrible; but the younger ones soon followed suit. I do not think the principle underlying the contention of *Etonensis* (that masters should manage school-work and boys school-games) so very far wrong; it was his application of it to the coaching of the Eight that was wrong. The present reliance of boys on masters, not only to coach, but to steer them, for every little tiniest race, and in practice for the same, is, in my humble opinion, most disastrous to watermanship, as well as to independence. Sir John Edwards-Moss believes *Etonensis* to have been Henry Brandreth, a mathematical master at Eton, 1860-64.

² The sculling then took place late in May, and the pulling towards the end of the half; this order is now inverted.

³ By standing up in the stern Warre could always feel by his feet if any one was out of time or infringing the doctrine of the "medial line," i.e. the straight swing of the body forward and back without any deviation from side to side.

⁴ The first use of the word "Duffers" that I have found, as applied to the scratch crew, is in the *Chronicle*, June 23, 1864.

thwart ; they turned above us and picked us up as we raced up from the lower lock-cut to Datchet Post. If we were going at all well, Warre had not much breath left for coaching towards the end of the course. When we had paddled up to the railway bridge he would get out of Duffers and run up the upper lock-cut with us : there he left us. About every fifth day we had a day off this strenuous work, and Warre devoted a long afternoon to scarcely less strenuous tubbing ; I have known him keep a single pair out for quite an hour. It was what you might call ' intensive tubbing ' ;¹ often he took the oar and delivered, *secundum artem*, the ' mighty and prolonged blow with instant force at the beginning of the stroke sustained through the stroke with a force unwavering and uniform,' to show us how to do it."

All stories of Warre's " towpath voice " must be accepted with great reserve (Sir John says " with incredulity "). The voice was naturally one of great power and depth, but so perfectly modulated that he could make himself heard without the least effort.² " Never have I heard a coach who *said* so little to his crews." If there were the least opening for praise it was always taken and such blame as was merited was always given with a kindly smile. It was, however, given quite plainly : Warre did not say " Of course I may be wrong, five, but I think you are inclined to meet your oar a little " (or whatever the fault was). To a lazy boy, or to one obviously too weak for his place, he would say

¹ Mr. Muttlebury says : " An essential part of Warre's coaching was making us keep our feet on the stretcher all the time ; we were tubbed in the gig without foot-straps. I have known him put his hand on my feet as I was recovering, and say : ' Your feet *look* right, but you are still trying to pull up with your great toe.' I thought it a fad then, but I am convinced that it is one of the most important points in rowing."

² Perhaps he found it necessary to shout at times (say, if he were left panting behind, to shout " Easy all ") ; for there exists somewhere (but it cannot be found) a famous caricature of Warre coaching the Eight from the bank below bridge, and the Queen looking out of Windsor Castle and saying, " What is that terrible noise ? " Behind the Queen on the wall is a picture of the Prince Consort. Warre always told coaches to " avoid parrot-cries," *i.e.* the saying something at intervals for the sake of talking.

nothing ; but, unless he had reason to think the victim off colour for the day, his advice would be not to try him again. In fact, he talked little to individuals except at an easy, and then quietly and persuasively.¹ To his crews as a whole he would speak rather quickly and sharply, especially from his stroke thwart in Duffers when the Eight began to creep up ; and many a panting Duffer may have smiled to hear his stroke exhort the Eight not to hurry forward, when he could not but be conscious that a gentleman of forty years and more, could not be, and was not, rowing at 44 to the minute without some degree of bucket.

No funereal rate of stroke was permitted either in tub-pair or Eight—the slow paddles which have come in with the abnormally long slides of to-day—eighteen or nineteen to the minute—were his horror in later years. Above all, he was careful never to frighten his novices ; he was extraordinarily friendly and natural about the matter ; after all, it was not a very great matter, and he had many more important things to think about. But if a member of the crew were ill he became unduly anxious, almost fussy, over him. It was after he had become Head that, coming down one day to advise Donaldson (who was at his wits' end to find a Stroke), he saw a boy, now one of the best of Eton masters, being tried and took a fancy to him :

“ From that day onwards,” says that master, “ he became a second father to me ; and the following year, thinking I was getting over-rowed, he took me up at his own expense to old Dr. Quain to have me thoroughly ‘ vetted.’ It was a long-standing joke that one of the symptoms that disquieted Warre was my tendency to go to sleep in school : I shall never forget the peals of laughter with which my tutor (Edward Leigh) informed me of this.”

¹ Sometimes his humour would break out grimly : “ You might as well be sittin’ on an island and tryin’ to row it along with a gridiron.”

It is instructive to note the success of the Eton crews which Warre took to compete at Henley : they won the Ladies' Plate eight times, 1864, '6, '7, '8, '9, 1870, 1882, '4. There was thus a long gap, 1870-82, of failure, though the crew of 1874 was always reckoned by Warre as one of the finest of all, almost, if not quite, as good as that of 1868. "But it was during this period of defeat that the sliding seat first came to be used and, good conservative as he was, Warre found it difficult to pass this milestone." Professor Bourne differs a little from my other authorities on this matter, and says, "To me, who made so many experiments with him, Warre seemed almost dangerously progressive."¹

Sir John holds that Warre thought the slide "an accident in the stroke ; the body must catch the beginning and the slide will come in to add to the length of the stroke when begun." There can, I think, be little question that slides have not improved the "perfect beauty" of the old Eton style of rowing ; but Mr. de Havilland is thought, by some who worked under Warre in the late seventies and early eighties, to be going too far when he says, "To him style and the straight back became everything, and pace, or the winning of races, comparatively unimportant ;" and to be going much too far when he attributes the twelve years' failure to win at Henley to this preference of Warre's for neatness over strength ; for the Professor says that Warre was always on the look-out for strong heavy boys, and took infinite pains to lick them into shape. "*Bos indocilis*" he

¹ "It was I," says the Professor, "who first set out the arcs described by the tip of an oar-blade with, and without, slides ; and I remember how much Warre was impressed by the extra length of stroke afforded by the slide, as illustrated by me to him. He did, indeed, in his later years inveigh against the use of very long slides, which brought with them an excessive worship of leg-thrust. Once he even made an experiment in coupling together a sliding seat, a sliding stretcher, and a sliding thowl ; this formidable engine was actually set up on the floor of the School of Mechanics ; but when he came to try it, he was shot some four feet behind the machine and sat heavily down, with Homeric laughter, on the floor !"

would say when he sadly had to give up such a boy as hopeless. But in fact the great thing to Warre was the *proper use* of the body weight, and it is true that very big and heavy boys do not readily learn this.¹

And it is also quite true that Warre was more keen on the *sport* of rowing itself than on the bag obtained ; he never lost sight of that fine English spirit. And if the slide had come to stay (as indeed it had) he was not the man to sacrifice to his own prejudice against it. It was increasing its length, and success was coming with the increase, so much so that, though his fine crews of '82 and '84 again won the Plate, they were actually handicapped by using shorter slides than their competitors.

When he gave up coaching, on becoming Headmaster, Warre did not give up his interest in rowing.² His new position gave him actually a greater importance in rowing circles, and he now began to be consulted by amateur oarsmen all over the world on the best means of introducing and perfecting the sport. He seldom missed a pull down the Datchet reach in his *Bellona*³ after six when the Eight was in training. He, however, attended Henley⁴ very rarely—he hated the crowds and

¹ The Eight of 1880 averaged nearly twelve stone.

² "On the very last day of his last half as Headmaster," says H. V. M., "he was once more consulted on a *res aquatica*. There was a foul in the final of House Fours, and the umpire restarted the race. The four which was leading when the foul occurred eventually won, but its boys, feeling they had been to blame, went to the Head and proposed that they should be disqualified. Warre was extremely pleased at such a display of chivalry on their part, but rightly said that the umpire's decision must be accepted as final."

³ *Bellona I.* is believed to have been built by Searle ; she was so excellent in design and material that she lasted for thirty years ; several subsequent *Bellonæ* and many a coaching gig have been built on her lines. About her pace there could be no doubt ; this biographer once steered her from Rafts to Boveney with Warre at stroke and Kynaston (who had just become Professor of Greek at Durham) at bow, and we passed everything on the river except an eight or two. Every now and then Warre looked round and said : "Is the Regius Professor sweatin' yet ?" The Professor (who was *Episcopalis*, not *Regius*) was pantin' as well as sweatin'.

⁴ He had been elected a Steward of Henley Regatta in 1868,

the changed conditions of the towpath. He frequently ran over to see the Oxford crews in practice, and some of his happiest visits were to Sir John himself at Thamesfield; there he would meet such great oarsmen as Willy Fletcher, Douglas Maclean and the Pitmans, and *res aquaticæ* would be discussed on the grand scale. These visits were continued almost to the eve of the war; he saw many crews in practice, and he was inclined to criticise very severely the rowing of those years.¹ His criticisms were probably merited and he did not withhold them from his intimates. And so it was at the suggestion of the famous stroke, Mr. Harcourt Gold, that Warre delivered a series of lectures to the captains of College boats at Oxford, the first in 1907, the second and third in 1909. These were subsequently published by the Clarendon Press in 1909, under the title of *The Grammar of Rowing*.² Broadly speaking his principles stand for the English style as opposed to that of all

helped to redraft its rules, and was the real author of the first definition of an *amateur*, a definition only published in April, 1879, though it had formed a subject of discussion for eleven years. Warre was always strongly opposed to permitting foreign crews to compete at Henley. Not only would it lead the best English crews to smelt themselves into one fine Leander eight, but it would inevitably tend to "professionalise" rowing. In July, 1901, he put forward these views in a letter to the *Times*, and in that October the present Lord Desborough, at a Stewards' Meeting, moved for the exclusion of foreign crews and was defeated.

¹ This is true even from 1900, though the fiercer criticisms do not appear in the diary till 1906; e.g. May 14, "To Oxford, saw the eights practising, rowing very inferior [*sic*] and system of coaching wrong." June 29, 1907: "Saw crews practise at Henley, with very few exceptions not an oarsmen or sculler worth looking at, Belgian style not good, College crews all inferior." June 23, 1908: "At Henley, saw a great deal of very poor rowing, saw the old stagers for the Olympic [Leander] Eight go out, very different from the modern ways and superior to them in form and power." July 3, 1909: "Had a glimpse of Leander and of a veteran scratch eight better than any of them." But, *per contra* (in the last vol. of the diary), July 8, 1911: "Boys won Ladies' Plate, in record time for that race, 6.56, best boys' crew I have seen since Tom Bunbury's 1868 crew."

² The principles herein expounded had long before been published as *Notes on the Stroke* and *Notes on Coaching* in pamphlet form; and the former is also to be found in the Badminton Library book *Boating*.

other countries; which last the Belgians exemplified at Henley in 1900, and subsequently at intervals till the Olympic Regatta of 1908. This foreign style relies less upon the long body-swing than on leg-drive and arm work; there have been many discussions on the two styles, but Sir Theodore Cook, in *Rowing at Henley*, puts it best when he says, "No doubt of Dr. Warre's correctness remained in the minds of most of us who saw Leander beat the Belgians in 1908."

Mr. de Havilland sums up Dr. Warre's attributes as instructor in the following words:—

"As a coach he had three supreme merits: complete knowledge of the subject, a most compelling personality, the gift of ideas and the art of expressing them. He put his best into the matter and did what he could to inculcate his style. If the seed fell on good ground, *tant mieux*; if not, he knew he *had* given his best, and, like other good workmen, he knew that time would justify him, whether the results were immediate or no. And no one has ever been more completely rewarded for his pains, for his name is an inspiration to those who knew him, and a legend to those who did not. Later oarsmen, who never even saw him near a river, have risen up and called him blessed."

On the question of style in rowing, then, we may safely say that Warre was right, and holds the field. On a kindred matter it is probable that he was wrong—the structure of racing boats and the shape of oars. But as the details of this are somewhat technical, the subject has been relegated to an Appendix.

We must conclude this part of the subject with a weighty remark of Sir John's—

"Warre's fixed principle was that school work, or any other *duty*, must come first, and rowing (or any other game) second. Among duties he reckoned the E.C.R.V. and all its works; and well do I recollect a grilling day in that hot summer of 1868 (it was the Saturday before Henley Regatta) in which all of us in the Eight who were

also Volunteers had to be on our feet at a great Review in Windsor Park from 1.30 to 8.30 (we had had a light meal in College Hall at 1, and no other food till 9), nearly all that time exposed to the full force of the sun. Warre tried hard to get the officer in command to let us stand in the shade at intervals, but without result until there had been about a dozen casualties."

Warre must have known quite well that this would imperil the chances of success at Henley next week ; but "duty first" was the word.

Never very far away from Warre's experiments in modern boatbuilding was his study of the ancient ship, the ancient oar, and ancient naval tactics. He gave the results of these to the world, not only in articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on "Ship," "Boat," and "Oar," and in the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* on "Navis," but also in a learned paper on the "Raft of Ulysses," read before the Hellenic Society in 1884, and published in the *Journal* thereof, and in a lecture on "Ancient Naval Tactics," delivered at the United Services Institution in 1876. Want of space forbids any serious commentary on these works, and it is probable that modern investigations have already put some of their conclusions out of date. But any reader would be struck by the wealth and happiness of classical quotations which he brings to bear on these subjects. A layman might be apt to feel entangled in the details of measurements ; and there are sometimes rather strong assumptions : *e.g.* while all will agree that Homer was "well acquainted with seafaring life and all its technicalities," while we may even accept Warre's belief that "the poet represents Ulysses as doing all that a skilled shipwright would do under the circumstances," we need hardly expect to be able ourselves, many centuries later, and with very little collateral evidence to help us, to reconstruct every point correctly. What is so admirable and so characteristic of the Headmaster is his

determination to understand Homer's detail, his conviction that the poet "knew what he was talking about." And we must not forget that in dealing with *Odyssey*, xxi. 118 *sqq.*, Warre hit upon the true interpretation of the pierced axe-heads *before* the "find," in a tomb near Sparta, of exactly such an axe-head pierced as he had divined it to be.

The interpretation of *Odyssey*, v. 230 *sqq.*, has always been among the *cruces* of classical scholarship, and every one has asked why the hero πολλήν ἐπεχέυατο ὕλην on a raft already built entirely of wood? *Sunt qui* indeed have maintained that σκεδία is not a raft at all, but a ship of some sort.¹ Professor Gardner, writing to Warre in July, 1884, says that no ancient coin has any representation of a raft, also that the Latin *ratis* is used indifferently for a raft or a ship. One of the great joys of the School of Mechanics at Eton to Warre was that models after his direction might be made (and actually were made) of various sections of various types of ancient ships. Mr. Cecil Torr, writing in the *Athenæum*, June 20, 1891, criticised the article "Navis," in the *D.G.R.A.* rather heavily.² Such criticism is always easy, and greater scholars than Warre have not escaped it. And when (in the lecture on "Ancient Naval Tactics") Warre sets himself to reconstruct, from writers such as Thucydides, the great sea fights of yore, and to compare them with modern battles, then the reader realises what an insight into the probable truth of the stories Warre's careful measurements of detail have given him.

¹ As it obviously is in Euripides' *Hecuba*, 113. In the sixteenth idyll of Theocritus it is used for Charon's (Acheron's) ferry-boat. On the whole, the balance of classical usage is in favour of some temporary structure, and therefore most probably of a raft. Miss Stawell (and there is no better living authority), who has been kind enough to help me here, "still considers Warre's interpretation the best," but is inclined to think of the structure rather as a flat-bottomed boat than a raft in the modern sense; she would render ἱκρία rather "half-decks" (fore and aft) than "deck-beams," and ἐπηγκέμινες "side-plankings" rather than "gunwales."

² *Vide supra*, p. 192.

And finally, before we condemn, or even criticise adversely, anything that Warre designed for the purpose of, or anything that he wrote or uttered on the subject of, navigation, we laymen should remember that we have before us a master not only steeped in theory—theory which may quite possibly be controvertible—but also one able and willing to illustrate, at his own cost, such theory by practical experiment. He was, in short, on much more intimate terms with River-Gods and Sea-Gods than we are likely to be, and he was not the man to abuse their confidence.

IV. GARDENER

“There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners . . . they hold up Adam’s profession.”—*Hamlet*, v. 1.

Miss Margaret Warre says that the love of gardening which was strongly marked in both her brothers, must have been inherited from their father :

“Each brother, however, put his individual nature into it ; Frank’s chief delight was in cultivating exotics, studying the soil and atmosphere that suited them best, while Edmond’s lay in their classification, their names, their relationships.”

Mrs. Foljambe says much the same—

“My father was not such a practical worker among his plants as my uncle ; the latter had all the tricks of the trade at his finger-ends ; he would trample upon *Gentiana acaulis*, saying, ‘that’s what he wants’ ; he would pinch and pull about some little plant, much as a professional nurse handles a baby ; my father loved, above all things, clearing and thinning.”

I venture to suggest that both these views leave somewhat out of sight Edmond Warre’s gardening experiments at Finchampstead ; both seem to date before his constant visits to Kew (beginning before the close of the old century) had inspired him, too, with the

passion for exotics. In his later years he certainly loved to collect seeds from all parts of the world and try to grow them. "Of more than one plant ¹ he raised the first seedlings ever grown in this country," says Sir John Edwards-Moss (Sir John's letters to Warre are almost as full of excellent garden hints as of rowing matters), and of such plants Warre never failed to send a few seeds to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer or his successors at Kew.

I have said something above about Warre's passion for Nature in all her shapes and of his curious—almost uncanny—personal understanding with her animal forms. He eagerly desired to have the same understanding with the vegetable kingdom; and I think there was always an "explanatory map" of Nature in his mental vision. And when people tell me "if he had entered the army he would have been a Field-Marshal," it seems equally true to say that he would have been in the first flight as a naturalist if he had been trained to that purest of all professions. But he had no scientific training whatever; at times, says Mr. M. D. Hill, he seemed "almost afraid" of any biological problems, even when these were connected with plants. Yet he rushed at the subject of practical gardening with his usual enthusiasm and taught himself, in the hard school of experience, enough to be accepted as a real helper by men like Canon Ellacombe, Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, Sir David Prain, and Mr. A. W. Hill. I do not think he made his own compost, or potted his own cuttings, and he may not always have been well served by those who worked under him at these tasks. But the work got

¹ One was *Cordeauxia edulis*, a strange bean which grows in the driest parts of the Soudan. This was the same as the "Yeheb nut" which, in 1908, Mr. Gilligan sent to Warre from the Somaliland Protectorate. Other seed-sending correspondents are Blackmore and Halcombe from Australia, Polhill from China, Fremantle from South Africa. Seeds of something sent to Sir William, and ominously described by Warre as the *diarrhoea* plant, refused to germinate, even at Kew, after two years' experiment.

done, and at times Warre could wield the spade with effect. In old days at Baron's Down there were more and brighter flowers than at Finchampstead, partly because it was a more favourable site, and partly because he was, at the former place, too busy with the many other joys of country life to concentrate on the one hobby of gardening ; finally, because he had not yet been bitten by that last infirmity of noble horticultural minds, the bacillus of acclimatisation. Lists, however, of what I may perhaps be allowed to call " dangerous " plants do begin to appear in the diary in the early nineties, and the malady grew apace, until at last he coveted—

"Slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen." ¹

And it must be confessed that at Finchampstead some of

These though fed with careful dirt
Are neither green nor sappy ;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt
The spindlings look unhappy.

Possibly the fact that one of his younger sons took up the subject of Botany for the Oxford Preliminary Schools gave Warre's tastes the impetus towards scientific classification of plants. Early in the twentieth century his numerous friends abroad began to send him strange seeds and slips. His own marvellous memory enabled him to become a walking encyclopædia of genera and species. He had first met Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer at Lord Avebury's in 1881, but they hardly became intimate before 1894, at which date their correspondence, almost as often in Latin ² as in English, begins. Warre preserved copies of many of his own " shameless begging "

¹ How he would have loved to try "*Anastatica* or Rose of Jericho : it grows naturally on the sands of the Red Sea and in many parts of Syria . . . with small single flowers of a whitish-green composed of four small petals in the form of a cross : it is called *Rosa Mariæ* by the monks, who suppose that the flowers open on the night our Saviour was born." [This is from a note by Miss Warre of Hestercombe, dated January 7, 1843, in Mr. Greenfield's Pedigree Book.]

² Warre will address his friend " *Tinctori Suo*," " *Diario Suo*," " *Carduotinctori Suo*."

letters as he called them, and I suppose (though there are two considerable gaps) all Sir William's. Warre must, I think, occasionally have met Canon Swayne of Salisbury when visiting his brother at Bemerton, but the name occurs only once in the diary (1892); Miss Willmott of Warley, Essex, was another correspondent and visitor. Then, on some day, *creta notanda*, in 1907, he met by chance at Kew Canon Henry Ellacombe¹ of Bitton, a kindred spirit after his own heart; their letters, however, do not range much beyond the years 1908 and 1909. Once (September, 1896) Sir William congratulates Warre on his appreciation of the "sporting element in gardening—it adds immensely to the pleasure of going about, to see something new." In May, 1898, Mr. Luxmoore sends him *Tiarella cordifolia* and *Cistus purpureus*, and is rewarded by a neat Latin epigram. Eleven years later, with an *Amice da veniam, quæso*, Ellacombe corrects a "howler" which Warre had made before in writing to other dignitaries of the Church, and says that he is "*Canonicus non Canon*; Canon, *κάνων*, is that hard, torturing, ascetic rule by which Canons in general, and Hon. Canons in particular, regulate their simple lives." ²

In 1902 Warre quotes to Sir William the curious lines—

"Cur moriatur homo cui Salvia crescit in horto?
Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in hortis,

¹ Author of *Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878, 1884); *Shakespeare as an Angler* (there are no snakes in Iceland), 1883; *In a Gloucestershire Garden*, 1895; *In my Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere*, 1902. There was an older link with this new friend, for Ernald Lane had been Ellacombe's pupil in or after 1847. Ellacombe's father lived to be ninety-five, he himself to ninety-four; he must have been a robust old gentleman for Warre once found him in his ninety-second year breakfasting on dressed crab and sausages. There is a charming *Memoir* of him by Mr. A. W. Hill (1919).

² Warre, a West Countryman, might have remembered the fine Dorset church at Whitchurch Canonicorum. I have often regretted that he made so little use of that fine supple tool Mediæval Latin; his own name would have been so much more pleasing as *Guerra* than as *Bellum*, but I do not think that he ever possessed a Ducange.

and asks their origin. It seems that they occur in the *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, a thirteenth-century metrical version of some of the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates.

Throughout his gardening correspondence it is clear that Warre felt his own limitations ; not only is there not the least trace of pretentiousness, but there is even little of the confidence with which he was wont to write on educational or aquatic matters. All that humility, which his most intimate friends knew as the most beautiful trait in his character, is here displayed. Only in one branch of matters horticultural did he feel his strength, and then he put it forth in full measure. He could and he did illuminate the silviculture and the horticulture of the Ancient World. Sir William (also an excellent scholar) was contributing to the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies* an article on "Flora,"¹ and in 1907 Warre threw himself into the task of aiding his friend in identifications of the plants mentioned by ancient writers. Ellacombe was soon drawn into the same net, and at Bitton the *noctes cenæque deum* were enlivened by raids on the Canon's bookshelves to hunt up some obscure species of *Salix* or the like.² No labour was too great for Warre, no half-forgotten classic too difficult to tackle, in the libraries of Eton, Kew, or the Athenæum Club. Like Snuffy Davie in the *Antiquary* he had the scent of a slow-hound, and the snap of a bulldog when he had run down his quarry. Even here, however, there are limitations ; only once (in one of his latest letters, 1913) is Gerard's *Herbal* mentioned, Parkinson's *Paradisus* never ; Warre seems to have been entirely ignorant of the large literature on Horti-

¹ Sir William's latest papers on Ancient Plant Names were published in the *Journal of Philology* (1914), vol. xxxiii. p. 195, and vol. xxxiv. pp. 78, 290 (1915, 1918).

² Ellacombe to Sir William, December 5, 1907 : " Warre lunched with me yesterday : we agreed that Ovid's *curvataque glandibus ilex* must mean that the boughs were weighed down with acorns. But is it a fact that the ilex in South Europe bears enough acorns for this ? I doubt it." [*Memoir*, p. 179.]

culture of the English Renaissance period. It was F. W. Cornish who unearthed in 1900 the true property of *Larix* from the xxii. chapter of Book I. of Evelyn's *Silva*.¹

"The interest in plants," says Sir Arthur Hort, "of Warre and Ellacombe was much of the same character. Neither was a profound botanist, but both were true lovers of their subject, especially in its connection with human life in the Ancient, as in the Modern, World. In the extremely difficult task which Sir William had undertaken, and for which he alone of living Englishmen was competent, he was materially grateful for the help afforded him by Warre's robust common sense as well as by his "living" scholarship. Scholars in a narrower sense of the word have often, in translating the ancient names of trees and plants, been content to accept without question the guesses of predecessors in the same field, and therefore the current commentaries are often the conventional work of men who used their books but not their eyes. Warre, on the other hand, brought, as it were, the field into the study, while he spared no pains when research in books was necessary. Hence his notes written on the proof of Sir William's article 'Flora,' are called by the latter 'an invaluable and illuminating commentary.' 'You have,' adds Sir William, 'entirely vindicated English scholarship, which I had begun to think was entirely helpless in this field.'"

Such researches relieved for Warre the tedium of the years 1905-9, while the garden at "Finch" was still being made. To this task he at once bent his energies from the spring of the former year. Ambition was then at its height, and mere "flowers," much as he loved them, would not have satisfied him. One fears that on his frequent visits to Eton he must sometimes have gazed sadly at the glorious blaze of colour at his friend Luxmoore's. But he set gallantly to work—

¹ "Et robusta *Larix* igni impenetrabile lignum" (Johannes Baptista Mantuanus, *Parthenice Mariana*, I. 109): the question was of the ancient superstition, mentioned by Vitruvius, II. 9, that larch wood was incombustible. Evelyn clears it up; larch does not burn quickly or readily.

“ on the western slope the pond was fitted for *Bambusa*, *Inula*, and such things as liked their toes to be near water ; on the southern, a rift was opened and banked with stones ; winding crevices were contrived with north or south aspects to meet the shade or the sun, and concealed pipes were led, to bring runnels to thirsty roots, with very pretty effects. Mr. Farrer had not then introduced the *moraine*, nor Mr. Balfour the sand-frame ; Warre would have revelled in each of these. But the best things at “ Finch ” were the herbaceous borders on the north of the house from the entrance-gate, and the great rhododendron beds also ; Warre knew all about these last from his experience at Baron’s Down, where they had needed such constant thinning. In the ‘ houses,’ however, was his greatest pride, where the little foreign babies were being coaxed to forget their native air and soil. And if a visitor in search of colour found the garden immature or barren, he could always turn his eye to the noble view spread before and below over Eversley and the distant champaign.” [H. E. L.]

In February, 1909, Warre writes to Sir David Prain that Ellacombe has been egging him on to make a translation of Theophrastus’s *Historia Plantarum*. “ We did part of Chapter I. together ; he was greatly excited about it and has bought a new Liddell and Scott ; it is a very tough nut to crack.” In September he turns to the Pseudo-Aristotle *Περὶ Φυτῶν*, and begins to translate that ; “ very difficult, and one passage untranslatable.”

Sir William, writing to Warre in November, to congratulate him on the Provostship, denies the authenticity¹ of this work, and Warre agrees. We hear of no

¹ Diary, September 4. “ The treatise *Περὶ Φυτῶν*, printed among Aristotle’s works, is certainly not his : the Greek is admittedly a Renaissance translation of a Latin translation of an Arabic translation of an original which no one supposes to have been Aristotle’s. If there was a genuine work of his, *De Plantis*, it is lost. No doubt there may be echoes of Peripatetic teaching in the spurious work ” [Professor C. C. J. Webb]. “ There was a genuine work, but only one sentence of it, quoted by Athenæus, now survives ” [W. T.-D.].

further progress with the translation of Theophrastus,¹ for Warre's new duties as Provost soon absorbed most of his time. Ellacombe's "new Liddell and Scott" may have proved a disappointment, for in the letter last mentioned Sir William also tells Warre that he has been "ordered" by the Clarendon Press to "struggle with the botany" of the existing edition; he finds it a weird job, and recounts some mistakes, not without recollections of "having shivered under the old Dean" (Liddell). In 1910-11 a question casually raised by Sir William, "Why does Homer use ξάνθος for the hair of Ulysses and μέλας for his beard?" leads Warre to tackle the whole question of the meaning of ὑάκινθος.² He leads off with the natural suggestion that, as Sir Walter Scott gave Jeanie Deans first black and then fair hair, so Homer had merely been careless; but this, after a while, he rejects, and rejects also Sir David Prain's suggestion that the hero, being half-Oriental, dyed his hair with lime; finally, the Provost, though admitting that yellow was the fashionable colour for the hair of the Διογενεῖς, has to fall back on the old suggestion that Homer's colour epithets are vague.

Some of the latest of all Warre's written letters are to Sir William, and much of their matter turns on the old subject of the identification of classical plant-names.³ In October, 1914, the last, or the last preserved, of this series is dictated.

"Thus it will be seen that beyond faithful service and great enjoyment Warre's gardening came too late

¹ It has recently been accomplished by Sir Arthur Hort.

² καὶ δὲ κάρητος οὖλας ἤκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθει ὁμοίας (*Od.* vi. 231). There is a long note in Merry and Riddell on the subject. "ὑάκινθος, in *Iliad*, xiv. 348, can be identified as *Scilla bifolia*" [W. T.-D.].

³ *E.g.*, for the word *nardus* he collates passages on its use for "ointment" and "chaplet," on the different sorts of it, and on the authors who mention it. "I love to help you, as the mouse said to the lion, and it is a pleasure to nibble in the library here. I had a field-day yesterday with the verbose and knotty Salmasius."

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in his life to leave any distinct mark on the craft. He did not 'create a great garden' as some of his correspondents did: yet his rhododendron and azalea beds still glorify the Provost's garden at Eton, and still flourishes there, unknown since the time of Sir Thomas Smith, the *Eriobotrya* which he planted. And, on the other hand, he brought to bear, and placed freely at the disposal of his friends, his unrivalled knowledge of classical plant-lore. It was a happy consolation for an old age no longer able for the more vigorous pursuits of sport, aquatics, or agriculture. Indeed, there was never an idle moment while strength was granted, and we may well pause in admiration at a life so well filled, so simply and benevolently enjoyed." [H. E. L.]

These words are from the pen of one much quoted throughout this little book, a true friend of Warre as of his biographer, who rejoices to think that the last words of it are words of his.

APPENDIX I

THE CONSTRUCTION OF RACING EIGHTS AND THE SHAPE OF OARS

WARRE had long meditated on the structure of racing boats, and had drawn most of his lessons from Matt. Taylor's model of 1857.¹ He thought he could improve on more modern models by reversion to this one, and he spent a great deal of time, thought, and, it must be confessed, money, in experimental boatbuilding, very little of which has stood the test of time. He used to laugh at Taylor's rule-of-thumb methods, and hoped that he could reduce the construction of racing boats to a set of fixed formulæ. But he was no mathematician, and so, after all, had to fall back on empirical methods.² Important points with him were the outline of curve and the position of the greatest beam or "master-section" of the boat. He hit on the idea of moulding the curve upon the segments of two circles, juxta-posed, the diameter of each circle being half the greatest beam. But he completed no formula for the floor of the boat, and his only instruction to the builder was that a very slight *modicum* of convexity must be allowed. Nor was any working formula obtained for the longitudinal curve (only at all costs a "wall-sided" boat was to be avoided), which depended on the width and position of the master-section, and on the other widths and their positions allotted, say, to bow's and coxswain's seats. Once these governing factors were determined the twin circles were made gradually to intersect each other

¹ Taylor also built boats for Eton in 1859 and 1861; the last of these was used at Henley for ten successive years, and won the Ladies' six times!

² He once propounded to an Eton mathematical master some problem on surface-friction, but was told that it would take three years to work out, and would not then result in any satisfactory solution.

more and more as the section was taken further fore and aft from the greatest beam, until they reached two points at which they coincided, where the breadth of the boat was half that at the midship section. From this point, to stem and stern, the curves were maintained as the circles passed outwards, but the point of intersection was brought down to the line of the keelson, whether the boat had camber or not. Here again the manner in which this was to be done was left to the builder.

The "position of greatest beam" was tried in various places in different boats, and finally it was Warre's opinion that it should be three-eighths of the boat's length from the stem, which would bring it almost exactly to the fore-end of No. 4's seat. He considered the question of space allotted to each oarsman to be most important, as loss of power would result from wasted space; generally speaking, he thought 4 ft. 3 ins. ample space, with 2 ft. 5 ins. or 2 ft. 6 ins. for the coxswain; in a short boat this permitted only about 10 ft. each for the bow and stern canvases—a very different affair from that usually allotted in long boats. The best-known of boats designed on these lines was that used by the Oxford crew in 1901, which, owing to its quaint appearance, was nicknamed *Snubby*.¹ In rough weather the waves constantly swamped the fore canvas, and a high, unsightly freeboard had to be built to prevent the water coming in at the back of the bow thwart. *Snubby* had no camber and was, therefore, not easy to row unless the crew were well together; when they were she went fast and carried her way well. Owing to her extreme breadth (27 ins.) she did not roll and was therefore very comfortable. But she threw off a very noticeable wave about 2 ft. from her nose, a fact which was eagerly pointed out by hostile critics. She won the race against Cambridge in very rough weather, by 25 ft. only. In many trials between her and a new "long" boat, built for the same crew, there was little to choose in speed; and the weight of the two boats was almost identical (270 lbs.). *Snubby* was one of the last boats which Warre designed, and

¹ An eight built to Warre's design in 1896 for the Eton crew was a step towards the evolution of *Snubby*. It won the Ladies' Plate in that year, and was then sent out as a gift to Australia.

the type has not been maintained. His pamphlet *Racing Eights*, reprinted from the *Badminton Magazine*, expounds his theories on the subject.

The mechanics of boatbuilding naturally involved a study of oars, their measurements, the angle of entry to the water, the shape and movement of the blade; and these problems were constantly studied on Warre's visits to Thamesfield, with Sir John and Willy Fletcher. Warre's conclusion was that an oarsman of average build and height reaching out correctly, with the normal leverage of 31 ins. (in an eight) from the centre of his seat to the thowl, and with slide running up level with his thowl, will put his oar in at an angle of less than 45 degrees to the boat's direction. This, he said, would "pinch" the boat and waste power; therefore let the after-edge of the slide be stopped at least 3 ins. short of a line drawn at right angles from the thowl. The question is believed to be still *sub judice*. Warre's famous "coffin-shaped" blade for oars was designed to take the water more sharply than the ordinary pattern. Prof. Bourne says it originated in a weird set of oars used by an American crew at Henley. The difference in practice was so slight, and the oar-makers so much more conservative than Warre, that the new model was soon abandoned.

Then there was investigation of the movement of the oar-blade through the water: water is a movable fulcrum, and so the blade drives its fulcrum in a direction parallel to, but opposite to, that of the boat. As the boat passes the spot where the blade is working the blade is forced outwards and then drawn inwards, making a loop during the progress of the stroke. In order to produce a blade so shaped as to minimise ineffective "slip" through the water, Warre again experimented in the coffin-shape, but with 4 ins. of the end of the blade turned back into a curve. Several experiments were made with oars so shaped, but no favourable results were reported; and the dangers of a disastrous crab are fairly obvious. We must, therefore, unwillingly conclude that Warre's experiments in construction did little more than stimulate interest and discussion; whereas his own actual instruction, and his theory of the art of rowing, remain for all time.

APPENDIX II

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN AND GREEK EPIGRAMS AND QUOTATIONS IN THE TEXT

THE following very lame translations are appended by request. The flavour of imitations of the Classics is even less to be conveyed in any modern language than the flavour of the Classics themselves; and the allusions in some of the Epigrams written by and to Warre are irrecoverable. In one or two places the texts are manifestly corrupt, yet it is hardly for a translator to venture on emendations. It will be found, therefore, that in the following pages some things are left unexplained, some queries are made; and while some of the renderings are "free" to the verge of latitudinarianism, others are almost as "canine" as the immortal "Hankinson fragment" in *Horace, Odes, Book V.*¹ The references at the head of each epigram are to the pages of the book.

1. p. 62 (note). But the *St. George* wanders all over the river and runs into either bank by turns.
2. p. 73 (note). [*Horace, Odes III. 3.*] If the World is broken and falls atop of him he will be undismayed when its ruins strike him.
[Conington has
"Should Nature's pillar'd frame give way
That wreck would strike one fearless head."]
3. p. 88 (note). [H. Kynaston.] Next sits a man, no sailor himself yet a keen cousin of keen Admirals, a man whom Eton boys in many Divisions fear, for he wields the rod as well as the sceptre of King Henry; and, next again to him, come you, Warre, God of War, under whose command boys have first experienced bloodless soldiering, and begun to learn how to defend their country in Camps placed upon Thames, his bank.

¹ Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Librum Quintum, a Rudyardo Kipling et Carolo Graves Anglice redditum, et variorum notis adornatum, ad fidem Codicum MSS. Edidit Aluredus D. Godley. Oxonii, apud B. Blackwell MDCCCXX.

4. p. 105 (note 1). Good and faithful soul.
5. p. 111 (note 2). With the bailiff, who roundly abused the gardener for calling him names, and for repairing the main road with stones and rotten gravel.
6. p. 114 (note 2). The gardener gave warning; the lasses are at the bottom of it; one woman, at feud with the rest, brews the mischief; gardener and maid equally deny having "said anything"; all is in a jolly mess; every one raving and calling every one else names.
7. p. 116 (note). With early-silvering head and long beard, an abstruse philosopher, searching deeply how to make mankind happy for ever; yet for the most part a wind-bag.
8. p. 117 (note). Marvellous, in such a good fellow, is his simplicity in talking about himself.
9. p. 141. [*Horace, Odes III. 3.*] But this is my warning to the Warre-like Romans:—let them not, in too great piety, too great confidence in Fortune, think of repairing the roofs of their ancestral [Troy].
 [Conington has
 "Yet, warlike Roman know thy doom,
 Nor, drunken with a conqueror's joy,
 Or blind with duteous zeal, presume
 To build again ancestral Troy."]
10. pp. 156-7 (note). [H. Kynaston.] Troy felt for ten years the impact of the Warring Greeks; Eton, dear Warre, has seen you close five times ten years. May jolly times to come be yours, my Warre, and may you be active in them. [Let us hope you will] add another ten times five.
 [H. G. Madan.] I congratulate you on reaching your fiftieth birthday, and I pray that you may, with equal felicity, live as long again. Your old bodily strength flourishes unabated, unabated too your keenness of intellect and your wisdom; long may they so flourish. Lo! our Victoria smiles on our Warre; hail to each of you, partners in wisdom and partners in sway.
 [E. Warre.] I wouldn't like to give a poor answer to my old friend Mad'un (for that was the nickname Snow once gave you); well, if, as you pray, I do touch my hundredth birthday, may I get just such another letter from you on it.
11. p. 167 (note). It seems, gentlemen, as if, while we have been drubbing Darius over here, there has been some sort of a war among those funny little mice in Arcadia.
12. p. 171 (note). "He the [man] of renown
 Now to earth reascends,
 Goes, a joy to his town.
 Goes, a joy to his friends,
 Just because he possesses
 A keen and intelligent mind." [B. B. Rogers.]
13. p. 173. What remains? it's all over. What remains is for me to depart; most unwillingly, dear Eton, I bid you farewell.

14. p. 173 (note 3). When I shall be all at leisure, what will there be to temper the force of the natural regret, with which I shall look back on the old School and my labours in it?

15. p. 178. [W. P. Anderson.] That dreadful Old Man goes on repeating and repeating the same sort of stale trash to the same sort of audiences; impious fellow, with a flux on him, forsooth! They say twice-boiled cabbage will kill anyone, but it won't arrest the flux of words on which he contrives to live to such an old age.

He has shifted his political platform often enough, and now he must needs shift his sky: what country is fit to hold such an old wind-bag? Forgetful as he is of his country, mad, tossing his string of lies about, let him make sail for Crete, nay for Anticyra.¹

[E. Warre.] Why don't you let the Old Man at whom you are railing go away, windbags and all, and stay away? Let Naples keep him now it has got him; and let the whole ripping and stripping race of locusts that would tear the Union to pieces, tear him instead. And I'll be off to Baron's Down, after shaking off the toil of Schoolwork and Rowing, and there I'll play the games that fit the place, and not care a fig for Labby [Labouchere, one of Mr. Gladstone's less reputable followers]. Good luck to you, and may you follow my example.

16. p. 179. I am afraid I can't come to the Ascham dinner with you, who, though you are all for peace, yet bid Warre come even when you would fain banish War—you double-tongued fellow! Well, I tell you there'll be no War: Warre will be making Exe-Vale and Baron's Down echo with his gunpowder, and with the hammering at a section of a Trireme. But you, dear Aschamites, while you enjoy peace and your dinner, unite brotherly hearts and hands; let Masters, good easy men, meet as they ought to meet, and courtesy continue to reign. So shall Eton flourish all the better for your meeting.

17. p. 183. Well, I wonder what next will be turned into coin for a church restoration, now that the Vicar has taken to selling fat sheep on behalf of his flock! Winsford has put over £80 into its strong-box. Mr. Peace is delighted, no doubt: Warre has contributed nothing. Is he then to be let off? [No], the altar at Lyons [? Warre's own pulpit?] shall be left vacant, and a more learned altar [? Winsford pulpit?] shall receive him.

[See note in text concerning the obscure quotation from *Juvenal*: one can only guess the interpretation of the two last lines.]

[W. P. Anderson.] Yes, Winsford is rejoicing in Mr. Peace's magnificent donation, though the Warrior tribe has not come to it said. But [it's not too late] for the wisdom of Warre to be heard from his deep voice (?); from the deep voice of Warre let light and fire come to us. Is the learned Orator from Lyons not going to give us a [charity-]sermon? and is he going to give us nothing [more concrete than] a sermon?

¹ Where they grow hellebore, a drench for mad people.

[*Verba dare* usually is to "swindle"; but the better sense here seems to be "desert your own church and come and preach for us; also, give us a subscription."]

18. p. 186. "Games oft have ugly issue; they beget
Unhealthy competition, fume and fret;
And fume and fret engender, in their turn,
Battles that bleed and enmities that burn."
[Conington.]
19. p. 187 (note). Oh, Gavin Hamilton, you are not happy in your tortuous *Moods*, as when [for instance] you make use in newspapers of the names of too-careless correspondents, with the intention of getting more pupils for yourself.
20. p. 188 (note). "I'm dubbed Alcæus, and retire in force;
And who is he? Callimachus, of course."
[Conington.]
- All right; my wishes are yours, may you have character, good repute, pupils tractable to your *Moods*, easy sleep, and a joyful old age which shall lack neither music nor money.
21. p. 190. [W. P. Anderson.] If the healthy air of Winsford please you with its groves and shady nooks, the cool sources of the babbling Exe and the thickets of Burrow-Wood, known harbour of stag and hare; if [you love] the sweet Devil's-Punch-bowl, the glossy whortleberry and the glossier blackcock that loves the purple heather-bell; if the hen-pheasant has ever kept a brood for you at Withycombe; if the *Royal Oak* has ever given you shelter when weary—why then, dear man of learning with the brent brow, send me up for good for these hendecasyllables, and stump up for the Winsford farmers, who are about repairing their church roof, and putting in a set of pews more befitting the service and honour of God; stump up, I say, to these farmers (who are anything but rich) the thing they want and hope for—gold.
- [E. Warre.] As the price of your verses a fiver I send;
Sing your praises to God while His roof-tree you mend.
22. p. 192 (note). [E. Palmer.] Our dear Master with the cherubic countenance, after long hanging between life and death, now really seems to be restored to his Balliol flock—not that he ever failed them, either bodily or mentally. For even when he was very ill he held his usual Assize of many of the freshmen who came up in October, and still more recently he has summoned to his house the candidates for scholarships.
23. p. 199. (1) We met the Gloomy One going up, in his cups, to the too-well-frequented *Rock*; he was not alone, dog and gun were with him, and he blinked stupidly at the riders and their steeds.
- (2) If the [a]stars will shine on my garden it will not be in vain to look for a Paradise here below.
- (3) Tell the landlord to consider what should be the depth of his trenches; it's his job; every man to his own job.
- (4) Where prudence reigns there Fortune has no sway:

it is we who make Fortune into a Goddess and enthrone her in Heaven.

24. p. 200. [Archbishop Benson.] O famous Oarsman, and lovely in your friendship, how charming is the gift you send for my not-too-strong chest! Yes, and, dear as you are to the Mother of the Muses and to her Nine Daughters, you sing me thrice-longed-for lyrics and [send them] with the gift. It was in a garment like this that I saw you [at Baron's Down] toiling at work fit to be sung by Hesiod, and spouting the while the Epic of Homer; just so [you looked] when binding the sheaves and piling the stooks on the waggon, just so when heaping the stacks of logs you had sawn up. And beside you, Warre, I saw the two dear Bears, burdens on their backs, sweet laughter on their lips. Just so, I heard of you (though I didn't see you) mounted on *The Slug* riding down the swift stag into the bend [of the River]. And me too you put on a fiery steed and showed me, from the heights, all the dells, the slopes, the hill-tops. I saw and rejoiced in it all; and then we came to the hospitable house and sat down in good time to dinner; and [so things went] until *Snorus* received my head as I lightly fell asleep listening to the rustle of the rhododendrons. And I remember how, early [next morning], the four of us were eager to read out and to hear [alternately] the Word Divine.¹ How happy, fresh and fair your manner of life, how comfortable, how blest—all this the garment recalled to my mind by its fragrance.

[E. Warre.] Blackbird and thrush in our thickets we already hear, faintly twittering of the Spring to come; and now to me you warble your nightingale strains, their variegated melody unchecked by Winter's rage. Good-bye and good luck to you, my venerable friend, favourite of the Muses; never shall you lack your share of song.

25. p. 205. Here lie I a little dog, who rejoiced in the name of Tatters, [faithful] in death as in life. Whelped of West-Country stock at Baron's Down, I always stuck to the Warres. By Douro and by Thames I have scurried along; and, now my task is done, Kingdoms' Field (?) holds my bones. Dorothy mourns my loss, Philip grieves, even Ginger weeps with regret for me.
26. p. 217. Love such as neither the fury of the [Board of Education at] Whitehall, nor all the strength of Governing Bodies, can quench, nor even the screams of the fellows who write to the newspapers.
27. p. 222. (1) Controversy with the cook, who soon took refuge in the back kitchen, declaring that she "knew heverythink that was knowable about them Heagle Stoves."
(2) Scraps of paper, and ashes, and an *omnium gatherum* of rubbish, flung out anyhow; but it isn't of much use to scold a cook who doesn't care tuppence.

¹ *Præclare Ursus Major*: *Τερπὰδλου* puzzled me long, but it evidently refers to the reading of the Lesson for the day in Greek before breakfast (see p. 114). His Grace's verses are rather "difficult"; the text is in a beautiful, but very peculiar, Greek hand; I am not sure of all the allusions; and perhaps there are in the poem echoes of the Classics which my ignorance has failed to recognize.

(3) Oh my precious rows of books ! She is, indeed, the Enemy of the Human Race ! the crittur has mixed them all up, as she goes flapping the dust about with her beastly duster. She is perfectly certain to replace the volumes upside down and downside up ; but her chief triumph is to put vol. i. between vols. viii. and iv., and so on.

(4) Hebe ! stop barking at old *Sue*, whose girth Shows promise, lest, from your untimely mirth, Piglets untimely come and die at birth.

28. p. 224 (note). The Blue Lion is weary of being absent on sick-leave ; his wheels forgetful of the road are off their axles ; he grieves to see his limbs hurled into Cyclopean furnaces, and hardly expects to be able to resume his former appearance. But when he shall have sloughed his old skin, and shall shine with youth renewed, a fine specimen of the caldron's operations, what is there that he will desire more than to pay a visit to you, venerable friend, and under your guidance to explore the gardens of Bitton ?

29. p. 226. (1) Edmond Warre for 21 years Headmaster.
This portrait of the illustrious man his
Eton friends have caused to be hung within
the walls of this Hall, the commencement of
which was mainly his work.

(2) To Edmond Warre, Oarsman and instructor of generations of Oarsmen. We Etonians have given you this reproduction of the Trophy which, whenever we won it, we won only because you were our teacher. May you, then, glide down the quiet stream of life with every happy omen and amid universal applause.

30. p. 228 (note). As long as I have held my tongue, having nothing to say, I have said nothing ; when I speak I sometimes say things which I afterwards wish unsaid.

31. p. 232. (1) Blest Shepherd ! what a flock is Thine to feed !
We hug our superstitions ; but indeed
Our faith breaks down when God twines threads
to test our Creed. [*Cf. Darwin, Life*, III. 168].

(2) What will next year bring us ? the tail is wagging itself, and being taught to wag the dog.

(3) Stranger to them though you were, you have had the splendid audacity to leave to the Natives works greater than the very Pyramids ; for you have bound Father Nile with an unbreakable barrage, and given freedom to the sons of the slaves.

32. (1) We return thanks, beloved Master, to you our host, unforgetful of the Feast of Joy at which Balliol received us her children, bidding us celebrate her Day with due praise from the lips of the Prime Minister and with a rare banquet ; all honour to her, our Mother. We came to her board in crowds, and in piety we listened to her praise ; again, then, in gratitude, all honour to our Mother.

(2) A bushel of thanks for a basket of figs ;
My wife and my daughter won't make themselves pigs ;
But what about me ?
Well, well, we shall see !

33. p. 233. Drowned in silence, mother of oblivion, the passing hour hides from his friends, what a certain old [Canon] is doing, either in his library or in his garden. What if March be spitting out his snows on our tender nurslings, and fierce Winter, enemy of Spring, turning a deaf ear to Flora's wail? What if a panting cough came and settled on Warre's chest? He's better now and the phlegm no longer wearies his lungs with continual barking. Spare not paper; a letter from you would render me more joyful. So, please do write; now I am restored to health myself I long to hear that you are really well.

34. p. 234. (1) *We walk the Air.*

Wings [says Horace] were not made for man; but Blériot proves himself in the empty air, crosses the Strait of Dover, and stands safe and exulting on British soil. Like Icarus, and as keen as he, [Latham] trying the same airy road over the water (?) with his goggles on (?), found it useless. What thinkst, Britannia, with thy shores no longer guarded by an inviolate sea? Up, then! gird thyself with an airy fleet, to protect our native land, our wealth. Awake! lest a series of misfortunes catch thee napping, and too late thou mayst be found weeping for a lost empire.¹

(2) You're for soaring aloft with the fowls of the air,
And for teaching your Granny to fly? oh! beware,
Beware, my dear Dean, thrice-beloved now you're hoary;
Of Dædalus' son pray reflect on the story.

35. p. 235. (1) See *Paradise Lost*, II. 927.

(2) Well, what of it, Peary? Did Cook explore, and stand on, the North Pole a whole year before you? It is not enough, Dr. Cook, for you to have come back, and to fill the newspapers with your tale; please show some proof that you made the journey.

(3) At Newcastle Mr. George, a monstrous demagogue, Lloyd-orates against landlords.

Or: At Newcastle [of late was seen] a portent of Demagogy, Mr. George Lloyd-orating against landlords.²

36. p. 239. (1) What does that Convocation of yours require from its Latin preacher?—Surely that he and his barbarous eloquence should be brief: [I can hear you say] "My dear fellow, whatever you tell us, be brief; so shall you comfort the more timid members of your audience" [Good advice]; you have comforted me too: I hold my tongue, and in my heart I know that I shall *of necessity* be brief.

(2) [Attributed to Lord Rathdonnell.] Now the Headmaster himself returns to his own kingdom, and Eton once more holds My Tutor. River and Playing Fields

¹ This is the most obscure of all Warre's epigrams, especially lines 6, 7, 8. There are, however, two independent texts of it in his hand, and these exactly correspond with each other; so the possibility of corruption seems to be excluded.

² No doubt there is also a second word-play; *Georgos*, "being himself a husbandman"; but the main point lies in *loidorei* being the Greek for "he rails at."

give "Hail" to Warre; the very Wall cries out "It's sweet to be home again." All Eton rejoices; beaks and boys are uplifted; now the Two Bears return to their own lair.

37. p. 254. Not knowing but doing, is the end and aim of Life.
38. p. 260. Out of the smoking spray drive the ship on.
39. p. 287. Why does a man die in whose garden the Salvia grows? In no Garden grows any antidote to Death.

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